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THE NEW REPUBLIC

THE NEW REPUBLIC & ITS TIMES 1914-1984

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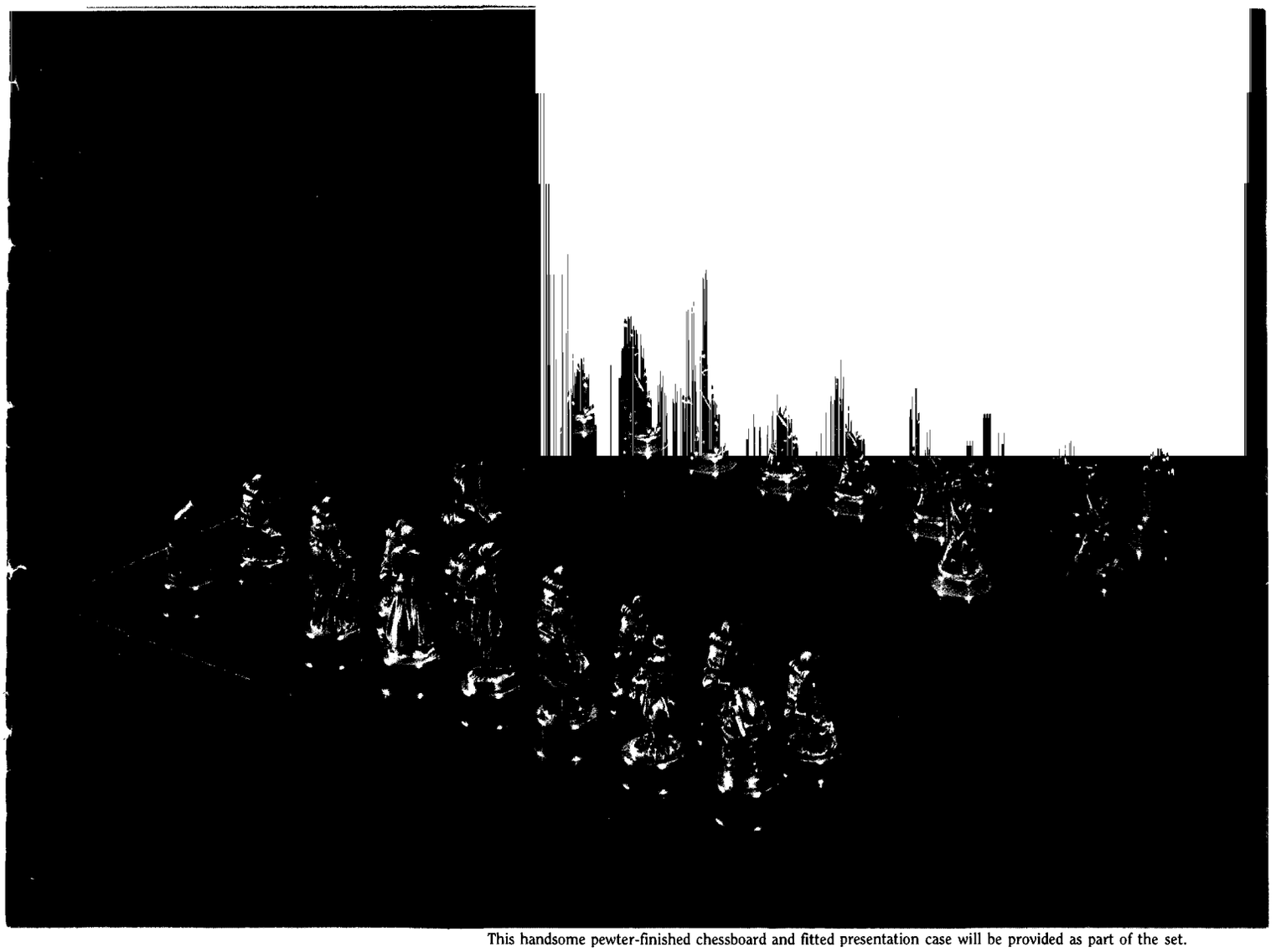

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POVERTY'S CAUSE

To the editors:

Nicholas Lemann—and Charles Murray, whose *Losing Ground* he reviews—ignore the difference between correlations and causes ("After The Great Society," TNR, November 19). If "unemployment among young blacks has soared since almost exactly the moment that the Great Society began," the cause is not the Great Society but the beginnings, in the mid-'60s, of stagflation, deindustrialization, and other economic ills, which hit the less stable, secondary segments of the American economy, where most blacks work, earlier and much harder than the stable, primary—and white-dominated—segments. Most of the other "facts" about black deficiencies which Mr. Murray parades, including the rise in illegitimacy and single-parenthood, can be explained largely by the deterioration of that part of the U.S. economy. As for black cultural values, they are basically as American as apple pie; and black faith in education is about as strong as among Oriental and Jewish-Americans. The trouble is not culture but discouragement, depression, and the resulting mix of apathy and violence, which stem from the racism and class discrimination that pervades the America in which most poor blacks live.

HERBERT J. GANS
New York, New York

To the editors:

It may well be that social programs have not had a favorable impact on black social behavior. But black behavior must be analyzed in conjunction with white behavior during the same period. Between 1950 and 1980, the divorce rate in white America rose to 43 percent. The 57 percent that remain married include many who have separated but not divorced, as well as a few with "open arrangements." The single-parent white family is hardly a rarity. Family structure is breaking down in all communities. Poorer people tend to procreate without marriage. Wealthier people tend to marry, then divorce. Why ask blacks to be more family-minded than whites?

While black violent crime has "soared," so has white white-collar crime. Most of the criminal cases in my suburban law practice involve white young adults from middle class to wealthy families. None go to prison. They obtain dismissals based on continuing private psychological care or admission to a drug rehabilitation program. The wealthier a person is, the more ways there are available to steal or cheat without resorting to violence.

As for the work ethic among whites, most unions fought for greater pay and shorter working hours during the last three decades. Productivity gains have come from automation—not harder work. Increasingly, society promotes the concepts of getting rich quickly and government bail-out. Nightly television features the weekly millionaire who won the State Lottery. The feds provide guaranteed loans to Lockheed, Chrysler, New York City, and the depositors of Continental Bank.

Black Americans are supposed to mirror white Americans, but black America no longer sees a white America based on the sanctity of family life and a strong work effort.

ROBERT GOLDSTEIN
Rye Brook, New York

To the editors:

The problem is that the welfare state creates a whole class of people with vested interests in social ills; a class that embraces politicians who buy votes with ill-conceived social programs; bureaucrats who administer the boondoggles; activist lawyers who try to expand the programs without democratic mandate; social science academics who get tenure by writing presumptive rationales for the programs; radical chic verbalists who live off fat lecture fees and the royalites of screeds pushing statist nostrums; and, not least, media hype artists who keep warm and chubby by publishing lame excuses for the preposterous system.

JOHN R. DUNLAP
Santa Clara, California

PRISON VIOLENCE

To the editors:

Steve Lerner's analysis of prison violence ("Rule of the Cruel," TNR, October 15) entirely ignores women's prisons. Yet women's prisons pro-

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An occupational hazard

What promises to be a landmark case in the field of libel law began unfolding in the Federal District Court in New York recently. General William C. Westmoreland, who commanded U.S. forces in Vietnam from 1964 to 1968, is suing CBS for $120 million (which he will donate to charity if he wins), charging he was libeled by the CBS documentary, "The Uncounted Enemy: A Vietnam Deception," shown on January 23, 1982. Other defendants, in addition to CBS, are Mike Wallace, the interviewer on the show; George Crile, the producer; and Samuel A. Adams, a former Central Intelligence Agency analyst who served as a consultant.

We don't know whether CBS and the individuals involved did indeed libel General Westmoreland, nor do we intend to comment on the details of the case. Rather, our concern is with a seemingly ancillary issue we feel actually transcends in importance the case itself—the right of an individual like General Westmoreland to have his day in court, and to be able to present his case fairly without undue legal obstacles to his success.

General Westmoreland had a distinguished 36-year military career. He was an infantry officer in World War II; in Korea he led paratroops, and at 42 was the youngest major general in the Army. He was superintendent of West Point at 46, and wound up his career, after his Vietnam command, as Army Chief of Staff. His service to this country won him the Distinguished Service Medal, Bronze Star, Legion of Merit, and Air Medal. It also won him, during his career, the status of a "public official." What it did not win him was great wealth. Army officers seldom get rich.

So General Westmoreland, feeling that the reputation he had established during 36 years of public service had been left in tatters by the telecast, turned to the courts for redress. In doing so, he faced two major hurdles:

• The U.S. Supreme Court has ruled that public officials and public figures (generals, mayors, congressmen, prominent businessmen and actors have been held to fit these categories) must prove, in libel cases, that the statements made about them were false. They must also prove that the parties defaming them did so knowing the statements were false or made "with reckless disregard" of whether they were false or not. This is a much greater burden of proof than the ordinary citizen has, who is only required to prove negligent falsity.

• The General's second obstacle was the nature of his opponent—a major corporation with deep pockets (presumably including libel insurance) well able to afford teams of lawyers and other counsel. Legal expenses in the case have so far totaled almost $4 million.

Representing General Westmoreland is the Capital Legal Foundation, a public-interest law firm supported largely by grants from foundations and individuals. We don't know if their resources are adequate to provide General Westmoreland with the kind of representation to which he—and any other citizen—is entitled. We understand that private citizens, Vietnam veterans' organizations (with which General Westmoreland is not associated), and foundations have contributed to the Capital Legal Foundation's efforts on his behalf. If you wish to join this effort, send a check to the foundation at 700 E Street, S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003.

But what about other public officials, some of whom serve in relatively humble posts? Their positions may make them ready targets for libel, but the heavy burden of proof they face makes them second-class citizens.

How to make justice more readily attainable? In the best of all possible worlds, the U.S. Supreme Court would redefine the standards it applies to public officials and public figures. Other industrialized nations, such as the United Kingdom, don't apply such heavy burdens of proof in libel cases. But in the practical world, why not simply recognize that public officials face an occupational hazard—libel? And why not deal with it just as we deal with so many other hazards of the workplace?

Employers now provide medical insurance, dental insurance, workmen's compensation insurance, and disability insurance. We believe all public officials—generals, admirals, firemen, police officers, rubbish collectors—should be covered by insurance to allow them to sue for libel. Perhaps the employers should pay the premium (we at Mobil have taken out such insurance on behalf of key employees). Or perhaps the system should be government-financed, since the government, through its judicial arm, has stripped public officials of some of their civil rights.

No one should have the rights of citizenship diminished because he plays an active role in the system. That should be the lasting lesson of the Westmoreland case.

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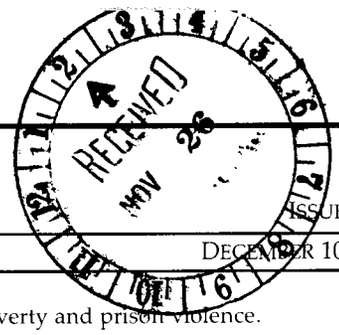

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COVER design by Marilyn Worseldine. The engraving of a square-rigged ship is from the cover of 'The New Republic Idea,' a 1922 pamphlet by Herbert Croly.

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FROM WASHINGTON

BUYING THE FARM

"Jewell and Gil Ivy are decent, hard-working people," explain the ads for the current movie, *Country*, about farm life in Hollywood's vision of North Dakota, where Jessica Lange fries sausages in lots of grease and serves them up on white bread, and so on. "The Ivy's [sic] way of life is an American tradition—a tradition that is now being threatened by bureaucrats. But when the government moved to take away the Ivy's land, they picked on the wrong people. . . . Outraged by bureaucratic injustice, they are going to fight."

A nice, all-American story line, ideal for a season that has also seen the release of *Reagan II: The Administration Continues*, and made even more archetypal by the presence of Sam Shepard—the Gary Cooper of the 1980s—in the role of the lean and independent, poor-but-honest farmer being driven off his land by squat bureaucrats in suits. "I've never been on any damn *list* in my life," he snaps, when told he's on a list of troubled debtors compiled by the hateful Farmers Home Administration (FmHA). *Country* (a product of the Walt Disney studios) was inspired by a newspaper photograph of farmers protesting at an FmHA foreclosure auction of a family farm.

In fact, *Country* does tell an all-American story, though not the one its producers think. Like most Americans who imagine they want the government to get off their backs, what the fabled Ivys really want is to nurse unmolested at the government teat. All across the country last month, people voted Republican—not just farmers, but oil producers, doctors, Social Security retirees, and other feisty, independent types—under the illusion that they're sick of burdensome government.

In contrast to their self-image as hardy freemen and stoics, no group in America is more coddled by government than farmers, and none is more whiny and self-pitying. The situation of the Ivys, as the film reports it (with "the sharp edge of informed journalism," according to Vincent Canby in *The New York Times*), is this. They own a farm that has been in her family for 100 years. At the peak of the 1970s farmland boom, their land was worth $450,000, but now, early 1980s, it is worth only half that. Including equipment, their assets are worth about $300,000. But they have a $100,000 long-term loan from the FmHA on which they are behind in the payments, and another $52,000 short-term FmHA operating loan which they soon must repay entirely. After expenses and debt payments, the Ivys scrape by on "about $9,000 a year, depending on medical bills."

It is the evil bureaucrat's position that this does not make sense. If, after getting subsidized research and development, subsidized electricity, subsidized crop insurance, subsidized water, subsidized storage, subsidized export promotion, and above all subsidized price supports, the Ivys still cannot pay off their subsidized low-interest government loans, the government is entitled to collect its collateral, even if this means putting the Ivys, at long last, out of the farming business. That is the merciless government policy the film protests against.

Putting the Ivys out of farming does not mean putting them on the street. They have a net worth of at least $150,000. (The average farmer's is more than double this.) Placing this sum in tax-free bonds would bring the Ivys more than they now live on, without all the early mornings with the cows and late nights with the pocket calculator the movie portrays. If their farm is indeed worth $225,000, it must be because someone thinks he can run it more profitably than they have done. And one reason their farm is so valuable is the plethora of subsidies and tax advan-

continued on page 100

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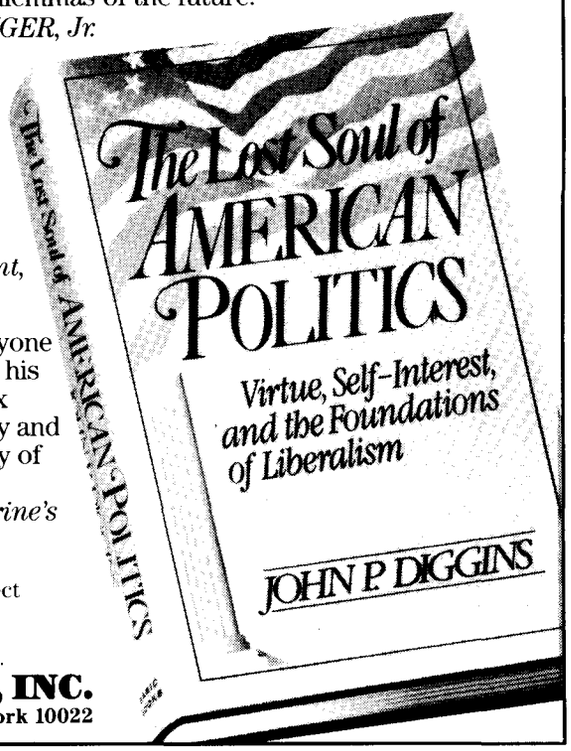

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
DECEMBER 10, 1984

UP FROM CRISIS

It has not been given to THE NEW REPUBLIC to celebrate its seventieth anniversary at a moment when the ideas this journal is historically associated with are also widely celebrated. This is not only bad news. Many of the ideas advanced over the years in these pages have become so widely accepted they are no longer noteworthy. Many policies first proposed here are now established law, part of the very warp and woof of American civilization.

Who today, for example, publicly opposes the Civil Rights Act of 1964?—though many, including our current President, briefly opposed it at the time. Surviving opponents of many other steps toward "practical justice" (Justice Brandeis's disarming phrase) now share—or feel obliged to feign—enthusiasm for these measures. No amount of reaction or revisionism will negate these social achievements. The solidarity and even the productivity of our society depends on them, though the fashions of the day tend to attribute these mostly to greed. This is consoling. But the test of the reforming impulse, and of the greater liberal idea, is in the present and for the future. The recounting of victories past is good for morale, but it does not address the disheartening intellectual disarray among liberals.

To be sure, there are people, including many influential Democrats in Congress, who believe that all it takes to make liberalism germane is a conservative government with bleak prospects. These folk are in the unedifying position of hoping right now for ever greater budget deficits, economic decline, renewed inflation, rising unemployment, or—please God!—all of these blights together. That's all it would take, they think, for the body politic to realize the error of its recent ways and to turn away from the Republicans. Maybe that's all it would take. A superpower confrontation (with attendant fears of a nuclear holocaust) might also change the electorate's views of the Administration's foreign policies. But it does not necessarily follow that some traditional liberal agenda would or should be the order of the day.

American liberalism is in crisis. How many times have these words been written and uttered? How many times in THE NEW REPUBLIC? Too many, no doubt. (You can gauge this by reading the provocative history of TNR by John P. Diggins in this issue; along with David Seideman's vignettes, this history challenges while it informs.) But the crises of liberalism are not all alike.

One distinctive sort of crisis is declared when liberals are confident about the wisdom and urgency of their counsel, even though (or in part, because) the political class is hostile and the masses are indifferent. This attitude is a tempting pose to strike, but one not struck authentically or even convincingly in a very long time. It certainly was the attitude of the people around TNR when they launched this enterprise seven decades ago. A similar attitude flourished around the defeated persona of the literate and eloquent Adlai Stevenson. But Dwight Eisenhower never brought the country near enough to the ruination liberals envisioned. Their own experience of political frustration never flowered into a great national tragedy.

By the end of the 1950s TNR had lost its taste for eloquence and literacy that came without practical success. It

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took the lead in supporting John F. Kennedy, to the grave annoyance of many loyalists.

A second version of the crisis of liberalism is the kind that happens when a different brand of politics—appealing, however vaguely or illegitimately, to similar instincts and appropriating similar rhetoric—seizes the momentum. During the very early days of the Depression, the competitor, briefly, was fascism. (Yes, it's true.) Later and more famously, in the '30s and into the '40s, liberals found themselves in an ever-more-frantic competition, first with Socialists and socialism, then with Communists and communism. Given the moral and economic stature of extant self-styled Socialist and Communist societies today, this competition for the liberal audience is not likely to be repeated.

But the scandal in the history of this journal is that in the '30s and '40s it accommodated to the zeitgeist (with occasional and important dissents from eminent intellectuals tied to the early history of TNR, like John Dewey) by downplaying at best and justifying at worst the crimes of Stalinism.

A third sort of crisis of liberalism—usually the most transient, but also most painfully experienced—is caused by those sporadic risings from the American heart of darkness: a good old-fashioned, ugly, anti-intellectual red scare. It happened after the first World War and again in the early '50s. There were innocent victims and there were some morally compromised people who were victimized far beyond their deserts. But that was not all. In both periods a pall fell over the social imagination, and the cultural one too, a mood compellingly evoked by Irving Howe in 1954 as "this age of conformity." But like Henry Luce's "American century," these ages did not last long. Within a decade of both red scares, the country was deep into the spirit and the practice of redistribution and democratization.

THE PRESENT CRISIS of liberalism has its roots in the liberal resurgence of the '60s. That resurgence foundered on a great irony. President Johnson directed most of his energies, and more and more of the country's, to the Vietnam War; and liberals opposed the war policy of the first President in history who advocated virtually the entire liberal domestic agenda. This liberal opposition forced an end not only to the war, but to the Johnson Administration itself—and with it an end to Mr. Johnson's designs for a "Great Society."

Whether or not it was aborted inadvertently by the general liberal opposition to the Johnson Administration, the Great Society is now central to the national political debate. The terms of that debate have been set by a group of intellectuals called neoconservatives, mostly former liberals and even radicals. It is they who have the books and the confident ideas. This is demoralizing in and of itself. The arguments of those we've cast in our minds as Babbits are suddenly bolstered by weighty tomes. Philistines, we tell ourselves in moments of exasperation, should not have philosophers. Especially not philosophers—and economists and historians and sociologists—whose message is the failure of social planning and public engineering, of good intentions themselves.

IT'S NOT, of course, that the liberals don't have books or ideas; they do. Some of these ideas first appeared in these pages; many others have gotten friendly but skeptical scrutiny here. But those who still pursue a vision of equality and community (real community, not the fatuous patriotism of the present moment) write and talk in our day more tentatively, less confidently, and with more deeply furrowed brows and hesitant pens (and word processors) than those similarly committed just a few decades back.

This, then, is the new and different crisis of American liberalism.

Liberals once were sure about things they are now unsure about. The justified belief that today's official doctrine of the stone heart is a moral blight does not, by itself, help us to understand or cure the terrible social pathologies emerging from the welfare state. Liberals recognize an ugly mood when they see it. But liberals are in crisis because they have hardly begun to figure out a coherent response, first, to the unhappy social facts; and second, to the vast defection of voters from the liberal dispensation in public policy.

THE NEW REPUBLIC commits itself to this effort of understanding and reappraisal. The polls will not determine what we think, but thinking people, if they are also democrats, will not avert their eyes from what the polls tell us. As part of this effort, we will continue to open our pages, as we have done in recent years, to challenges from writers who no longer think of themselves as liberals but rather as conservatives, as well as from people who believe the struggle for the label means little. We are not threatened by these writers; rather, we are provoked, in the very best sense, by the standards their thought makes us set for ourselves. The search is not simply for sentiments or attitudes but for workable policies.

Nevertheless the search for sentiments is not to be disdained. Conservatives may have found a rhetorical formula that somehow binds people across the middle and upper status groups, but they are very far from feeling in themselves the sentiment of solidarity that can bind people across the lines of class and race. Liberals still pay lip service to the ideal of racial and social brotherhood, but are committed to policies that do little to encourage it. The current politics of the Democratic Party envisions a nation of insulated and even exclusive groups, competing with one another in some zero-sum game, with no notion of common needs and common destiny. It is a false politics because the groups to which individuals are assigned by the political strategists cannot possibly reflect the complexity of their interests and self-images. The most striking example of this false politics in the last election was in the failure of women-as-women to behave like an interest group tied to the Democratic Party. Another example was the emergence of Hispanics, not in their assigned place

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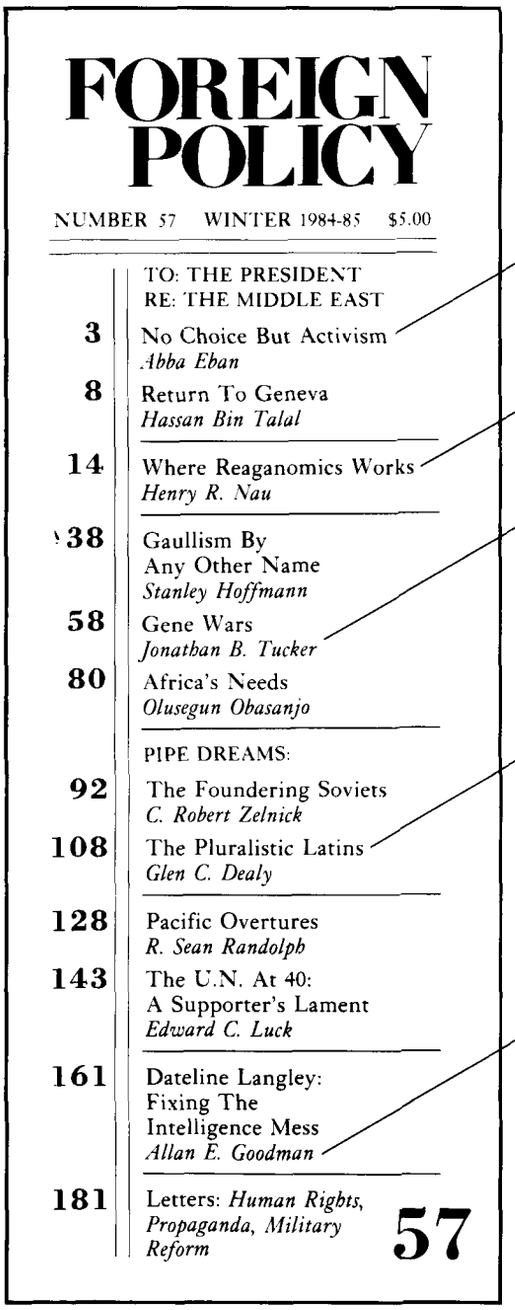

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within the fictitious "rainbow coalition," but as voters with diverging ambitions and hopes. (The Republicans are not beyond temptation: they thought that Jews-as-Jews would vote Republican because of hostility to quotas. Most Jews are indeed hostile to quotas, with which justifiably they identify the Democrats. But Jewish opposition to quotas does not exhaust what Jews care about.)

HOW AMERICA should function as a plural society is an issue that has engaged TNR since its first years. The early editors and writers feared a corrosive and leveling nationalism which would leave individuals psychologically depleted and render the nation itself less rich and textured than it might otherwise be. They wanted to encourage diversity. But they did not wish to see it mandated by laws ascribing rights to definable groups, which they felt would graft on to the character of American society precisely those divisive features of European societies that our history had allowed us to avoid.

One consequence of having avoided the ethnic fragmentation of society, European-style, is that over time America has become even more hospitable to new groups of immigrants and refugees. It has not been adequately celebrated how far we have come since the aboliton of ethnocentric and ethnophobic immigration quotas in 1965. Who would have dared hope that a country very much in a conservative mood would daily be welcoming waves of Asian and Latin American immigrants to its shores? This repudiation of a historic xenophobia is really an affirmation of faith on the part of the American people that the notion of American peoplehood will not be further fractured and fractionated by this influx. Surely the American nation would have been more fragile and precarious had ascribed privileges (and concomitant disabilities) been norms of our national life. But apart from the shame of slavery and the disgrace of our native Indian policy, we have generally eschewed them. In American history and in the American Constitution, rights belong to individuals.

The doctrine of rights was a liberal innovation, originating in the period between the Reformation and the French Revolution as part of the effort of the new middle classes to secure freedom for their economic activities. Rights are the foundations of our freedom, the very preconditions for the advance of learning and the more generalized enterprise of civilized life. But the frenzied multiplication of rights in more recent years is a futile attempt to feed a hunger that, in the end, rights alone cannot satisfy. (Saul Bellow's Mr. Sammler—fiction's greatest neoconservative—engages in a wildly funny meditation on this very subject.) For more and more Americans, the doctrine of rights has become alienating and confusing and dangerous. If our rights are to be secure, they must inhere in a society that represents something more compelling to its members than just a bundle of rights. The search for beliefs and values beyond mere rights is a special task for liberals, because the obsessive pursuit of rights is credited or debited to our account.

The defense of American society and of democratic possibilities for other societies is an issue to which many liberals have developed an instinctual aversion. This attitude is really quite similar to the narcissism and solipsism liberals identify domestically with the conservatives in power. In the history of the Democratic Party, this aversion—really an aversion to foreign policy itself—has been given voice by isolationist figures running in a direct line from Henry Wallace (who once edited this journal) through George McGovern to Jesse Jackson, and has been accompanied by what is at best a preposterous credulity about the character and designs of totalitarian regimes. The current editors of THE NEW REPUBLIC do not by any means believe that every single exercise of American power in the world results in an enhancement of freedom and democracy. But we do believe that without credible American power, and a willingness to exercise it, freedom and democracy would be sorely diminished, along with hopes for material advance in much of the world.

The old liberal confidences that now lie shattered were based on an optimism that is not likely to prevail again. Utopian in character, it counted on science to ensure progress, on free discussion to issue in truth and tolerance. These beliefs are vouchsafed us no longer. We will have to admit to a characterologically un-American notion: there may be some problems that can't be solved, in both domestic and foreign affairs, even with the usual American mixture of goodwill, ingenuity, and a hefty bit of cash. Some day some politician may even say this. When we deem it to be true, we will say it—no matter how much it disappoints or seems to countenance the status quo. Sometimes, in fact, the status quo is better than what follows from imprudent solutions or facile reforms or foreign revolutions we were pleased to encourage from a distance. If what we write sometimes vexes our readers, we may at least be providing some of the illuminations that can help people to free themselves from the tyranny of illusion, which leads them only from hope to frustrated hope.

NOTEBOOK

□ THE MATERIAL IN DAVID SEIDEMAN'S pieces about THE NEW REPUBLIC, which may be found here and there in this issue, has been gathered from a variety of sources. Mr. Seideman would like to acknowledge them, and we hereby turn the microphone over to him: "The memoirs and other autobiographical works of former editors proved extremely useful. Malcolm Cowley graciously agreed to be interviewed. Much fascinating information was found in the letters of Willard and Dorothy Straight in the Cornell University Libraries Department of Manuscripts and University Archives. A cache of documents—in a file long thought to have been destroyed—was uncovered in TNR's own offices. Finally, I'm especially grateful for the research and observations of the following scholars: Daniel

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Aaron, *Writers On the Left* (Octagon, 1973); Charles Forcey, *The Crossroads of Liberalism* (Oxford University Press, 1961); David Levy's forthcoming *Herbert Croly of The New Republic* (Princeton University Press, Spring 1985); Richard H. Pells, *Radical Visions and American Dreams* (Harper & Row, 1973); Ronald Steel, *Walter Lippmann and the American Century* (Little, Brown, 1980); and C. W. Swanberg, *Whitney Father, Whitney Heiress* (Viking, 1980)."

□ SEVENTY YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "THE NEW REPUBLIC is frankly an experiment. It is an attempt to find national audience for a journal of interpretation and opinion. Many people believe that such a journal is out of place in America; that if a periodical is to be popular, it must first of all be entertaining, or that if it is to be serious, it must be detached and select. Yet when the plan of THE NEW REPUBLIC was being discussed it received spontaneous welcome from people in all parts of the country. They differed in theories and programmes; but they agreed that if THE NEW REPUBLIC could bring sufficient enlightenment to the complexities, it would serve all those who feel the challenge of our time. On the conviction that this is possible THE NEW REPUBLIC is founded. Its success inevitably depends on public support, but if we are unable to achieve that success under the conditions essential to sound and disinterested thinking, we shall discontinue our experiment and make way for better men. Meanwhile, we set out with faith." (The Editors, November 7, 1914.)

WHITE HOUSE WATCH

BUCKLE UP

EVEN FOR DEMOCRATS and liberals, there's at least one piece of good news in the Presidential election results: Ronald Reagan will be held responsible for the results of his policies. If Reagan achieves his goals—long-term economic growth, reductions in the nuclear arsenals of the superpowers, and a world made safer for democracy—he will deserve to go down in history as one of America's great Presidents, and liberals who opposed him will be written off just as F.D.R.'s Republican opponents in the 1930s have been. On the other hand, if Reagan's policies fail, Reagan will be accountable. There's no more blaming Carter-Mondale or even Tip O'Neill; even if Congress is inclined to be obstructionist, it's a President's responsibility to persuade it—one way or another—to be cooperative.

The languor of post-election Washington hides the developing drama of Reagan's second term. The losers are cleaning out their desks and looking for work. The President is off for Thanksgiving vacation. The business of next year—the arrival of the new Congress, the inaugural, and the presentation of a new budget—is more than a month off. But already it is clear that Reagan's economic policies in fact are not working as promised, and there is a crisis brewing over how to fix them. The President apparently is genuinely interested in arms control too, but it remains to be seen whether the Soviets are and whether Reagan can entice them back into negotiations. And on other foreign policy fronts, the President's phenomenal luck may have run out, forcing him to face up to deepening crises in countries such as Nicaragua, Chile, and the Philippines.

Reagan got triumphantly elected by producing an economic recovery, but—what a surprise!—it now appears that economic growth is not melting the federal deficit, as the President claimed during the campaign. In fact, the recovery itself is faltering, raising the possibility of a recession next year, a strong Democratic comeback in the Congressional elections the year after that, and the discrediting of Reaganomics. Budget Director David Stockman's new numbers show that this year's deficit—estimated in June for campaign purposes at $172 billion and falling—will be $210 billion. Next year's deficit is estimated at $206 billion, to show a decline, but chances are that deficits beyond next year are going to grow even larger unless something is done.

The question raging in Washington now is: What? Reagan has absolutely ruled out any increases in taxes on individuals, and his top advisers say that there will be no going back on that pledge. "It's unconstitutional even to think about it," said one adviser who actually does think a tax increase would lower interest rates and help sustain the recovery. Another aide says, "There will be no gimmicks such as including tax increases in the tax simplification process. That's not going to happen." The Treasury is talking about cutting corporate depreciation allowances to raise $20 billion a year, but it remains to be seen whether Reagan will approve of this, especially since he has said so often that corporate taxes ultimately are paid by individuals.

Also "sacrosanct" is Social Security. "There will be no messing around with COLAs [cost of living adjustments], bend points [the percentages of lifetime income used to fix retirement benefit levels] or the retirement age," a top adviser said. "The President promised there would be no Social Security cuts and it would be destructive of his ability to govern if we proposed any." The White House considers it mandatory that the President's new budget released in January be "credible"—that is, that it show deficits declining from their current level of 5 percent of G.N.P. to "2 or 3 percent" by 1989, and be based on "reasonable" expectations of economic growth. With tax increases and Social Security cuts ruled out, the two remaining major categories of government spending will have to absorb cuts totaling $50 billion (to get the deficit down to 3 percent of G.N.P.) or $100 billion (to get it down to 2) by fiscal year 1989. These two categories are, of course, other domestic programs and defense.

The current state of Presidential thinking reportedly is that there can be no significant defense reductions, so

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that the deficit will have to be closed by means of "an all-out attack on [domestic] spending," including farm subsidies, means-tested (i.e., poor peoples') entitlement programs, Medicare, and what's left of federal assistance to cities and states. The President devoutly believes he was elected (perhaps even put on earth) to cut back the size of the federal government, and more domestic cuts are his favorite way of fulfilling his destiny.

On the other hand, such cuts would not be acceptable to the Democrat-controlled House, where White House aides calculate they have only ten more votes than they did last year, not nearly enough to dominate events. Nor would they go over in the moderate-Republican Senate, where the President lost two votes in 1984 and where terror is already spreading about the 1986 elections.

Some White House aides think there is a possibility of getting out of this bind by reviving the concept of a budget "freeze," which would hold most domestic spending at current levels and include just a small increase in defense spending, rather than the 18 percent reportedly sought by the Pentagon. Such aides are quick to point out that this idea has not been tried out on the President and will be fiercely resisted by Defense Secretary Weinberger.

White House aides anticipate that Congress inevitably will cut back on the defense budget, so the question facing them is whether to trim first in order to show good faith in the bargaining over domestic cuts, or to go in hard on domestic spending first and compromise later. This is part of a larger strategic question—whether to strive for détente with Tip O'Neill or to plan on "going to the country" on television to put pressure on Congress. Right now, relations between the executive and legislative branches are sour, with White House aides noting that O'Neill did not even call the President to ritually congratulate him on his election victory. They say that in early December the President will take the initiative and call the Congressional leadership down to the White House. He also plans meetings with black leaders and spokesmen for other groups that opposed him.

THEORETICALLY, AT LEAST, there is one other path out of the economic and political mire—that of using the monetary system to gun the economy toward more growth, larger tax revenues, and a reduced deficit. This is the course favored by Representative Jack Kemp and other young "supply-siders" in the House, who have sometime allies in the Administration, including Treasury Secretary Donald Regan and White House aide Richard Darman. Kemp contends that if the economy grew at the rate of 4 percent per year for the next three years, the deficit would disappear. However, after a boom in the first two quarters of 1984, the recovery has begun to peter out. Kemp contends—with some justification, I think—that the Federal Reserve has excessively held down money supply and credit because of fears of reigniting inflation, and has weakened the recovery as a result. Inflation is practically non-existent, so there does seem room for the Fed to be more expansive than it has been. Will President Reagan intervene with Fed Chairman Paul Volcker to ask him to roll the money-printing presses? Surprisingly, aides say that President Reagan does not call himself a supply-sider, but Kemp's formula may be the only way for him to avoid disaster. In a faltering economy, certainly, the last thing Reagan should do is raise taxes. There's nothing supply-side about that; it's pure Keynes.

BESIDES CONTROLLING the growth of government, Reagan's highest priority for the second term is to achieve arms reductions with the Soviets, and aides say he thinks he can do it. "He was against détente for his whole career," one top assistant told me, "because he thought we were entering into it from weakness. Now we have weapons coming out the gazoo and we're in a better position to negotiate." This aide says that Reagan was "very encouraged" by his recent exchange of letters with Soviet leader Konstantin Chernenko and by his earlier meeting with Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko. What remains to be seen, though, is how much the Administration will reorganize its policies and personnel to get a deal with the Soviets, and whether that will be enough changes to produce an offer the Soviets will consider.

Most arms control advocates in and out of the Administration are calling for the head of Assistant Secretary of Defense Richard Perle as a peace offering to the Soviets, and possibly that of Caspar Weinberger as well. Reagan, however, rarely fires anybody, and is not expected to change his top administrative team in any way for a while, least of all to satisfy Moscow.

If Reagan cannot reach an arms control agreement with the Soviets, it will represent the failure of his arm-first, talk-later negotiating strategy. His other key foreign policy principles—coercive diplomacy toward adversaries and quiet diplomacy toward friends—also are about to be severely tested. There may be some success coming in southern Africa, where the much-criticized policy of "constructive engagement" with South Africa may produce a settlement in Namibia and a Cuban withdrawal from Angola. But the pro-Western dictatorships in Chile and the Philippines may turn brutal in order to crush rising widespread discontent—and still may fail. If so, American interests could be damaged by popular resentment against our friendships for the current dictators.

In Nicaragua, Reagan has been using guerrilla forces to harass, intimidate, and, possibly, overthrow the Sandinista government. United Nations Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick says that the United States is doing everything short of using its own troops so as to avoid using them. But Congress may forbid further aid to the *contras*, and the Soviets may equip the Nicaraguans with the latest in Afghan-tested gunships, MiGs, and other weaponry. Will the United States invade? Reportedly the plans and the forces are all in place, but Secretary of State George Shultz and top White House aides are standing in the way. Ronald Reagan, aides say, does not want to be a wartime President. On the other hand, he does not want any new

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countries to go Communist on his watch, which some officials fear will happen somewhere in Central America if the Sandinistas stay in power.

On the surface, things look calm in post-election Washington, even a little dull. Underneath, it's make or break for Ronald Reagan's place in history.

MORTON KONDRACKE

POST CARD

RETURN TO GDANSK

Gdansk

OUR ARRIVAL in Gdansk for the first time in forty-seven years could not have been worse. As soon as my brother and I had reached the air terminal in the center of the city, he became aware of the loss of a little satchel containing our tickets, traveler's checks, and—worst of all—*dokumenti*! And now, sitting in a taxi on my way to the hotel while my brother was looking for lost property, the car radio playing "Georgia on my Mind" and "Honeysuckle Rose," I wondered whether we might not have been better advised to go elsewhere.

Our original intention was to visit Bobruisk, in White Russia, where our family had lived for generations. But that was impossible, because the Russians—unlike the Poles—confine travelers to a few specified destinations. So we chose Gdansk, where we were both born and where our parents lived from 1920 (having just escaped the Russian Revolution) until 1937 (this time fleeing from Hitler). It was then the largely German-speaking Free City of Danzig, and ours was a search for memories. We were not there because of the recent notoriety of the city as the birthplace and stronghold of Solidarity. Nor could we hope to reestablish contact with old family friends. Nearly all of the present inhabitants arrived after World War II from those parts of Poland taken by the Soviet Union, and this part of Eastern Europe was for all practical purposes *Judenrein*. Indeed, there had been two "cleanings": by the Nazis in the late 1930s and 1940s, and by the Poles in the 1960s. Of course, in the wake of the Holocaust no Jew travels to this part of the world in search of people. The best one can hope for is to find houses, landmarks, smells, sounds—anything that might recall scenes of childhood.

It is hard to recommend Poland (or any People's Democracy) as a tourist destination. To be sure, prices are low even at the absurd official exchange rate; Polish women have enormous charm and grace; and the reconstruction of old Warsaw is extremely well done. But encounters with persons in authority—from desk clerk to police official—drain away nearly all pleasure. The saving grace is that so many Polish citizens seem genuinely embarrassed by their government. On the day of our departure, when my suitcase was nearly left behind because no customs official had bothered to explain some particularly bizarre procedure, a young woman employee of LOT (the national airline) answered my complaints with a lovely smile, sympathetic and sad. I realized that her problems were far greater than mine. After all, I was the one with the ticket to Paris.

I WAS CONTINUALLY reminded of my service in Germany in the Army of Occupation during 1946: long lines in food stores, relatively empty shelves, frequent offers of black-market transactions. At the Forum Hotel in Warsaw, the cashier seemed surprised that I was stupid enough to want to exchange dollars at the official rate. But what reminded me most strongly of the Occupation was a certain sour odor wherever people gathered—in stores, on a short-hop plane ride, in a train station. Is it lack of soap, or poverty, fear, despair? I do not know, but my search for memories had made its first unexpected contact.

In Gdansk, things turned out better than anticipated. My brother's possessions were returned by a student who refused all offers of reward—even U.S. dollars! (He only wanted us to make a call to a girl in Chicago.) By then we had befriended a taxi driver of half-German and half-Polish ancestry whose parents had lived in the Free City. His name was George, and he aptly characterized our encounter as *Glück im Pech*—fortune in misfortune. George—who spoke German, as did quite a few other inhabitants of the city—knew many of the old German place names. His father had fought in the German Army, his uncle with the Polish-British forces. He invited us for lunch in his two-room apartment, where he lived with his wife and two daughters; their housing project was strikingly similar to one I had recently visited in Shanghai.

(No one, by the way, seemed to mind the use of German; it proved rather more useful than English. Russian is a different matter. Despite the fact that it is widely taught in schools, I never heard Russian used—not even in airport announcements. The identity of the enemy is clear.)

As soon as we stepped off the Warsaw-Gdansk plane on a cold, sunny afternoon, I felt a certain excitement. In part it must have been that special Baltic light, which seems to enhance the pastel shades of the landscape. But most of all, I think, it was the unmistakable sense of proximity to the sea that permeates the entire region. The next morning we toured the faithfully reconstructed old city, which has now become a sort of Williamsburg. It is all there once again: *Rathaus, Krantor*, the statue of Neptune, and many beautiful burgher houses. Gone are the streetcars and the busy people engaged in the ordinary pursuits of life. They have been replaced by tourists, largely West Germans in search of their roots, their purpose quite similar to ours. No one seemed to resent them. On the contrary, every effort appeared to be made to keep alive the images of *alt Danzig*. The seal of the *Hansastadt* was prominently displayed everywhere. I cannot now say what I really remembered. Perhaps I had been shown pictures long after 1937.

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I did see many locally famous sights that seemed vaguely familiar. None of it moved me; at this point I might as well have been touring Bremen or Hamburg.

The only exception to this sense of detachment occurred in an antique shop on the main street of the old city. In a back-room display case, I spotted a ritual spice box made of silver and in the classic shape of a tower. It was the only evidence of a once thriving Jewish presence that we encountered during four days of touring: no commemorative tablets, no people, no street names—just this spice box. Some days earlier, quite by chance, my brother had said that he had always wanted a spice box, and I suggested that he buy this one. He declined, saying that it was impossible to know by what misfortune the object had reached the shop, and he did not wish the present owners to profit from what could only have been a tragic history. I have an oddly reassuring feeling that the spice box will remain unsold for many more years.

One of our main goals was to find the location of the apartment house in which our family had lived—*Hansaplatz* 8. We knew that the building could no longer exist; virtually the entire city was leveled in 1945 by the conquering Russians. Poles are quick to tell you that there was a good deal of needless damage. (One wonders how they would know this, since most of the present inhabitants arrived long after the fighting ended. Obviously it is something they would like to believe.)

The first day's search was fruitless. We started at the *Bahnhof*, knowing that our house had been less than a fifteen-minute walk from the station. But nothing looked familiar: just Polish street names and blocks of relatively new and already rundown buildings. Then George came to the rescue, helping us find my brother's *gymnasium*—the *Petri Schule*. There was the old brick structure, instantly recognizable even to me; our house had stood right across the square. My brother and I turned around—and could hardly believe what we saw. Facing us was the great monument to the shipyard workers killed by the police in 1970. It had become the landmark, the signature of new Gdansk: three soaring stainless steel columns topped by crosses and anchors, the surroundings always covered with floral wreaths. The monument is highly dramatic, commemorating the incident that gave birth to Solidarity. I recalled our initial lack of interest in the current fame and significance of Gdansk. Now it was almost as if the recent events clamored for recognition. I felt both an invasion of private sorrow (recalling the 1930s) and a sense of exhilaration (thinking about the city's redemption in the 1980s).

OUR MOST moving experience, however, came on Sunday, when we visited Zoppot, the neighboring resort on the Baltic coast where we had spent many summer vacations. Sunday is a very special day in Jaruzelski's Poland. The streets are empty except for large groups on their way to church. The churches themselves are packed; standing room only. A Polish acquaintance told us that four or five years ago many fewer people attended services: "All of us go now because the government told us that we should stay away."

We looked into the great Oliva Cathedral—where as youngsters we had witnessed the marriage of the family maid—and then made our way to the beach, with its Grand Hotel and even grander boardwalk ("the longest in Europe"). Before World War II, the Grand Hotel and its casino were a famous international resort: worldly, elegant, and terribly exciting. At least so it seemed to me when I had been a guest at the age of 8, invited by a worldly, elegant, and exciting bachelor uncle. I have never forgotten the long, luxurious corridors, thickly carpeted, with a light above each door to summon the floor waiter. From a distance it is still impressive: a typical larger European resort hotel facing the beautiful Baltic bay. But as we came closer, the ravages of time, war, and socialism became evident. I rushed up to one of the upper floors to look once more at those grand corridors. The lights above each door were still there, though they looked as if they were no longer working. The carpets were obviously unchanged since 1935. I did not see a single waiter.

Somewhat saddened, I walked to the beach. Looking only at the fine white sand and the water, turning away from the things made by man, I felt the past return. Swans and ducks—I had forgotten about them!—were swimming in the sea. And suddenly, for a very brief moment, I could see myself at the age of 5 playing in the sand while anxiously waiting for the next swimming lesson. My teacher was a young woman, beautiful, blonde, Nordic: in my imagination I clearly saw her in the water. It seemed to me that I was simultaneously young and old. On the beach in Zoppot I bracketed my life and thought of the tragic and magnificent events of the last forty-seven years.

HENRY ROSOVSKY

Henry Rosovsky is the Lewis P. and Linda L. Geyser University Professor at Harvard University.

The new heroin-and-guns industry.

FRAUD INTERNATIONAL

Rome

IN 1924 the United States tried to solve its drug addiction problem by outlawing a headache powder made by Bayer and sold over the counter under the trade name "Heroin." It didn't work. Half a century later President Richard Nixon declared formal war on heroin, as if it were an enemy country rather than a consumer product tailored to the American market. Turkey, then the source of 80 percent of the heroin entering the United States, was induced by $35 million in aid to outlaw poppy production. That ban *did* work. Alas, heroin from elsewhere

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kept pouring into the United States and western Europe and now pours into the Third World as well. The most widely used dangerous narcotic in the world, heroin today is more readily available everywhere in the world than ever before.

Our war on heroin is failing because the new heroin industry is underestimated. Powerful smuggling networks have escaped drug crackdowns and entrenched themselves by cooperating with each other and diversifying their business into arms, currency, refugees, or whatever else needs to be illicitly transported. The underground railroad on which heroin travels can carry any commodity from secret agents to cigarettes—and does. "Once in place, the drug networks are tough to eradicate," says Giuseppe Di Gennaro, who heads the U.N. Fund for Drug Abuse Control. "They take on a life of their own." But the international organizations charged with combating the drug traffic are frustrated by lack of funds and political infighting. And the nations that pledge support for anti-narcotics campaigns are at best working at cross-purposes and at worst duplicitous and cynical about controlling heroin.

THE BIGGEST drug network in the world sprung to life after World War II. As Turkey became the chief opium source for the West, an underworld emerged to transport morphine base (the raw opium used to make heroin) into Marseilles, where it could be refined and shipped to the United States. This was the drug pipeline known in the 1960s as the French Connection. When Turkey's poppy ban created a heroin shortage in the mid-'70s, illicit poppy cultivation ricocheted around Southwest Asia, seeking a safe haven. But wherever opium moved—including, today, behind the Soviet lines in Afghanistan—heroin went right on wending its way west through the Turkish underworld. The black market of Southwest Asia, which supplies the United States with 55 percent of its heroin, has defied with appalling ease every aid program, opium ban, war front, and guarded frontier, as well as all barriers of ideology, religion, language, and tribe.

The Turkish crime clans adapted to the effects of the poppy ban by converting themselves from suppliers into wholesale brokers. They became the middlemen for the opium grown in neighboring countries to the south and west, especially Iran. The coagulated poppy gum was chemically processed into morphine base, and then funneled into the warehouses of the reconstituted Turkish mafia. But the big Turkish and Syrian brokers lacked direct entrée to, and even a common language with, the United States. The commerce of million-dollar deals based solely on a man's word required a second underworld system that could deliver the heroin to the United States. The Turks also needed help in removing awesome quantities of dollars from America for deposit in numbered accounts in Swiss banks.

For the next stage of the heroin pipeline, however, a new refining center was needed. Marseilles had become unsafe because of police crackdowns at the time of Nixon's poppy ban. In 1976 the Turkish traffickers began sending envoys to the Sicilian mafia—at first underlings, then top brokers. According to the painstaking investigations of Italian and Yugoslav police, within a year two crime networks—the Turkish-Syrian clans and the Sicilian-American mafia—were fused into a single consortium. Crack French chemists were hired. A half-dozen labs for refining heroin were set up in Milan, and as many or more in Sicily. Over the next five years, from two to four tons of heroin flowed annually into the United States.

Milan became the headquarters of the international heroin business. It had many advantages. It was close to the heroin refining laboratories and mob-controlled airports of Sicily, the profitable heroin markets of West Germany and France, and the banks of Geneva. It was also close to the big overland truck routes from Turkey, Bulgaria, and Yugoslavia, and to busy seaports like Trieste, Venice, Genoa, and Naples.

BUT THE FLOW of heroin into the United States is only half the story. While heroin moves west, the profits move east. The untold story of heroin is where this money goes and what moves in the reverse direction along the underground railroad of crime.

A substantial portion of the profits return to where the opium originates, and these are among the most sensitive political spots in the world: the Pakistan border with Afghanistan, regularly strafed by Soviet planes; Iran, at war with Iraq; Syria (whose northern city of Aleppo, on Turkey's border, is a major open city for heroin); war-torn Lebanon, which long ago cornered the Middle East hashish market; and Turkey, whose civil war claimed thirty lives a day in 1980 and is still being mopped up. Chaos and war will always foster the growth of opium, an easy cash crop. It can be raised with little water, poor land, and less skill, and in any case, it is native to the Eastern Mediterranean region. Opium is, in short, the ideal crop for the same tough mountain terrains in the Middle East, which harbor both guerrilla fighters and drug smugglers.

"The arms and drug smugglers need, help, and protect each other," explains one high-ranking Turkish security official. "The smuggling of arms is based on the smuggling of drugs." To the Middle East, with its insatiable demand for arms, selling heroin is virtually the only way to earn the hard currency needed to pay for weapons. Even the state-owned import-export firms that deal in arms, such as Bulgaria's Kintex and Czechoslovakia's Omnipol, eschew their own currencies, preferring payment in dollars, preferably deposited in Swiss bank accounts. Viewed in this way, the smuggling of heroin is an economic necessity both for armed political movements in the Middle East and for the East European brokers of arms.

One U.S. diplomatic source reports that Kurdish insurgents in Iraq over the last five years have bought their weapons with drug money. The Kurds gained enough firepower, according to this source, to force the Iraqi government to grant them additional rights. The same Kurd-

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ish gun- and drug-runners are now smuggling Iranians into the West via Turkey. "There's more money in smuggling people right now," one Kurdish smuggler told the Iranian he accompanied. Along the way he pointed out cottages built, he claimed, with heroin-smuggling profits.

Milan is also an ideal location for the illicit arms trade. It is in cozy proximity to some of western Europe's larger weapons manufacturers and depots for war surplus arms made in the United States. Where arms deals involve embargoed nations or weapon models, guerrilla fighters or terrorist groups, the same ports and the same big roadway systems that serve the clandestine heroin traffic are used. So are some of the same brokers.

A French investigating magistrate, Germain Sangelin, whose four-year inquiry into cigarette smuggling led him into the arms and heroin network, told me: "Wherever I looked, I ran into old Nazis, arms dealers, East European agents, and various other secret services. I appointed a police team to investigate this, and the politicians emasculated it. Secret parapolitical organizations like the right-wing Service d'Action Civique are implicated. SAC is a parallel police corps of agents with one foot in the service, one foot out." Judge Sangelin also found corruption. He has brought charges against the deputy chief of French customs police, Roget St. Jean, for complicity in smuggling.

Judge Sangelin dubbed this meshing of arms manufacturers, their clients, black-market middlemen, heroin brokers, and double and triple secret agents, "Fraud International." It is wicked, but also useful, he says: "Our secret services know about it. They use the French link to penetrate the network, to know what happens inside it." It is all the more useful for the secret services that the drug-arms network operates between the West and Eastern Europe. According to a former U.S. military intelligence officer, agents, money, and credentials can be delivered into the East through this network.

BUT WHAT is handy to the West is even more useful to the East. The career of Abuzer Urgulu, a notorious Turkish crime boss, shows how the smuggling of arms into the Middle East and drugs toward the west have complemented each other. A 1973 Turkish arrest warrant accused Urgulu of smuggling 70,731 guns into Turkey from Bulgaria, where he resided at that time. He was convicted and served one year in prison. In 1977 he was among those drug chiefs who sent intermediaries to Milan to establish the new drug pipeline (or, as the European press has dubbed it, the "Pizza Connection"). Urgulu recently admitted to a Turkish court that he supplied the Pope's assailant, Mehmet Ali Agca, with funds when Agca was in hiding in Sofia under a false name. The indictment of Agca, three other Turks, and three Bulgarians for the papal assassination conspiracy states: "Abuzer Urgulu was 'godfather' to Mehmet Ali Agca in all his principal criminal actions." No evidence shows that Agca ran drugs or arms, but in the summer of 1983 he admitted to Turkish magistrates that he had worked as a cigarette smuggler for Kintex.

In the West there was Henri Arsan, a Syrian-born businessman who lived in Italy. Like Urgulu, Arsan used his import-export companies based in Milan to sell drugs to the West and, more often, arms to the Middle East. Arsan was caught red-handed in a heroin bust by U.S. and Italian drug investigators in 1973. He admitted to them that he had been smuggling "arms, liquor, and cigarettes" with the Turkish mafia for no less than a quarter of a century. The investigators knew this; in fact, Arsan had been picked up by Milan police in connection with a shady arms shipment back in 1970. The charges were inexplicably dropped, and Arsan went right on selling weapons out of Milan until late 1982, when local police stumbled onto him during an unrelated investigation. He was immediately arrested and charged with being a key "promoter of the import from the Middle East into Italy and other European countries of very large quantities of drugs as payment for very large shipments of arms . . . of every type."

Arsan was a businessman, not a political activist. He obtained weapons from wherever he could. According to Judge Palermo, "Arsan sold arms from the United States, Spain, Czechoslovakia, Poland, and Italy, and to a lesser extent from France, Belgium, and West Germany." And he sold them to all comers, mostly from the Middle East. A senior Turkish security official told me, "Henri Arsan was the single largest weapons supplier for our terrorists [of both the right and left]." In 1982 Arsan bought fifty-six tons of Kalashnikov rifles from the Polish state firm Mercuria and sold them through an intermediary to South Yemen. In 1981, according to an Italian newspaper, police learned from a wiretap that Arsan was offering to any interested customers a package deal of "twenty tanks, twenty-five armored personnel carriers, and ten fighter helicopters." During secret testimony in November 1982, Arsan personally confirmed a $7 million sale of Vietnam War surplus tanks from an unknown source in northern Europe "to private purchasers."

Arsan was able to remain in business because of his extraordinary connections with at least three intelligence agencies. He served as an informant for the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration in 1973-74. He also informed for the Italian customs police after 1973. Another phone tap revealed that Arsan had dealings with the Syrian secret service. In short, Henri Arsan succeeded because he blurred the lines between law enforcers and law breakers, between the drug trade and the arms trade, between East and West. He also succeeded in never having to fully disclose the nature of his business; he died in a Milan prison in December 1982. The career of Henri Arsan shows the futility of "wars on heroin" which, for whatever reasons of commerce or convenience, ignore the arms industry. The two illicit industries are now one and the same.

JUDITH HARRIS

Judith Harris is a freelance writer based in Rome. She is currently writing a book on the heroin business.

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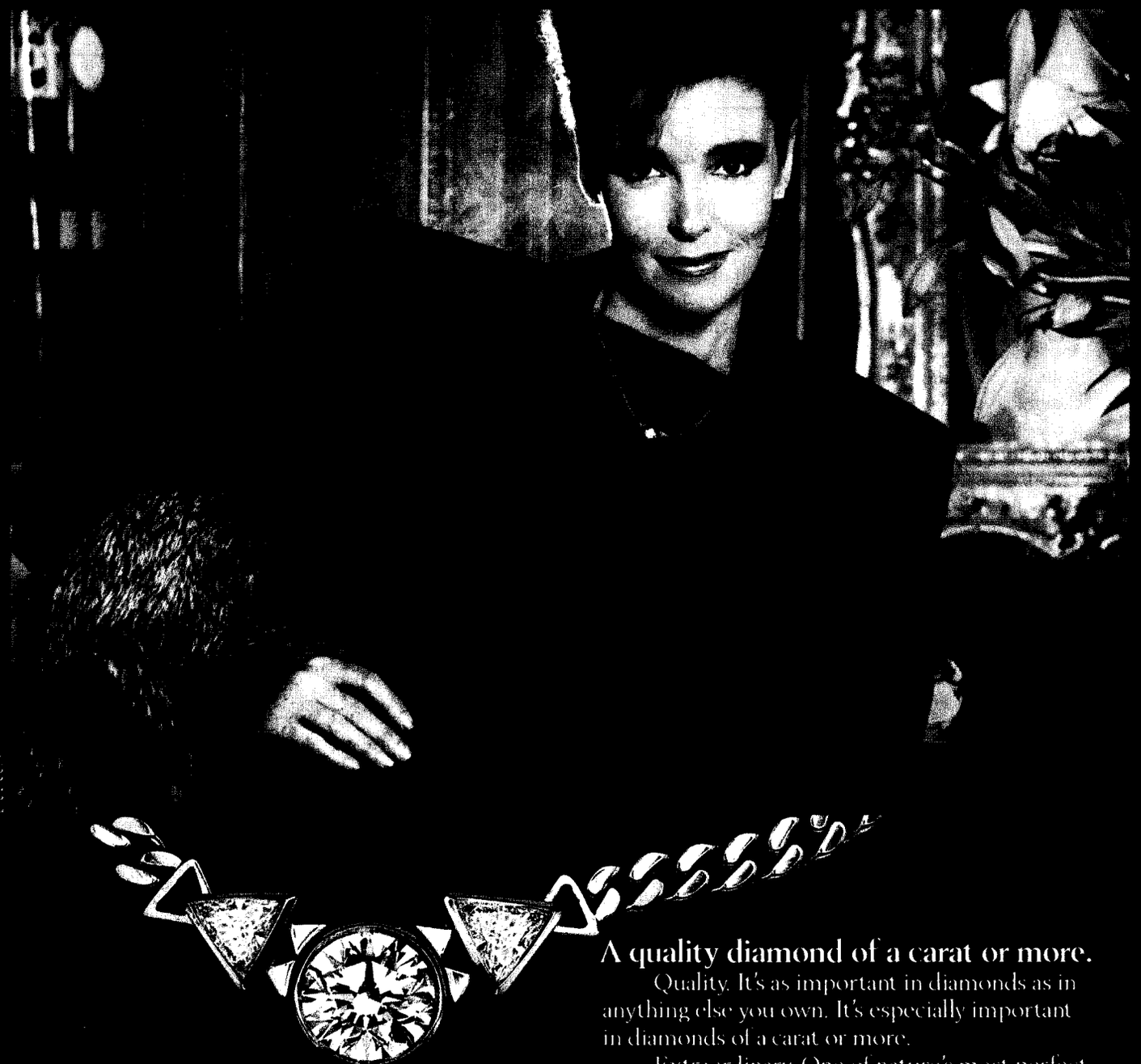

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Thou shalt not splice genes.

THE PROPHET JEREMY

BY ELIOT MARSHALL

JEREMY RIFKIN, self-cast as a visionary who warns the world about the dangers of gene-splicing, will end the 1984 season in good form. His lawsuit against the National Institutes of Health has stopped two experiments, put academic biologists on the defensive, started genetic risk studies in several Washington agencies, and renewed the feeling that bioengineers may be hiding a dreadful secret in the basement.

Not all of Rifkin's initiatives have been as successful. In addition to the suit, there was a petition to Congress asking for a ban on the manipulation of human sex (heredity-governing) cells and a request to N.I.H. that it forbid experiments transferring genetic material from one mammalian species to another. N.I.H.'s advisory committee unanimously rejected the latter (by a vote of 22 to 0) on October 29. But the broader request to Congress, endorsed by many religious leaders, including the omnipresent Jerry Falwell, is still under consideration. And other suits designed to stop Agriculture Department and industry research projects have been filed as well.

Rifkin's alliance with the evangelical Christians and the right-to-lifers bothers his old friends on the left. It also signals that his campaign is to be taken seriously. Five years ago, who would have guessed that the President's churchgoing habits or his interpretation of New Testament prophecy would become issues in the 1984 campaign? Rifkin, for one. He wrote a book in 1979 called *The Emerging Order* which predicted a boom in religiosity in the United States and marveled at the evangelicals' growing political clout. As it turned out, he not only forecast a boom in militant piety, he did his best to participate.

So there's more to Rifkin than meets the court docket. But it was his unexpected success in court that forced the genetic engineers to take notice. To understand the broader message of Rifkinism, it helps to know something about the case that put him on TV and into the features pages this year.

It all came to a head in a decision on May 16 that, according to *Science* magazine, "stunned most observers." The judge of the Watergate jury, John S. Sirica of the Federal District Court in Washington, D.C., granted an injunction Rifkin wanted. Sirica stopped an agricultural experiment at the University of California at Berkeley and told N.I.H., the funder and arbiter of much biotechnology, not to permit and more "release" experiments for the time being. These are projects in which gene-spliced material is used outside the lab.

Although not directly affected, Stanford University decided to stall its own N.I.H.-approved project, thinking it might appear arrogant to go ahead with an experiment similar to Berkeley's while Berkeley was stuck in court. Similarly, the gene-splicing industry will avoid release experiments for now, even though Sirica's ruling specifically exempted it from the case.

The question was whether or not N.I.H. should have written an Environmental Impact Statement when it shifted in 1978 from a policy it had established in 1976 of no-release of recombinant D.N.A. to one of release at the discretion of the N.I.H. director. Bear in mind that these policies apply to research, not the production of gene-spliced material—and only to federally supported work.

The experiments in question called for spraying a frost-retarding bacterium onto a potato field at Berkeley and planting a few rows of genetically engineered corn seed at Stanford. The researchers and N.I.H. officials said that no Environmental Impact Statement was needed. N.I.H. claimed that the risks were small and had been thoroughly studied by experts in an N.I.H. advisory committee. Rifkin agrees that the experiments are "probably benign," but is concerned about the principle. He demanded a full, formal E.I.S. with public hearings.

The National Environmental Policy Act of 1969 says that before any major project with federal support may go forward, it must produce an E.I.S. if there is a possibility that it could have a "significant impact" on the environment. Sirica wrote that N.I.H. had erred in shifting policies in 1978 without an environmental review. The N.I.H. director may have hoped to deal with the experiments on a case-by-case basis to avoid the controversy of a broad review. Sirica said this approach was wrong, whatever the motive, and insisted that his ruling was based on "narrow, legal questions," and not on the benefits and hazards of gene-splicing, which he claimed to have "no desire, authority, or competence" to discuss.

Although narrowly written, the decision created a legal precedent. It imposed a moratorium on an entire line of academic research on the grounds that an unknown by-product might at some time wreak havoc on the environment. There was no evidence as to the likelihood of this happening, although there was some speculation that the

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anti-frost bacterium might somehow infect the atmosphere and prevent cloud formation. In fact, this bacterium exists already in nature, and has not interfered with the clouds.

PEOPLE WHO KNOW a little about Rifkin may see him as a Nader of bioengineering, aiming for incremental changes in safety standards. Of course that would be good, Rifkin says. "I want to raise these questions for debate. This [regulatory] debate is better than no debate at all." But Rifkin really has something broader in mind. He has a bleak view of Western culture, and is particularly hostile to science and technology. He would happily do away with them. He attacks biotechnology precisely because it represents the leading edge of Western science, and if this could be stopped, the whole juggernaut might lurch to a halt. At least that is what he writes.

Rifkin, a prolific quoter of scientific literature, has never taken a degree in science. He points out that "you don't have to have a degree in physics to talk about nuclear power, or a degree in chemistry to talk about toxic dumps." He says that his books are used in courses at 300 universities, and adds, "Many scientists don't have a background in the social sciences, or in economics and history, as I have."

Rifkin grew up in Chicago. He got a bachelor's degree in economics from the University of Pennsylvania and a masters in international affairs from the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy at Tufts. According to his curriculum vitae, he began his career as an activist in 1967, when he was "a sponsor of the first national rally against the Vietnam War." In 1976 he led his Peoples Bicentennial Commission in a countercelebration in Washington, mocking the boosterism of the main event and advertising the sins of corporate America. At this time he also created the multipurpose Foundation on Economic Trends, of which he is now the president. Rifkin's message in 1976 was that if the great Thomases—Paine and Jefferson—could be in Washington, they would march in his parade and not in Gerald Ford's.

As the Bicentennial wound down, Rifkin went on the prowl for other causes that would keep him "consistently in the vanguard of progressive thinking and political activism," as an article in *New Age* magazine put it in June 1983. He turned to gene-splicing. Scientists who attended a meeting organized by the National Academy of Sciences in March 1977 recall the day Rifkin's followers invaded their sanctum in Washington, D.C. Bernard Davis, a bacterial physiologist at the Harvard Medical School who has become a vocal anti-Rifkinite, was present. "Just as the session was about to begin," Davis says, "we became aware that Rifkin's people had settled in the audience all around the perimeter. As David Hamburg [then president of the Institute of Medicine] began to speak, they all jumped up, singing, 'We shall not be cloned.' Then they unfurled banners and linked them all around the room. We were their hostages. We were being terrorized."

Terrorism may be too strong a word for what happened, but it reflects what many in the audience felt. Hamburg placated the banner-bearers by inviting them to speak. Ted Howard, Rifkin's co-author for three of his seven books, took the podium for about thirty minutes. Then the meeting returned to the original agenda, a formal debate on the risks of genetic engineering and the need for controlling or ending gene-splicing experiments. Although the meeting finished without incident, some people were unhappy that Hamburg had yielded at all.

Rifkin wants to be both an activist and a grand theorist. People who do well in one of these roles generally don't excel in the other. Anyone who accepts the activist's calling, with its unending demand for tiny victories, will be tempted to take short cuts in language and thought. Struggling to win a little ground every day, the activist molds his thinking as he molds his rhetoric. The hazard is that for the activist, theory—the justification of action—becomes secondary to the need to win battles.

Asked about his role, Rifkin said in a phone interview, "I'd much rather be in the intellectual world [all the time]. It's very limited, what you can do as an activist; sometimes I feel it's like treading water. Ideas have the long currency." Then why does he litigate so? It seems to be a compulsion: "It's been so much in me for twenty years. I feel I have to. I get angry. I get frustrated." He said he begins feeling "elite" and "guilty" if he does not take part in the battle. The result is that Rifkin feels he must go to court to bring his beliefs to the world's attention.

RIFKIN WAS NEW to the field of biotechnology when the Academy of Sciences got to know him in 1977. He had not fully developed his reasons for opposing it then, or perhaps he has changed them since. His early fears were centered on the potential for Hitlerian racial controls. He now says that these were not exactly on target, and that the real threat is "commercial eugenics," the harm we will do to ourselves in the name of doing good.

For example, doctors may learn how to control sickle-cell anemia and Tay-Sachs disease by using genetic engineering, but wisdom, according to Rifkin, tells us to stop the research that may lead to these cures. In theory there may be other, more questionable uses of the technology. People who can afford it may be able some day soon to choose the traits of their children or delay the onset of old age. Although this seems fantastic, it no longer seems impossible, and Rifkin believes he has a duty to prevent it from becoming real. How does he make the beneficial medical inventions—along with the questionable uses of bioengineering—seem bad? By labeling them wrong.

"It all boils down to faith," Rifkin says. "I posit a faith . . . I know I'm in the minority. What I believe is heresy today." Indeed it is. For on the way to his position on gene-splicing, he "parts company" with Francis Bacon, René Descartes, Isaac Newton, John Locke, and Charles Darwin. And these are just the best-known thinkers he casts aside. Rifkin scraps four centuries of Western

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thought, saying that its premise is no longer valid. The premise he rejects is that knowledge is power, and that power brings benefits.

RIFKIN'S EVIDENCE for a contrary view is familiar. Since 1920 nuclear science has brought not just an understanding of the atom, but nuclear power with all its bitter problems, and nuclear weapons with their immense destructive force. Industrial chemistry has not only introduced scores of life-saving medicines, but also left a legacy of poison dumps for which no good remedy yet exists. The technological advances of the twentieth century have helped us but also have given us for the first time the power to destroy life on a global scale.

Rifkin guesses that the benefits of gene-splicing will be more dramatic than those of nuclear power. But he says that if experience teaches anything, it is that the negative side of a new technology is commensurate with the positive. He cannot name what this negative price will be for gene-splicing, but he speculates that it will fall under the category of losses to the human soul or undermining the meaning of life. By this he means that a person living in a world full of genetically engineered creatures would be terribly isolated, like a baron who never speaks with anyone but servants on his own estate. The world would be polluted not just with chemical by-products, but with trashy man-made life-forms. All life would be degraded as a result.

On this reasoning, Rifkin argues that it is a mistake to permit bioengineering to proceed. He would abjure science as practiced in the West and adopt instead a new "science of empathy," in which researchers try to be in harmony with nature rather than control it. As he explains in his most recent book, *Algeny* (1983), taking this course would mean giving up some comforts, being less sure of survival, and sacrificing our well-being in the expectation that nature will respond by providing a better quality of life. This is how he describes it in *Algeny*:

> It is the price one pays to belong, to be a member in good standing in the community of life. . . . Giving up bioengineering means sacrificing a measure of control over the future. Compromising our drive for total mastery over what lies ahead. Making ourselves more vulnerable so that the rest of existence can become more secure. Choosing to serve and nurture even though we have it in our power to dominate and extract.

This is the belief that drives his lawsuits and petitions to Congress. It sounds like a meditative religion, or perhaps something older, a rite of sacrificial nature-worship.

This is not the first time Western science has been described as corrupt and headed for the scrap heap. One fascinating case in the '20s—in which scientists themselves joined in the woeful chorus—occurred in Germany during the Weimar period. Oswald Spengler's newly published *Decline of the West*, which prophesied that Europe was headed rapidly into senility, was in vogue. German physicists reflected the pessimism of the age, as historian Paul Forman has shown in an essay published in *Historical Studies of the Physical Sciences* in 1971. Mathematician Richard von Mises wrote in 1921 that it is "highly probable that the towering structure, under construction for the past five centuries, of a Western culture oriented entirely toward cognition and performance will collapse. . . ."

Some physicists went so far as to say the idea of causality, in a broad sense, was no longer valid. Asked about these quite popular theories in 1932, Albert Einstein told a writer: "That nonsense is not merely nonsense. It is objectionable nonsense. . . ." Einstein's view prevailed.

TODAY, as Rifkin promotes his empathetic science against the tradition of Bacon and Newton, the East is hastening to acquire what he wants to throw away. Rifkin sees the irony, and concedes that "People want knowledge-is-power. . . . It has worked well for us." Obviously it will not be easy to persuade others, particularly those in the developing world, that Western technology must be rejected just at the moment when it comes within reach. China, now hungry for material advancement, would think it a bad joke if the United States tried to persuade her that the sweets of technology are really nothing but poison.

The only plausible way of stopping the boom in Western science, it seems, would be to issue edicts backed by muscle. Every nation could have a Ministry of Approved Research aided by Empathy Police to see that only non-powerful science is conducted. The Ayatollah Khomeini might be hired as a global consultant; he would immediately recognize the principle at stake and might have a few practical suggestions for enforcement. But this is beside the point, for Rifkin agrees that the change he has in mind cannot come about through coercion. It doesn't count unless it comes freely, he says.

Given the reality of hunger and the likelihood that nations will continue to exist and compete with one another, it is hard to imagine how empathetic science will take hold. As long as there is an advantage in using knowledge as power, people will want it. Rifkin appears to concede this himself at the end of *Algeny*, where he writes: "Can any of us imagine making such a sacrifice, giving up a measure of control over our own future? . . . If we cannot even entertain the question, then we already know the answer. Our future is secured. The cosmos wails." Rifkin's cosmos may wail, but Sir Isaac's might be pleased. For Rifkin is really asking that we give up hope of understanding or improving the material world. In this sense it is Rifkin—not the gene-splicers—who would diminish the human spirit in a premature confession of failure.

None of this should be taken to mean that bioengineering will not bring dangers. It means that the battles over its use have not yet begun in earnest, and that criticism of it is still inchoate. It also means that dissenters of a more realistic bent are needed, and that their first task will be to move the discussion onto firmer ground. □

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THE NEW REPUBLIC & ITS TIMES

BY JOHN PATRICK DIGGINS

PRICED AT ten cents a copy, THE NEW REPUBLIC appeared on November 7, 1914, three months after the cannons of World War I roared across Europe. The popular impression was that TNR was founded in response to the war—and hence the "crisis" of liberalism—but the true story is less dramatic. The war that would shape the rest of the twentieth century seemed to have crept up on Herbert Croly, the progressive journalist who was planning the magazine, and on the other young progressives whom he recruited for its staff. Walter Lippmann, who would become one of the magazine's editors and after that the nation's most influential journalist, later recalled that he had been visiting the English Lake District in the summer of 1914, when TNR was being planned, and had been oblivious to the Serbian crisis. Lippmann's travels were later stopped by the closing of the Belgium border; he could remember being only mildly "annoyed" that his vacation plans had been disrupted. "So I know at least one young man," he wrote, "who was not mentally prepared for the age he was destined to live in."

TNR proclaimed itself "A Journal of Opinion," in part to indicate its openness to new ideas. But opinion, especially misleading opinion, was precisely what TNR set out to examine and, if possible, correct. To identify politics with opinion was to leave government to whim, to the vicissitudes of private interests that were at variance with the public good. What TNR wanted to put before the public was theory, interpretation, perspective—the ability to analyze and elucidate the realities of politics that had been conditioned by the forces of history. Although TNR issued no great inaugural statement, the magazine bore the message of three books by its editors: Croly's *The Promise of American Life* (1909), Lippmann's *A Preface to Politics* (1913), and Walter Weyl's *The New Democracy* (1912).

The three editors had widely differing temperaments. Croly, the founder and first among equals on the editorial staff, was a stern and reticent man whose deep intellectualism shaded into religiosity. Lippmann was a political insider, outwardly calm yet curious and tense; he spent his early years at TNR cultivating the allegiance of eminent thinkers whose ideas mattered. Weyl was more affable. Before coming to TNR he had been, in Lippmann's words, "an incorrigible free-lancer." He fit naturally into the role of the outsider, the troubled conscience of the magazine who, fearing its possible closeness to men of power and wealth, wondered whether it would become "a middle-aged journal." But all three shared a common enterprise. They wanted to reconceive American liberalism in order to give the Republic a "new" meaning. Boldly they sought to save American politics from American history.

The problem facing twentieth-century America, they believed, was its eighteenth-century political heritage. Their specific diagnoses varied. Croly traced America's political dilemmas to the destructive individualism of Jeffersonianism, which he believed had made America exactly what Alexander Hamilton feared it would become—a nation without a nation-state. Lippmann complained that the Founders had bequeathed to future generations a "machine" system of politics that repressed man's aesthetic and moral energies and reduced even the reforms of the Progressive era to little more than rules and routines. Weyl

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located the problem in the frontier heritage, which he said had deprived America of a coherent sense of community.

What was to be done? Convinced that corporate capitalism should be regulated but not eliminated, the three men were determined to be radical without being socialist. They could agree with the Marxists that economic power had become alienated from popular control. Yet where the Marxists looked to international class solidarity and the rational "logic" of history, TNR's editors believed that political thought must be based upon a more complex understanding of men and events. They drew upon Freud and his theory of sublimation, William James's open-ended voluntarism, George Santayana's preference for talent and the intuitive qualities of consciousness, Graham Wallas's discovery of irrational political man, and the theories of wealth and consumption developed by Simon Patten, an early prophet of economic abundance. Croly especially admired Abraham Lincoln's Christian sense of humility, magnanimity, and sacrifice; he probed Lincoln's mystical patriotism to find the historic grounds of nationalism. Lippmann, at least in the early years, believed that science would teach man how to rise to "disinterestedness," to

1914-1984

'FACT' AND FRICTION

THE FIRST of several gentlemanly but sometimes heated debates between Herbert Croly and Willard Straight erupted over the issue of a name for their new journal of opinion. Herbert Croly, the magazine's philosophical first editor, wanted a title that would reflect the magazine's lofty mission. Willard Straight, the financier who was backing the new enterprise, was more practical. He eagerly pressed Croly to adopt his own suggestion, "FACT: *For, Against, Consultation, Truth.*" To him, the "striking name" truly embodied "New Democracy, Progressive ideas, the republic, Nationalism, Federalism, and all the rest. FACT is what they have been unable to get in the old publications and FACT is what we are setting out to supply. If we make a fight for any one thing we expect to base our faith on FACT. If we criticize any person our arrows will be barbed with FACTs, not stories. In FACT, it is in telling FACTs that FACT will differ from de FACTo publications." From the beginning Straight was not completely comfortable with the notion of a progressive journal. In this plea to Croly, he revealed more than an affinity for a particular word.

Before beginning the venture, Straight had shopped around for a newspaper or magazine, and in 1913 briefly considered buying *The New York Evening Post* and *The Washington Herald*. In his heart he longed for a daily that would be read by hundreds of thousands, not for the exclusive small-circulation weekly Croly had in mind. Approaching the magazine with a businessman's sense of what sells and a reporter's eye for data, he was still nursing his ambition to break into big-time publishing.

Straight's sweeping view of federalism, "progressive ideas," and "all the rest" bothered Croly, the political theorist. The objective, scientific formulas Straight so valued figured little in the forward-looking, idealistic cause of progressivism. It became increasingly clear to Croly that his employer placed "clear and impartial judgment" above progressive idealism.

Croly struggled to dissuade Straight from adopting his pet logo. If the "paper," as Croly called it, was just going to record facts, he told him, he wanted no part of it. In his reserved but firm manner, Croly reminded Straight that their goal was a "critical and constructive review." By promoting higher "ideals" and molding "public opinion," the paper would aim to "impose views on blind or reluctant people" that they would not receive elsewhere. Croly preferred *One Nation* or *The New Nation*, but, perhaps owing to their close resemblance to *The Nation*, finally settled upon *The Republic* as a fair substitute. He reassured Straight that he recognized the importance of facts, and conceded that it would "be fatal . . . to specialize" in too much "social reform." But, he warned, Straight should expect plenty of it.

Straight finally relented. There was only one obstacle: *The Republic* had already been taken. A paper by the same name belonged to John Fitzgerald, a former mayor of Boston and John F. Kennedy's grandfather. Straight immediately took the train up to New England to haggle with "Mr. Honey Fitz," who informed him that his publication had already been copyrighted and "entered as second-class matter." Straight could barely restrain himself from retorting that that might be "rating it too high," but later decided he had better not risk incurring a hefty lawsuit over a proprietary name before the paper got off the ground. Straight consoled a disappointed Croly that "it would be very unfortunate for a group of young men like ourselves, standing like houses of light and towers of strength and moral purpose in this proverbial fog and murk of materialism and corruption," to engage in an unbecoming legal battle.

The name THE NEW REPUBLIC was not a poor substitute. The suggestion of Platonism reflected the magazine's high-minded ideals. And newness, then as now, was in vogue: in 1912 Theodore Roosevelt probably borrowed Croly's memorable phrase "New Nationalism" to combat Woodrow Wilson's "New Freedom." Coincidentally, a few years earlier, H. G. Wells, the Fabian socialist, had advocated replacing the old order with a "new republic" led by "intellectual samurai"—a group of superior men and women who managed society for the public good. At times the new NEW REPUBLIC seemed to preach a similar message to its readers.

DAVID SEIDEMAN

David Seideman is the author of a forthcoming history of THE NEW REPUBLIC's first thirty years, to be published by Praeger.

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overcome the materialism and acquisitive individualism of American politics. Weyl looked to economic development to achieve "progress through prosperity." The triumvirate admired ex-President Theodore Roosevelt, whose combination of patriotic idealism and realpolitik seemed preferable to Woodrow Wilson and his pious affirmations about laissez faire and bourgeois morality.

But the spiritual conscience of Wilson would continue to haunt TNR's founders. For in an age of unbounded optimism, they too started out by assuming that power could be elevated and that liberalism could reconcile what Max Weber would soon demonstrate to be irreconcilable: politics and ethics. On the last page of *The Promise of American Life* Croly offered an almost beatific vision of America's redemption:

> The principle of democracy is virtue, and when we consider the condition of contemporary democracies, [Montesquieu's] saying may seem to be more ominous than flattering. But if a few hundred years from now it seems less ominous, the threat will be removed in only one way. The common citizen can become something of a saint and something of a hero, not by growing to heroic proportions in his own person, but by the sincere and enthusiastic imitation of heroes and saints, and whether or not he will ever come to such imitation will depend upon the ability of his exceptional fellow-countrymen to offer him acceptable examples of heroism and saintliness.

In some respects this single passage captures almost the entire dilemma of twentieth-century liberal thought. The modern leader who tried to realize the classical principle of virtue was, after all, not Lincoln but Robespierre. When Alexis de Tocqueville revised Montesquieu's formulation in *Democracy in America*, he demonstrated why the principle of modern democracy would no longer be "virtue" but "interest"—the individual's pursuit of private ends apart from the public good, the "enlightened self-interest" that tamed the political passions and valued property and stability. How, then, did TNR propose to liberate America from Tocqueville's interest-politics liberalism to produce, virtuous citizenry? Lippmann once defined liberalism as the overthrow of authority and the search for its substitute. In searching for saints and heroes, TNR embarked upon a quest that was indeed both "flattering" and "ominous."

WILLARD STRAIGHT AND DOROTHY WHITNEY
CORNELL UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES

THE NEW REPUBLIC GAMBLE

IN POLITICS it may be easier to find an angel than a saint. TNR's financial angel was the Straight family of New York. Willard D. Straight was an international banker for J. P. Morgan and Company, and his wife Dorothy was the heiress to part of the Standard Oil fortune. Both had been impressed by Croly's *The Promise of American Life*, and after consulting with him agreed to support a weekly magazine.

The Straights bought a pair of old brownstones for Croly in the Chelsea neighborhood of New York City. One house served as the magazine's business offices. The other held several rather lackluster editorial offices; a reception room, designed elegantly in Victorian decor; a comfortable library with the latest periodicals from abroad; and the famous TNR dining room, with a large circular mahogany table surrounded by eight or ten black Windsor chairs. THE NEW REPUBLIC staff also enjoyed the services of a resident chef.

In the first editorial TNR described itself as "frankly an experiment." More frankly, it was a gamble. The magazine intended to ruffle its readers, "to start a little insurrection in the realm of their convictions," as Croly would say years later. But who would the readers be? The original mailing list had only 900 names, mostly friends of the editors. Considerable care had been devoted to the magazine's name (see " 'Fact' and Friction," page 24), and to its handsome design and clean format, which featured TNR's symbol, a square-rigged ship of the Spanish Armada, apparently intended to suggest that the currents of politics can be controlled, the thesis of "drift and mastery" that Lippmann expounded in his second book. One otherwise critical letter to the editor conceded that TNR was "beautifully made up . . . with an appearance of quiet but by no means rigid dignity."

After the first dozen issues appeared, TNR's staff could relax. By February 1915, it was selling 2,500 copies a week, and by the end of the war in late 1918, its circulation reached 40,000. Because of Lippmann's connections in Washington, the impression grew that TNR had ties to the Wilson Administration and functioned as its unofficial organ. This perhaps explained why the magazine sold out almost immediately every Thursday morning when it reached the magazine stands of Wall Street. The editors were amused at the idea that speculators might find financial tips in TNR; the magazine operated at a significant loss. Although the Straights continued to subsidize TNR at an average cost of $100,000 a year, they rarely attempted to control editorial policy. (See "Straight Talk," page 30.)

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TNR seemed to have been born with the will to believe. "It was a happy time, those last few years before the First World War," recalled Lippmann. "The air was soft, and it was easy for a young man to believe in the inevitability of progress, in the perfectibility of man and society, and in the sublimation of evil." Despite the news from the western front—the reports of trenches, shrapnel, and howitzers—TNR remained confident that the human mind could undo what it had done. "The fact remains that the final argument against the cannon is ideas," wrote Lippmann in the first issue of TNR. "The thoughts of men, which seem so feeble, are the only weapons that we have against overwhelming force. It was a brain that conceived the gun, it was the brains that organized the armies, it was the triumph of physics and chemistry that made possible the dreadnought."

HERBERT CROLY

In an early editorial in 1914, entitled "Intellectual Leadership in America," TNR described how that role had passed historically from the clergy to the legal profession to rest now with the university professor. But the magazine remained skeptical about the "hegemony" of the academic intellectuals, a "docile" breed incapable of even protesting the "petty surveillance" of their own institutions. Rejecting "the Wisconsin idea," the notion that the university could be the seedbed of reform, TNR looked to "a trained class of expert public administrators." This class could even include "the ordinary businessman," who would also find that he must submit to the new imperatives of technology and scientific management.

The call for rigorous discipline failed to move the more playful Greenwich Village radicals of the day. Max Eastman, the exuberant editor of *The Masses*, described TNR's editors as "mighty, young bronze beasts," grimly bent on remaking the world; and John Reed asked for fewer formulas and more fun. Reed joked in a poem that Lippmann was a cold intellectual "Who wants to make the human race, and me/March to a geometric Q.E.D."

THE THREE DILEMMAS OF LIBERALISM

TNR was nothing if not ambitious. Its goal was to transform Americans into citizens dedicated to virtue, civic duty, and the public good. In struggling to realize the ideals of citizenship, democracy, civil liberties, and social justice, TNR soon faced three issues which to this day preoccupy both the magazine and American liberalism itself: the role of the state, a theory of U.S. foreign policy that can be both moral and effective, and the question of practical politics versus ultimate ideals.

On the role of the state in American society, TNR from the outset was enthusiastic but not zealous. It preferred Roosevelt's New Nationalism to Wilson's New Freedom, believing in strong government and monopolies controlled in the public interest. Wilson's tariff and banking reforms won TNR's approval, but the needs of the lower classes led it to push Progressivism further to the left. TNR supported child labor laws, an eight-hour work day, collective bargaining, a minimum wage, and workmen's compensation.

This wasn't far enough, however, for Amos Pinchot, a left-wing Progressive and brother of conservationist Gifford Pinchot, who accused TNR of dealing with incidental abuses rather than with fundamental causes. Perhaps, Pinchot suggested, the editors drew back from the obvious solution of government ownership because of "the existence of a subconscious class feeling that warns them against disturbing the institutional privileges upon which the security of their class depends." If government ownership is the test of "following through," Croly angrily replied in a TNR article, then Pinchot must have in mind Czar Nicholas, Bismarck, and even some American railroad presidents. Croly warned against "the European landslide into collectivism," perhaps sensing that socialism resolves the problem of workers' control by postponing it.

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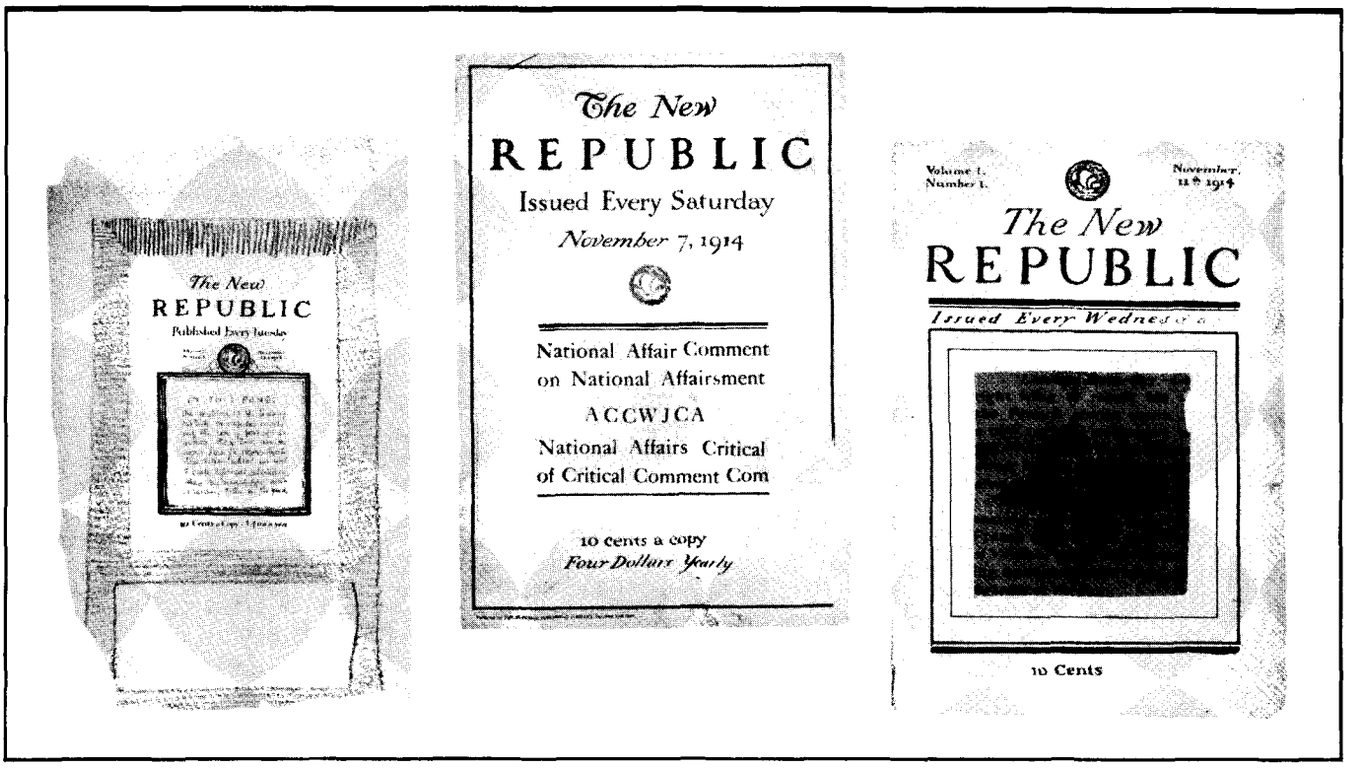

PRELIMINARY SKETCHES FOR THE FIRST COVER OF THE NEW REPUBLIC, DESIGNED BY INGALLS KIMBALL.

Although the left complained that TNR was going nowhere, the magazine in its early years was strongly committed to feminism, suffrage, birth control, and the right of women teachers to keep their jobs after marriage. It exposed Jim Crowism in the South and racial discrimination in the North. W. E. B. DuBois reviewed books on black history, and literary editor Francis Hackett explained why *The Birth of a Nation* could be both an aesthetic coup and a moral outrage. It supported the miners striking at Ludlow, Colorado, in 1914. It defended Scott Nearing, a professor fired by the University of Pennsylvania in 1919 for anarcho-pacifist beliefs, and investigated numerous other academic freedom cases. Notwithstanding accusations of appealing only to "the better sort," it made its comfortable readers aware of the miseries of life at the lower depths. In an article in late 1914, John Reed reported from the eastern front of the war: "We rattled over the flat, hot plain, past wretched villages of mud huts roofed with filthy straw, halting long at little stations where docile peasants in ragged white linen gaped stupidly at the train. The rich hectic whiteness of Bucharest vanished abruptly out of a world where people starved in hopeless misery."

But the one flaming cause TNR could not bring itself to support was pacifism. In foreign policy, TNR insisted that both moral ideals and national interests would be served by forthright American involvement in World War I. The editors declared that the war had rendered America's isolation obsolete, reminding readers that their country was economically and culturally tied to Europe, and hinting that Wilson's "moral grandeur of being neutral" was a "delusion" that ignored the nation's interests. For a while TNR looked to Teddy Roosevelt to give America a lesson in assertive statecraft.

To the disappointment of the Greenwich Village left, almost every major writer associated with TNR—not only editors Croly, Lippmann, and Weyl, but also regular contributors like historian Charles Beard, John Dewey, and even the sardonic economist Thorstein Veblen—came out in support of American intervention. TNR writers had a variety of good reasons for supporting the war: to influence the peace settlement (Lippmann); to revitalize nationalism from its bourgeois slumbers (Croly); to control the forces of history (Dewey); to block Germany's imperial ambitions (Veblen); and after Czarist Russia had fallen, to have America endorse the Petrograd formula of "peace without annexations and indemnities" (Beard). When Wilson finally asked Congress for a declaration of war on April 2, 1917, assuring Americans that "right is more precious than peace" and that "the world must be made safe for democracy," TNR was ecstatic. A "magnificent" address, Lippmann wrote to Colonel House, Wilson's top aide. "We are delighted with it here, down to the last comma."

The rationale of the pro-war liberals was answered by Randolph Bourne in the magazine *The Seven Arts*. A brilliant young essayist with the body of a hunchback and the mind of a visionary, Bourne had been an early contributor to TNR. He admired Dewey's educational philosophy and shared Croly's cultural nationalism. But when TNR endorsed America's entry into the war, Bourne began to reconsider the premises of both Progressivism and pragmatism. The interventionists, Bourne claimed, were allowing their thoughts to become an "easy rationalization" of what was going on because, fearing political impotence, they wanted to identify with what they felt to be the

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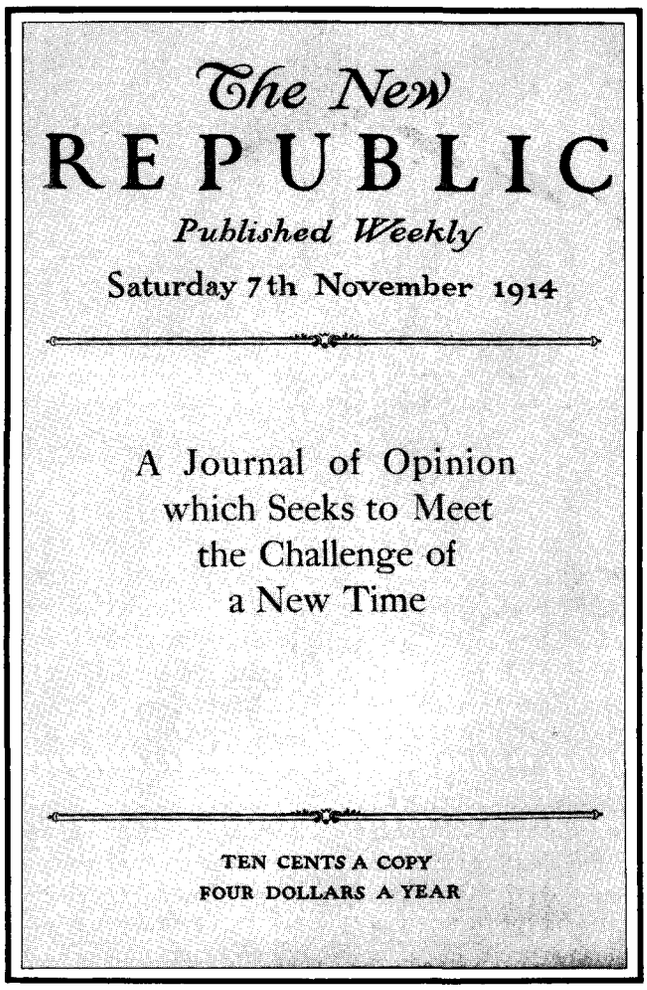
inevitable movement of history. Bourne's sharp critique made him a hero not only to the anti-war intellectuals of the Wilson years but also to the New Left of the 1960s.

Bourne's position, however, rested on the dubious assumptions of pacifism. In an editorial called "Pacificism vs. Passivism," TNR argued that war cannot be prevented simply by renouncing it as a means of settling disputes. In succeeding issues the philosophers Dewey and Ralph Barton Perry added that America could accept the necessity of war even while pursuing peace, that the war could be used to advance the goals of democracy and social justice, and that the forces that led to the outbreak of the war can only be brought under control by America's involvement.



To Bourne such reasoning represented the "corruption" of liberalism on the part of liberal professors who looked upon the war as a schoolroom or laboratory in which to conduct experiments. He also thought he discerned a contradiction in Dewey's view that the war could be an instrument of social reconstruction even though it proved itself to be historically irrepressible. "If the war is too strong for you to prevent, how is it going to be weak enough for you to control and mold to your liberal purposes?" Bourne demanded in *The Seven Arts*.

Bourne would have been more charitable and more accurate to note that Dewey and TNR were addressing the paradox of fate and will that confronts great statesmen of all persuasions. The assertion (echoed by Bourne) that events that are inevitable cannot be controllable surely did not trouble Jefferson, Lincoln, Lenin, Trotsky, and Churchill. Reinhold Niebuhr would teach the next generation of TNR readers that mankind is humanly "fated" to "sin" and also morally obligated not to—and that therefore power cannot be wielded without guilt. But in 1917 TNR believed in heroes and saints, assuming that a President "too proud to fight" would somehow know how to.

After the declaration of war, Lippmann took leave from TNR to serve in the Wilson Administration, where he would have a hand in drafting "The Fourteen Points" of Wilson's proposal to the Versailles peace conference. Everything hung on TNR's hope of influencing Wilson to make the scope of America's economic and military contribution contingent upon Allied peace terms. But the "Carthaginian" peace that emerged from the Versailles settlement—which included indemnities, reparations, annexations, and German war guilt—shocked TNR's editors. The chastened Lippmann, convinced that the peace treaty would burden the young German Republic with the seeds of revanchism and "balkanize" Central Europe, persuaded the English economist John Maynard Keynes to publish in TNR chapters of his book *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*. Keynes depicted Wilson as an innocent abroad "bamboozled" by Old World statecraft and its "senseless greed."

Croly became so disenchanted with Wilson that he stubbornly refused to believe that the League of Nations could mitigate some of the harsh peace terms. That stance alienated many readers and caused thousands of subscribers to switch their allegiance to *The Nation*, America's other leading liberal journal, which had all along opposed intervention. But the final disillusionment about the war came from three unexpected developments, the first hopeful, the second ambiguous, the third ugly: the Russian Revolution, Bolshevism, and the Red Scare.

Between 1917 and 1921 American liberalism first faced a problem that has continually troubled its reformist convictions—revolutionary communism. The Czarist regime in Russia collapsed before American liberals had a chance to call for its overthrow, and TNR faced for the first time—but not the last—the dilemma of choosing between bad and worse. "The Russian Revolution is magnificent, but it is portentous," declared TNR in March 1917.

Editors and contributors celebrated Russia's dramatic break from its despotic and bureaucratic traditions, but they also pondered the prospect that the new "giant" would emerge even stronger than Germany, and embark upon imperial expansion. Yet two considerations seemed to work against that Tocquevillian prophecy: Russia's hitherto suppressed energies would be devoted to overcoming her own backwardness, and the Russian people would realize that the fight against Germany was an integral part of their own aspirations for freedom. Although disturbed by the rumor of a separate peace, TNR doubted

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DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

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STRAIGHT TALK

TNR'S UNCOMMON virtue lay in its editorial independence. Freed from the profit motive and the relentless hustle for advertising revenue, the magazine could break away from conventional journalism. Willard Straight agreed in principle with Croly's demand that he and the other editors be given free reign in all editorial decisions.

Periodically, however, Straight could not keep his views to himself. An ardent advocate of military training and preparedness, he cared less for the spirit of progressive reform than he did for a strong foreign policy. "Play the game!" he roared in the robust spirit of Kipling, his favorite writer. In his memoir, *After Long Silence*, Michael Straight says that his father described himself as basically "conservative." Though moderately progressive for his day, Willard Straight certainly distrusted Democrats and anything that resembled left-wing politics.

He seems to have particularly distrusted one of the magazine's founding editors, Walter Lippmann. During a dinner in 1914, Straight silently watched as Lippmann and another editor became embroiled in a heated exchange with a corporate Republican friend. A few days later he fired off a sarcastic note to Croly, advising him to "muzzle some of Lippmann's wilder notions." Straight said that despite his reservations about the young journalist's "socialist leanings," he felt Lippmann "to be sufficiently sane always to yield to reason." In the course of supplying "a thousand . . . things" as "grist" for the editorial "mill," Croly should keep certain labor issues "out of Walter Lippmann's sight." "Go slow," Straight cautioned him, and do not tip over "the apple cart."

If not tipped over, the cart was at least shaken twice in the magazine's early years. In 1916 Straight had a bitter disagreement with his editors over one of many editorials that was to appear in support of the appointment to the Supreme Court of Louis Brandeis, a respected Boston lawyer and a friend of Woodrow Wilson. Straight did not approve of the editorial, "The Motive of Class Consciousness," which was to be accompanied by a chart linking opposition to Brandeis's appointment to thirty-five rich, prominent Bostonians who had petitioned the President. All of these men worked and attended board meetings together, married into each others' families, shared similar stocks and investments, and belonged to the same clubs. Their social patterns, the editorial stated bluntly, amounted to nothing less than a "class psychology." Croly and Lippmann fervently defended their argument, but apparently Straight prevailed. Lippmann excised the Marxist jargon; rather than being dominated by "class psychology," the men were victims of their own "group psychology." And although much of the original text's vitriol was preserved in the published editorial, no names were named. The editors had pushed Straight's political tolerance to its limits. He refused to associate his publication with ideological recriminations against friends and social acquaintances.

Tempers flared again that year at election time. Straight wrote to Croly that he was growing impatient with President Wilson's "gum-shoe or soft-pedal" foreign policy of neutrality. Early in the campaign he still held out the faint hope of drafting his friend, Theodore Roosevelt, to carry his big stick against the "belligerents." Croly was away at the time, and it was Lippmann who attempted to persuade his employer not to use the magazine as a vehicle for T.R.'s ambitions. "You know that THE NEW REPUBLIC was not created to play that kind of game," he told him. The magazine could not toady to a candidate without failing "the most crucial test . . . of independence." As soon as Roosevelt withdrew from the race, Straight set his heart on the Republican candidate, Charles Evans Hughes. According to Croly, he "put up the stiffest kind of fight for his own side."

Straight demanded the chance to dissent publicly from the magazine's endorsement of Wilson. The editor balked. THE NEW REPUBLIC had been cultivating a close relationship with the White House, mostly through Lippmann, who served as a shadow adviser for the campaign. Moreover, by separating himself from the official editorial line, Straight was creating a harmful and "juicy piece of political gossip." It was time once again for Croly to deliver a prosaic lecture on "intellectual independence" for "disinterested readers." And once again Straight won the battle.

The two parties carefully crafted and edited a special statement explaining the magazine's unusual step. It appeared in the October 28, 1916, issue, under the headline, "A Letter From Mr. Straight." The episode obviously embarrassed the editors. They recapped the story of Straight's connection to the magazine and reassured readers—and themselves—that the ultimate decisions did not rest with "Mr. Straight."

That Dorothy and Willard Straight stayed in the background as much as they did proved their enormous loyalty to the TNR idea. These instances of interference were the exception rather than the norm. For the most part the Straights abided by the agreement that had been reached with Croly and the staff at the time of the magazine's founding: the Straights would be consulted about all important questions of policy and management, but would not play a role in editorial decisions.

"I would have felt better," Straight once modestly told Croly, "if you'd said I don't like and won't use you[r] brilliant but indigestible suggestions." Of course the Straights implicitly exercised another sort of power. If they ever radically objected to the magazine's policy, they could simply stop the subsidies and let it go out of business. From every indication, in all their years as financial angels Dorothy and Willard never did cut off the flow of money, or even threaten to.

D.S.

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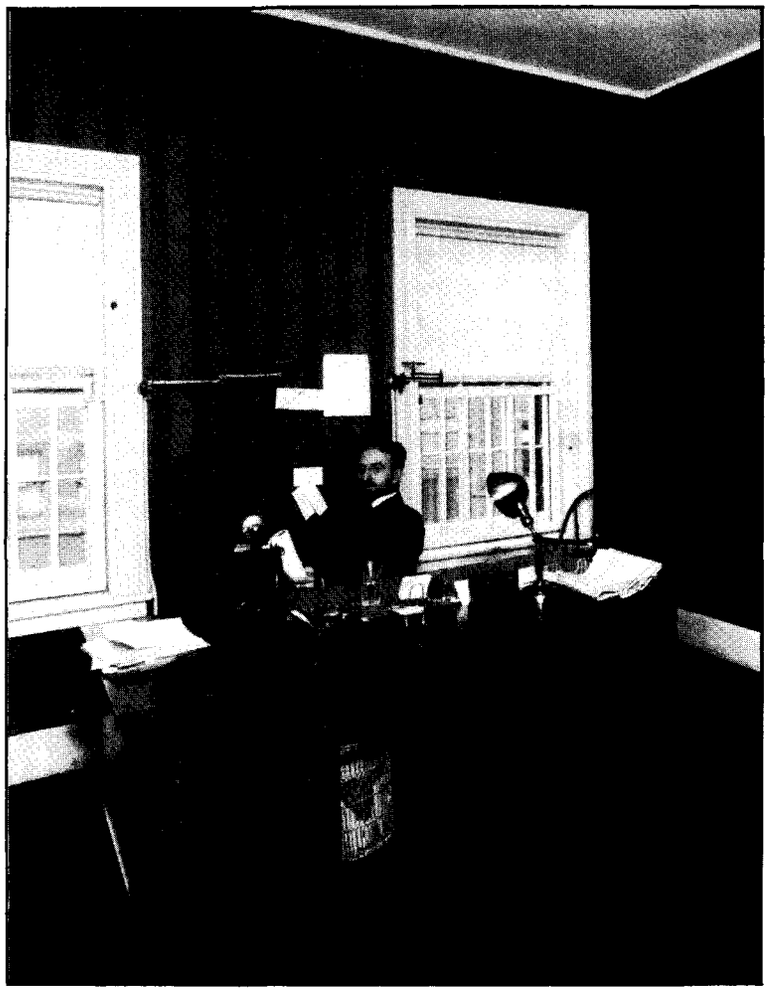
that Russia would make itself a "vassal of Germany" and expressed confidence that Alexander Kerensky's "iron discipline" would reinvigorate the war effort in terms consistent with Wilsonian democracy and national self-determination.

When the Bolsheviks seized power in October, TNR remained hopeful that the war would be pursued and that the ideologues of the Revolution would come to their senses. TNR was happy to observe Lenin advising Russians that the success of the Revolution required "strict discipline" at the work place, the introduction of wage incentives, and even an adoption of "each progressive suggestion of the Taylor system" (i.e., scientific management). The Bolsheviks, it appeared, were practical idealists more interested in industrial organization than in social revolution. The Bolshevik call for peace, land, bread, and democracy struck TNR as entirely reformist. And the magazine believed that Russia's repudiation of the secret treaties that Allied powers had negotiated among themselves regarding postwar settlements would help redefine the aims of the war. The Communist promise of confiscation and collectivization would be "calamitous," TNR conceded in an editorial. But it asked readers to consider that Bolshevik "excesses" merely reflected the desperation of those fighting the forces of reaction and that to denounce "Lenine and Trotzky," as they were known in the press, would only prolong rather than undermine their power.



WALTER WEYL

It was not until Russia negotiated a separate peace at Brest-Litovsk in the spring of 1918 that TNR began to search for a non-Bolshevik alternative. With Russia out of the war, TNR supported the Allied intervention in Russia as a means of getting Czech and Slovakian troops out of Russia and, more importantly, of reconstituting the eastern front. But TNR also warned that such expeditions, arriving in the midst of Russia's bitter internal civil war, could easily play into the hands of counter-revolutionaries. Compelled to choose between Wilson and Lenin, TNR began to identify the forces of change with the latter; it continued to see the Revolution as the beacon of a new form of "liberty" more relevant to backward Russia than Wilsonian ideals were.

Thus when the Wilson Administration started to criticize the Bolsheviks' undemocratic methods and the new Russia as "Judas among nations," TNR reacted sharply. Revolutions are always led by minorities, TNR advised the President. When the Bolsheviks defeated the White Army, TNR demanded that Russia be granted diplomatic recognition. It was "barefaced hypocrisy" to claim that America cannot deal with a regime based upon force, Croly exploded in 1920. "Did George Washington hold a constituent assembly during the throes of our Revolution?" he asked (perhaps forgetting that from 1774 to 1783 America had a Continental Congress and that Washington carried out its orders). Although by no means a convert to communism, Croly sympathized with the Bolsheviks because of the enemies they made. Communists and liberals were struggling against reactionary foes. "The real objection to those who direct Russian policy and propaganda . . . is that with peace Russia might evolve peacefully out of Bolshevism into a stable peasant democracy, and that such a Russia would resist exploitation and act as counterpoise to the regimes devised at Versailles."

Croly's insistence that Russia would evolve "out of Bolshevism into a stable peasant democracy" had it not been for the civil war and intervention assumed too much. Charging America with a bad conscience, Croly failed to see that Lenin's convictions determined the course of events within Russia. A peasant democracy was the last thing he had in mind—whether or not Wilson intervened.

Yet TNR can hardly be accused of having preferred a new tyranny to an old one. Indeed, in 1920-21 TNR ran a series of articles by Dewey and Bertrand Russell which offered the Western world the first critical analysis of communism's entire ideological edifice: its historical materialism,

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Hegelian double-talk, and Lenin's theory of party centralism. Genuine democracy, the philosophers explained, evolves from "pluralism, experimentalism, and constant toleration," and thus the true liberal must "distrust every emancipation of the masses from above whether coming from a benevolent capitalism or a proletarian dictatorship."

At home TNR faced up to the logical consequence of the war it once supported. Instead of tolerating pluralism, the war had condoned censorship and propaganda. The wartime vilification of Germany now came to be "fraudulently imposed" on Russia as the American press turned the Hun into the Red. Vainly TNR protested the Red Scare—the merciless harassment of the "Wobblies," as the members of the radical International Workers of the World union were known, the prosecution of *The Masses*, and the deportation of radical immigrants.

The Presidential election of 1920 offered little encouragement. The magazine first supported Herbert Hoover, who, as the director of the Belgian Relief Commission, was the only American politician to emerge from the Versailles settlement with humanitarian integrity. Hoover was also the only public figure not associated with the Wilsonian diplomacy of the Democratic Party and the machine politics of the Republican Party. When Hoover was passed over in favor of Warren G. Harding, the machines' candidate, TNR turned to the farmer-labor alliances in various states. But the hope that Progressivism could be revived by reaffirming the cause of workers against "class rule" collapsed with Harding's election. America returned to the business politics of the McKinley era, to the squalid realities of interests that would eclipse the shining examples of virtue.

By 1920 TNR felt death as well as disillusionment. Willard Straight, Walter Weyl, John Reed, and Randolph Bourne were all dead, and with them the dreams of a new Republic purged of corruption and cupidity. The quality of liberalism TNR had envisioned, a political humanism that would stir the soul with its ethical and scientific demands for the good, just, and beautiful, had fragile roots in the American past. Now the question was whether it had a future. Having set out to fulfill the promises of American life, could liberalism live with failure?

IN THE early 1920s the disillusioned editors began to ask if the price of engaging in practical politics was the loss of one's ultimate ideals. Bourne's ghost seemed to haunt the magazine, whose editors and readers wondered whether he was right in claiming that pragmatism was the recipe, not for moral reform, but for political expediency. Weyl discussed "Tired Radicals," and Croly saw "The Eclipse of Progressivism." In "The Technique of Liberal Failure," Harold Stearns, who edited a well-known collection of essays despairing about "America as a Civilization," decried the tendency to pull back from critical analysis and surrender to the drift of events. Croly, who had advocated America's entry into the war, felt personally responsible for its outcome. While many other writers expatriated to the Left Bank and bid farewell to Ezra Pound's "botched civilization/an old bitch gone in the teeth," Croly grew more despairing.

For those who stayed behind, the 1924 Presidential campaign raised some interest. The possibility of a third party lifted the spirits of TNR; and when Robert LaFollette adopted the banner of the Progressive Party, editorials closely studied his proposals for reforming the Federal Reserve, nationalizing the railroads, and that mystique in search of a method, "returning power to the people." He was seen as a welcome alternative to Calvin Coolidge, with his "self-righteous complacency about the health of American business." To be sure, TNR found LaFollette's prating of the evils of monopoly naïve, his diplomatic isolationism obsolete, and his failure to speak out against racism and immigration restriction a nativist evasion. Nonetheless, the magazine supported LaFollette over the Democrat John W. Davis, a conservative Wall Street lawyer. After Coolidge's easy victory, Croly wrote that perhaps it was not yet time for a third

THE 'BEST CLUB IN NEW YORK'

TNR'S EDITORIAL luncheons and dinners, begun at the magazine's inception, quickly became legendary. The editors invited statesmen, foreign dignitaries, artists, literati, and just about every luminary of American culture and politics to discuss pressing issues of the time. The excellent Italian and French cooking and wines earned the magazine the distinction of the "best club in New York."

From his perch at the head of the table, Croly cast a stern gaze over the proceedings. The formality was rarely interrupted. The poet Amy Lowell, a habitual smoker, caused a terrible scene when the butler passed out cigars only to the men at the table. To break the mood of seriousness verging on pomposity, a mischievous staffer once filled a plate of eclairs with cotton, and watched in gleeful amazement as the guest, a British diplomat, swallowed his whole. (She was summarily discharged.)

Even the bookish Edmund Wilson found these occasions oppressive.

1914-1984

(T. S. Matthews, a TNR literary editor for a brief period in the mid-'20s, quipped that Wilson's parents had once bought him a baseball uniform, which he put on—and then resumed reading.) Wilson told a friend that TNR was "a chilly and unfriendly home for anybody but a respectable liberal of at least middle age." Still, the food was good, and the conversation, even if overly solemn, was intelligent.

D.S.

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party after all. He advised American liberals to look for a possible model in the British Labour Party. The dilemma of practicality versus idealism still had no satisfactory solution.

THE ERA OF LIBERAL DISILLUSIONMENT

BEGINNING IN 1922 TNR featured editorials on "Realistic Liberalism," "Socratic Liberalism," "Obstreperous Liberalism," calling for a new definition of the meaning and mission of American liberalism. To help show the way, Croly occasionally called upon European writers. TNR had no quarrel with the Italian philosopher Benedetto Croce's view of liberalism as the duty of moral action; but when the British socialist Harold Laski criticized liberal America for hurrying after material progess at the cost of spiritual poverty, Croly defended the modern "pleasure economy" for "satisfying the wants of the human animal for food, shelter, comfort, leisure, security and the opportunity for play—wants which in the past have been satisfied for only a few people and that, precariously." Aware that liberalism had been overshadowed by both communism and fascism, Croly also insisted that Progressivism could not give up its dedication to intelligence and will, analysis and action.

THE EDITORS' DINING ROOM

But increasingly he felt that TNR should dissociate itself from practical politics and concentrate instead on the higher meaning of life itself. Croly wrote that while politics dealt primarily with power, and science only with external relations, liberalism was "an affair of the spirit, and resides, if anywhere, in the individual human soul." Trying to reconcile his earlier faith in rationality with a deepening faith in religion, he grew mystical in his demand for Christian regeneration. He asked TNR readers to consider "the worship of a God symbolized not as Power, but as Understanding and Love." Croly's spiritual odyssey calls to mind Weber's haunting observation: "He who seeks the salvation of souls . . . should not seek it along the avenue of politics." (See "Adrift," page 36.)

Croly's doubts about politics were matched by Lippmann's doubts about people. In 1921 Lippmann had gone to the New York *World*, but he maintained his ties to TNR. He collaborated with Charles Merz on "A Test of the News," a TNR study of how *The New York Times* had presented one-sided accounts of political developments in Russia from 1917 to 1920, predicting Bolshevism's collapse in ninety-one different articles and editorials. In 1922 Lippmann published *Public Opinion*, a critical analysis of how popular thinking reflects only fictions and stereotypes; and three years later he wrote *The Phantom Public*, denying not only the possibility of rationality on the part of citizens but also of the existence of a coherent, unified public that could direct the affairs of state. John Dewey called Lippmann's books "perhaps the most effective indictments of democracy as currently conceived ever penned," and he began publishing articles in TNR to reaffirm faith in democratic liberalism.

As early as 1915 Dewey and Lippmann had sparred in the pages of TNR, and they continued to do so for several decades. Dewey looked to the techniques of science to solve the social problems; Lippmann now aspired to essential truths that would address perennial ethical issues. One thinker valued method, control, adjustment, and democratic participation; the other, meaning, insight, transcendence, and moral authority. This tension between pragmatic and humanistic liberalism exploded after the outbreak of World War II, when TNR again had to make a decision about intervention and looked to Dewey and Lippmann for guidance.

But TNR in the 1920s was hardly all doubts and indecision. It ran articles criticizing the imprisonment of Eugene Debs, religious fundamentalism, prohibition, the Ku Klux Klan, R.O.T.C. on campus, the commercialization of college athletics, and the ethos of capital consumption, which, Niebuhr pointed out, was undermining Protestant morality. The Sacco and Vanzetti case in particular brought home much that TNR had been protesting since its earliest years: violations of civil liberties and constitutional rights, class domination, and ethnic and religious discrimination. TNR denounced the "good society in Boston" for ignoring all appeals for a review of the conviction of the two Italian anarchists convicted of killing

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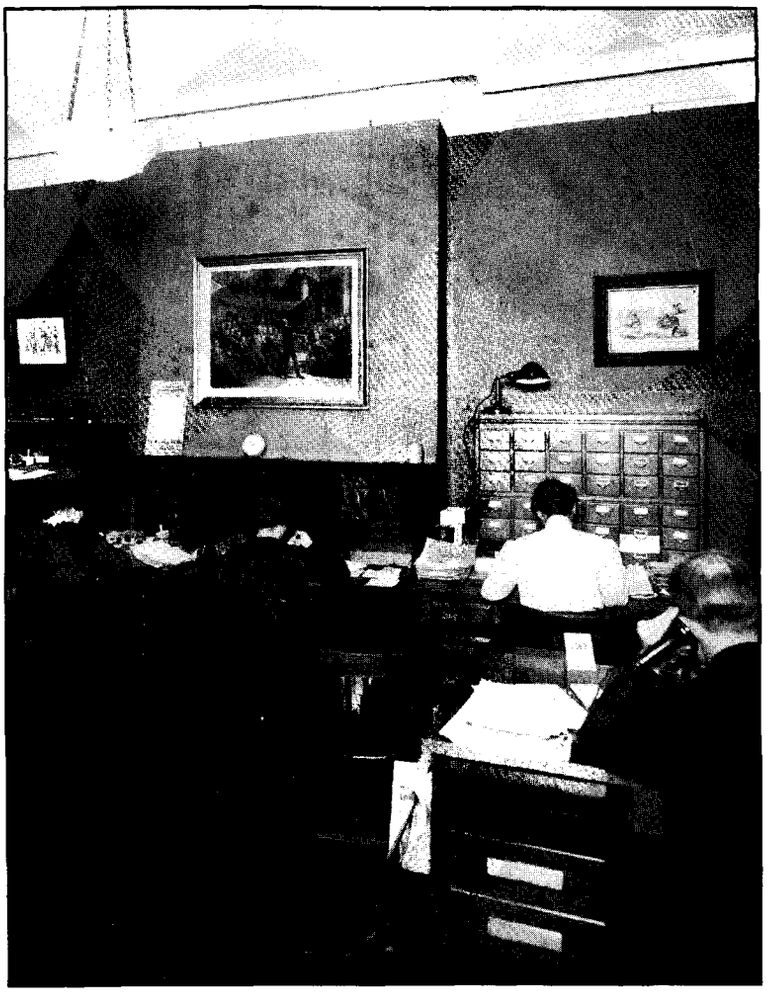
a shopkeeper. "It [the upper class] resents the idea that the processes of [its] rule should be challenged by representatives of other and, in their opinion, inferior peoples. It feels about a review of the conviction of Sacco and Vanzetti very much as it felt in 1916 about the appointment of that disturber of its privileged complacency, Justice Louis D. Brandeis, to the Supreme Court of the United States."

TNR also continued its staunch advocacy of labor, supporting striking textile workers at Gastonia, North Carolina, while expressing reservations about the extent of Communist involvement in the bloody dispute. It chastised the Coolidge Administration's imperialistic meddling in Latin America, questioned whether the McNary-Haugen Bill, which provided federal subsidies to farmers, would bring permanent relief to rural America, and challenged Treasury Secretary Andrew Mellon's regressive tax policies. Above all, TNR wondered why the Republican Party should be credited with the conditions that supposedly produced prosperity and not be held responsible for the conditions that retarded its more equitable distribution.



THE ORIGINAL SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

As the election of 1928 approached, TNR wondered whether the Democrats could end "the Coolidge blight." Ironically, the Republican candidate had the right credentials but the wrong convictions. For the engineer-trained Hoover possessed the very attributes that TNR had defined as qualifying for "intellectual leadership" in 1914: an expert administrator schooled in science. But Hoover defied Lippmann and Veblen's hope that the efficiency-minded engineer would extirpate the cultural fetishes of capitalism. On the contrary, Hoover indulged in a "romantic conception of America" that attributed the nation's wealth to the self-regulating laws of the market. TNR supported Al Smith, the governor of New York, knowing that his chances were slim, but sympathizing with the aspirations of urban workers and immigrants that his own life symbolized.

T.R.B. AND THE BACK OF THE BOOK

IN THE 1920s TNR made two significant decisions. The first had been suggested in 1920 by Alvin Johnson, founder of the New School for Social Research, the so-called University in Exile, which did more than any other institution to help European refugee scholars. In a memorandum to Croly, Johnson urged TNR to emphasize cultural matters to compensate for the intellectuals' disillusionment with politics. From the beginning TNR had not neglected education, literature, and the arts. It had featured Bourne and Dewey on teaching; the poetry of Robert Frost, Conrad Aiken, and Amy Lowell; Hiram Moderwell on music ranging from ragtime to Schönberg; and Van Wyck Brooks and Santayana on the American character. Although the founding editors were conscious of their generational identity, TNR had never suffered from a generation gap. Edmund Wilson had subscribed as a 19-year-old in 1914; so had 73-year-old Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr. A decade later, with TNR's new emphasis on culture, Wilson became a regular literary contributor. He was joined by Stark Young, who covered drama; and Waldo Frank, Paul Rosenfeld, and Lewis Mumford, who wrote on architecture, music, and urban life.

TNR's renewed commitment to culture held difficulties of its own. By espousing pragmatism in politics and modernism in culture, the magazine was expressing two distinct—and in many ways incompatible—sensibilities: a philosophy steeped in society and history, and a literature illuminated by solitude and estrangement. Dewey concluded a year-long symposium on progressive education in 1928 by informing TNR readers that experience is the foundation of knowledge; a series of articles by Wilson on Proust, Eliot, and Joyce ended with the remark that experience is the "nightmare" from which modern man must awake.

The second significant decision TNR made was to institute the highly successful column that came to be known

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HOW TO WEAR A SEAT BELT

YOU CAN BE BOTH SECURE AND COMFORTABLE IN YOUR CAR.

It's been proved over and over that seat belts at least double your chances of escaping death or serious injury in a severe accident.

But the freedom of movement allowed by the newer front seat belts has bothered some people. How can the seat belt hold you securely if it appears to have almost no tension?

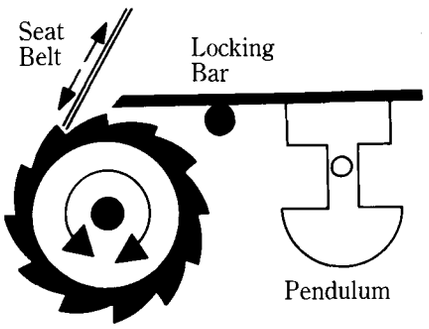
The fact is, the shoulder belt is designed to restrict your movement only in an emergency. In normal situations, you can lean forward or to the side with little pressure from the shoulder belt.

In an emergency, the belts lock up to hold you in place. The inertial reel makes this possible. That's a mechanism as simple and reliable as gravity (as you can see in the accompanying diagram). Inertial reels have been used since the 1974 model year for the shoulder belt in many GM cars. They allow you complete freedom of movement in normal driving. You can turn easily to check traffic or reach to the glove compartment.

Adjusting your shoulder and lap belt. Even the slight tension you feel from the inertial reel is adjustable so there is almost no pressure. Pull the shoulder belt far enough away from you so that, when you let it go, it comes back flat against your chest. Then pull down slightly on the shoulder portion, about one inch, and let it go again.

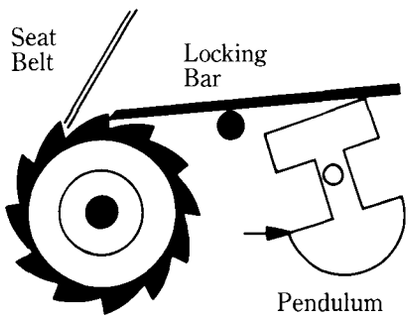
Safety experts suggest allowing no more slack on the shoulder belt than absolutely necessary for comfort. Lap belts should be adjusted snugly as low on your hipbones as possible—not higher where they might damage internal organs in a crash.

How the inertial reel works. *Your shoulder belt is designed to allow freedom under normal conditions, but to lock automatically and restrain you in a collision.*



Ratchet Mechanism

Under normal conditions, *the pendulum and locking bar are in their rest positions. The reel which holds the seat belt is free to rotate. As you lean against it, the belt unreels.*



Ratchet Mechanism

In emergencies, *such as a collision from any direction, the pendulum tilts, forcing the locking bar to engage the ratchet. The reel locks and the seat belt restrains you.*

In a collision, lap/shoulder belts, worn properly, distribute the force across the large, strong bones of your hips and torso. Perhaps most important, belts help keep you from being thrown out of the vehicle in an accident.

What if you are pregnant? The American Association for Automotive Medicine says the dangers of being unbelted in a collision during pregnancy are far greater than the slight chance of injury caused by wearing the belts.

Other advantages of belts. By holding you in a proper driving position, the lap belt provides a feeling of control, keeping you in place on rough or curved roads or in an emergency maneuver. Some people even find that the added support makes driving easier on their backs.

Next time you drive, please take a moment to buckle up. Remember, the seat belt is an effective system to help protect you, and it's already part of your car. Why not think of it as your "Life Belt" and use it.

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as "TRB." In 1926 Croly and the managing editor, Bruce Bliven, decided that TNR needed a weekly source of Washington news and on-the-scene impressions, and that the correspondent would have greater freedom if he wrote under a pseudonym. They settled on Frank Kent of *The Baltimore Sun* to write the "Washington Notes" column, and on the initials "T.R.B." as his pseudonym. For years people would ask TNR editors "Who is T.R.B.?" "If his identity became known," Bliven would jokingly reply, "he would have to resign from the cabinet."

Herbert Croly died in 1930. Bruce Bliven became editor, assisted by Alvin Johnson and economist George Soule. Years later Bliven and Soule would claim that TNR had predicted the Wall Street crash and that "almost all the ideas of the New Deal had been thrashed out in our pages." Not exactly. TNR was probably no more prepared than *The Wall Street Journal* to grasp the ramifications of the stock market collapse. Although TNR believed that prosperity was vulnerable, it did not see the Depression as inevitable. In November 1929, a week after stocks plunged 68 points in three days, TNR ventured to say that the end of the speculation frenzy would release money and credit for productive purposes. Although TNR opposed the Smoot-Hawley protectionist tariff and Hoover's policy of wage cuts, it believed, on the one hand, that the economy might recover in time to benefit the Republicans in 1932, and it doubted, on the other, that the business community could on its own restore economic stability.

Not until the spring of 1930 were TNR readers informed by Lewis Corey of the deeper structural problems of the economy. As for presaging the New Deal, TNR had indeed advocated tariff reform, collective bargaining, and public power projects. It did not, however, foresee the necessity of heavy government spending to compensate for the seeming paralysis of private enterprise. TNR was reluctant to accept the even bolder idea of a planned economy until events turned a "preconception"—TNR's derisive term for Norman Thomas's socialism—into an imperative.

Remaking The World

TNR ONLY TOOK up the idea of economic planning when it became clear to them that capitalism was mourned the outcome as an "unmitigated tragedy."

The strains of an indifferent decade exacted a heavy toll on Croly. TNR afforded him fewer pleasures than it had in the past. He toyed with the idea of converting it into a journal of literature, the arts, and moral philosophy. According to his estimates, the nation's conservative mood had caused the magazine's circulation to fall from a war-time high of approximately 35,000 to a meager 14,000. By 1924 the magazine's cumulative debt had reached $800,000, and the normally openhanded Dorothy began pulling in her purse strings. In a particularly morose moment, Croly told her that he was even considering "murdering our costly and unruly youngster." Fortunately, in a shrewd bit of bookkeeping, the magazine filed for bankruptcy and the company was reorganized, relieving its financial burdens.

TNR survived, but Croly did not. In 1928 he collapsed in his apartment, the victim of a severe stroke. Two years later he died, deprived of the chance to see many of his reforms enacted in the New Deal.

D.S.

Adrift

TNR SEEMED adrift during the 1920s. While middle-class reformers concentrated on pecuniary pursuits, the artists and intellectuals of the so-called Lost Generation waged their aesthetic rebellion against a materialistic, decadent culture. Editors at TNR complained that progressives were being shunted aside as "tired radicals" or "former people." Meanwhile, the magazine began a process of soul-searching that was not always merely figurative.

Willard Straight had died of pneumonia in 1918. According to David Levy in his forthcoming biography of Croly, Dorothy Straight soon began holding seances (a common practice at the time among war widows in Europe and the United States) in an effort to contact her deceased husband. "Is there anything valuable THE NEW REPUBLIC can do?" she asked her husband's spirit. "Do not become too rabid . . . ," responded Willard from the Other Side.

Croly too was exploring other dimensions. His strong religious convictions surfaced in the form of rambling essays with such titles as "Christianity as a Way of Life" and "Christians, Beware!" After work hours, he joined the mystical Orage cult, transplanted from Eastern Europe. Like Katherine Mansfield and Hart Crane, Croly embraced its ethereal teachings and partook in religious gymnastic exercises and diets. Managing Editor Bruce Bliven later compared these rituals to the experience of taking L.S.D.

Through it all the liberal flame still flickered at TNR. The editors promoted the third-party candidacy of Robert M. LaFollette in 1924 and backed Al Smith in 1928. Editors hammered out policies and drafted speeches for both campaigns. But the magazine reserved its deepest passions for the liberals' cause célèbre, the Sacco and Vanzetti case. Dozens of editorials and articles were written in defense of the two Italian aliens charged with murder on almost non-existent evidence. Appeals for donations to defense funds appeared regularly, and the magazine took out a full-page advertisement in *The New York Times* to solicit funds. Dorothy Straight contributed generously to the cause. In an article published in TNR just before the execution, Bruce Bliven wrote that Vanzetti thanked him and his friends for their kindness, but said that it had been useless, that he and Sacco were "dead men." In a letter to Dorothy's new husband, Leonard Elmhirst, Croly privately

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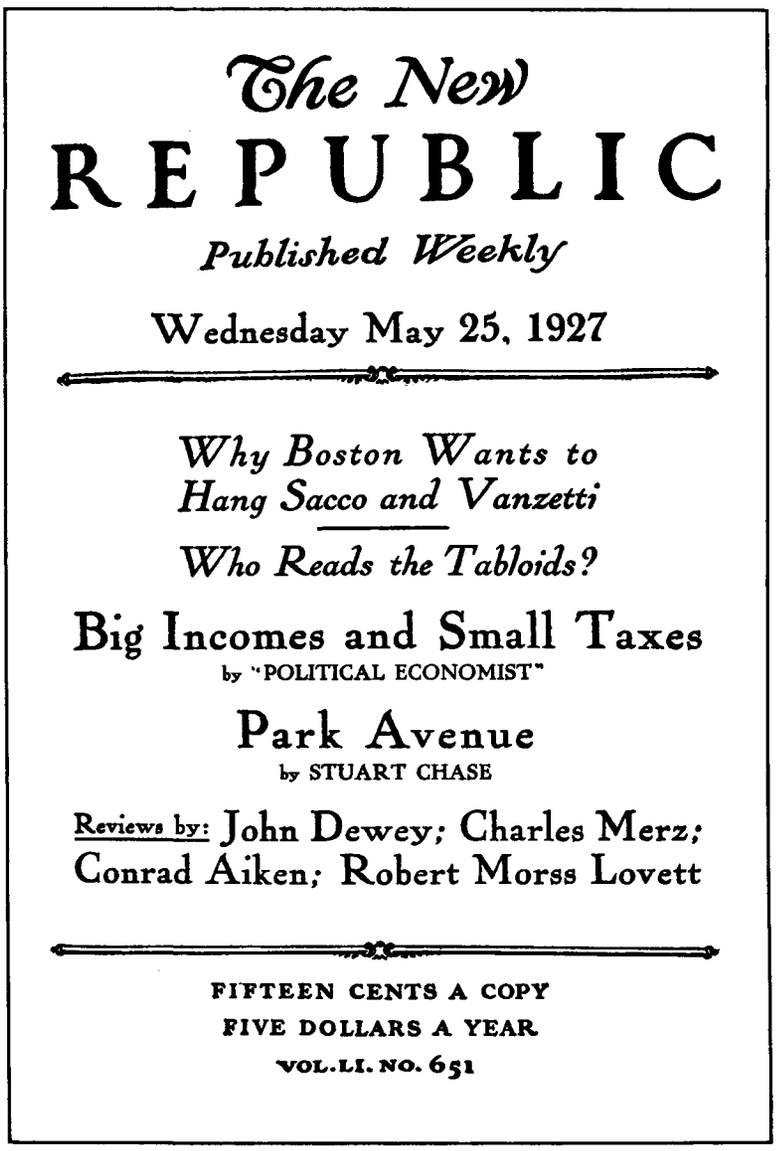
dying—and even then not to bury capitalism, but to save it. In the issue of January 13, 1932, TNR presented a twenty-four-page special section on national planning, which dealt with the business cycle, technological unemployment, sick industries, price controls, public works, and industrial organizing councils (something of a precedent for TNR, which would advocate industrial policy in the 1980s). Throughout the spring TNR ran chapters from Soule's *A Planned Society*. For the magazine, capitalism increasingly meant "chaos," and liberalism "control."

Although the idea of systematic regulation of private enterprise appealed to those who saw the bread lines growing longer and the foreclosures spreading, it still seemed un-American. Stuart Chase, the well-known philosopher *cum* journalist, tried to domesticate the proposition for TNR. "Why should the Russians have all the fun in remaking the world?" he was fond of asking. In his 1932 article, "A New Deal for America," Chase posed three options for America: communism, "the wild and stormy road of violent revolution"; fascism, "the stern and steel-willed road of commercial dictatorship, with political democracy swept down a gully"; and liberalism, "the road of change within the broad outlines of the law and of the American tradition, with many a zooming curve, but safely banked." Chase favored the latter, as did Bliven and Soule, who now wrote TNR's editorials.


The New
REPUBLIC
Published Weekly
Wednesday May 25, 1927
Why Boston Wants to Hang Sacco and Vanzetti
Who Reads the Tabloids?
Big Incomes and Small Taxes
by "POLITICAL ECONOMIST"
Park Avenue
by STUART CHASE
Reviews by: John Dewey; Charles Merz; Conrad Aiken; Robert Morss Lovett
FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY
FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR
VOL. LI. NO. 651

But Dewey, Mumford, and Wilson felt that liberalism was as moribund as capitalism. Finding the economic crisis exhilarating rather than depressing, Wilson exulted that bankers were taking a beating. He reminded liberals that they had been "betting" on capitalism all along and now that it was collapsing, he urged them to abandon it. In a series of articles in 1932 he said it was time for liberals to "take communism away from the Communists."

Who today in any camp on the left can have the optimism to believe that capitalism is capable of reforming itself? And who today can look forward with confidence to an outcome of the present chaos short of the establishment of a socialistic society—not like the Russian; how could it be? America is not Russia—but with this in common with Russia: that it shall aim to abolish social classes and private enterprise for private profit.

Bliven and Soule countered that the aim of liberalism was not to preserve capitalism but to make it responsive to the needs of all Americans, and they insisted that "wage earners and dirt farmers must be part of this movement." TNR would consider supporting any American political leader who could effectively forge the popular basis for such a movement, including the socialist Norman Thomas and even the Communist William Z. Foster. (See "American Jitters," page 40.) "We are convinced that we cannot do so through the existing Republican and Democratic parties."

When the Democratic Convention of June 1932 nominated Franklin D. Roosevelt, the governor of New York and a distant relative of TNR's first hero Teddy Roosevelt, the magazine remained unmoved. Roosevelt's dramatic acceptance speech in Chicago, in which he pledged "a new deal for the American people," did little to ease TNR's doubts. TNR noted that the Democratic platform was, in many respects, almost indistinguishable from the Republican platform, and concluded that it offered "palliatives only." F.D.R. himself seemed like a patrician who might help the poor but he would never touch the rich, "and the rich must be severely hurt before our economic maladjustment is cured," TNR insisted after the convention. TRB questioned whether Roosevelt was a genuine progressive and reminded readers of his "reactionary" connections to the Tammany Hall machine in New York City. In August TNR admitted that

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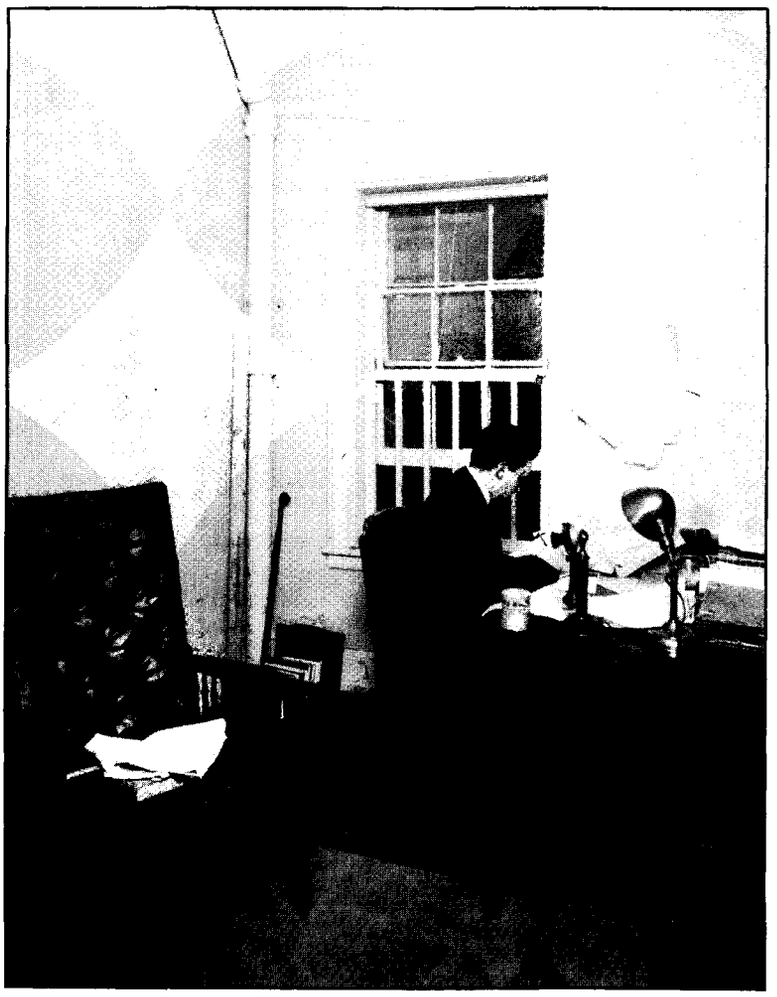
the Socialist Party platform was closer to its own visions. Again having to choose between political practicality and its liberal ideals, TNR rejected the logic of expediency.

But despite the enthusiasm of some of TNR's literary contributors, such as Wilson and John Dos Passos, for Foster, the editors in general did not have an alternative candidate to embrace. Roosevelt's vagueness continued to exasperate the editors. On the eve of the election, TNR wondered how in the world this so called "new deal" could reform the economy without changing it. Roosevelt promised to "apply to railroads a policy which is satisfactory to unions, bosses, and bondholders. *Mirabile dictu!*" Bliven seemed to want to resolve the magazine's dilemma by postponing it. He suggested that liberals might have to wait until 1936 before finding a candidate worthy of endorsement. The magazine finally advised its readers to vote either Socialist or Communist. The New Deal may have been "a rendezvous with destiny," as Roosevelt put it in a campaign speech, but TNR foresaw only politics as usual.



WALTER LIPPMANN

As the New Deal started to unfold in 1933, however, TNR experienced for the first time a President whom the editors came more and more to admire. During the first hundred days, TNR wrote approvingly of Roosevelt's success in allaying people's fears and tackling the banking crisis. Functioning as a pipeline to F.D.R.'s Brain Trust, TNR featured Keynes and economist Sumner Slichter on fiscal policy, Soule on the debt and tariff, the newcomer John Chamberlain, author of *A Farewell to Reform*, on agriculture, gold prices, and inflation; and Abraham Epstein, head of the American Association for Social Security, on unemployment and health insurance.

TNR vacillated on the banking solution, first settling for the separation of commercial from investment functions and then proposing nationalization. It defended the proposed National Recovery Administration against its critics. The N.R.A.'s labor codes guaranteeing collective bargaining measures, it emphasized, would be essential to southern black workers as well as labor in general. It applauded public works projects for bringing immediate relief to the jobless, the Agricultural Adjustment Administration for attempting to raise farm income, and the Tennessee Valley Authority as a well-conceived experiment in "state capitalism."

Yet TNR wasn't satisfied. After the end of the New Deal's first year, TNR reported that this record of achievements contrasted "dismally" with F.D.R.'s promises. This was particularly the case in the steel industry, where management refused to negotiate with workers and recognize the N.R.A.'s jurisdiction while Roosevelt remained neutral. It was also true in the case with the Securities and Exchange Commission, where Roosevelt seemed to be yielding to Wall Street pressures to emasculate its provisions. "If his actions were charted, it would describe a curve with a large number of minor variations, but with a decided trend, over the months, back to old style capitalism," an editorial in early 1934 stated.

The second phase of the New Deal in 1935-36 seemed to reverse the curve. Disillusioned with the growing hostility of organized business, Roosevelt discarded the idea of cooperative national planning in favor of unilateral government controls. Responding to the "soak the rich" schemes of populists like Huey Long, Upton Sinclair, and Father Coughlin, he now supported progressive taxation, Social Security, and, after much hesitation, the Wagner Act. TNR was reluctant to see the idea of industrial planning abandoned, but it cheered Roosevelt's new social legislation, continued to support the strategy of artificial crop scarcity, and endorsed deficit spending as a temporary expedient. As the 1936 election approached, the magazine expressed confidence that recovery was on its way. When Roosevelt overwhelmed Republican Alf Landon, TNR thought the Republican Party might go the way of the nineteenth-century Whigs and disappear as a force in American politics.

TNR's reporting throughout the 1930s reflected its in-

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creasingly radical bent. Malcolm Cowley, who became literary editor in 1931, reported on the Harlan County strike in 1931; and Wilson sympathetically covered the Midwest milk boycott in 1932, in which farmers dumped their milk rather than sell it at depressed low prices. Hodding Carter, the liberal newspaper editor from Mississippi, profiled Huey Long. Marcus Childs wrote about Father Coughlin, the radio preacher, and Mary Heaton Vorse, a radical feminist, covered the trial of the Scottsboro Boys. The magazine also featured numerous articles on the maldistribution of wealth, the plight of sharecroppers, and student activism. (See "Left Turn," page 46.)

Conservative Republicanism, however, returned to make itself felt after F.D.R.'s reelection, and the resulting struggle led TNR into another period of rethinking. The Supreme Court began to review, and in some instances nullify, New Deal industrial codes covering minimum wages, child labor, and collective bargaining. TNR supported Roosevelt's effort in 1937 to "pack" the Court with new appointees who would accept progressive legislation. But TNR also wanted F.D.R. to use further the resources of government to fight the recession of 1937, and as the President's control of Congress weakened, TRB believed he had lost his "bag of magic feathers." When Roosevelt began to alienate the South by attempting to purge conservative Democrats from the party, TNR feared a backlash. It soon arrived.

In 1938, articles began to appear lamenting the death of the New Deal, and in the following year, a long series entitled "After the New Deal" explored where American

1914-1984

'American Jitters'

THE GREAT DEPRESSION overwhelmed America. While "Humpty-Dumpty Hoover" sat on his wall, TNR described "scenes of privation and misery on a scale which sickens the imagination." One had hardly to look further than the magazine's offices to see just how hard times were. The few dozen pages in each issue could not begin to accommodate the indigent writers begging for work. Malcolm Cowley, who was then literary editor, started a fund from the sale of unreviewed books to dole out to the needier causes. Every kind of crank, from self-help enthusiasts to millenarian fruit-juice drinkers, visited TNR to peddle some panacea for the nation's woes. In his memoir, *The Dream of the Golden Mountains*, Cowley says that one crazed woman marched into the building demanding that her manuscript be read in the editors' presence: "I know you editors. You'd steal my ideas and print them under a different name. You'd steal the pennies from a dead man's eyes."

TNR transformed itself overnight to meet the new circumstances. Its desk-bound writers journeyed into the field to investigate the rumblings of discontent. In 1930 and '31, Edmund Wilson, in perhaps the best reportage of the period, traveled across the United States to document the growing unrest. From Detroit he detailed the process of melting down discarded cars as a metaphor for the scrapping of human beings. A "gruesome, groaning, and booing crowd" of starving strikers milled about the streets of Lawrence, Massachusetts. Carey McWilliams (later editor of *The Nation*) served as his tour guide in San Diego, where he studied the coroners' records. Bankers, architects, and other members of the middle class would "swallow Lysol or ant-paste . . . drive their cars into dark alleys and shoot themselves in the back seat . . . hang themselves in hotel bedrooms. . . ." Wilson later compiled his articles in a book called *American Jitters*.

Cowley too was not content to remain a spectator. In Washington he had seen the U.S. Cavalry rout the ragamuffin Bonus Army with drawn sabers and tanks, and the police break up a gathering of "red hunger marchers." He left the second scene with the first bars of the "Internationale" still ringing in his ears. At a meeting in Theodore Dreiser's New York apartment, he joined John Dos Passos and Sherwood Anderson in drafting an appeal to "Professional Writers" to form a communion between "muscle workers" and "brain workers." In the winter of 1932 Dreiser led a delegation of writers, including Cowley, to Kentucky's infamous Harlan County to render service to the coal miners' union in its struggle against ruthless coal operators and their goons. The literary allies' efforts to deliver food to the beleaguered miners and their families were quickly halted by jack-booted deputies with a pronounced distaste for "Bolshies." The group was herded into police cars and deposited at the state border. A writer and lawyer were roughed up. "If they beat me I'll scream. It's about the only hope of stopping them," Cowley thought to himself.

By the fall of 1932, TNR was prepared to look beyond what it saw as a dying civilization. Registering disgust with both "Republican Dee and Democratic Dum," the magazine pondered the radical options for the first time. Having eliminated all other possibilities, a tepid endorsement went to the Socialist, Norman Thomas.

The Communists seemed more exciting. In his famous manifesto, "An Appeal to Progressives," published in TNR, Edmund Wilson exhorted intellectuals to appropriate communism from the Communists. The editors were not overly reluctant to heed his call. George Soule lavished much affection on the Communist leader, William Z. Foster, who had been an object of derision at the magazine in his previous bids for the Presidency. Foster combined the Yankee qualities of Thoreau and Emerson, Soule argued, with the common sense of Henry Ford. Outside TNR's pages, Wilson and Cowley joined a group of fifty other artists and intellectuals in publicly casting their ballots for Foster. Their support set TNR's tone for the rest of the decade.

D.S.

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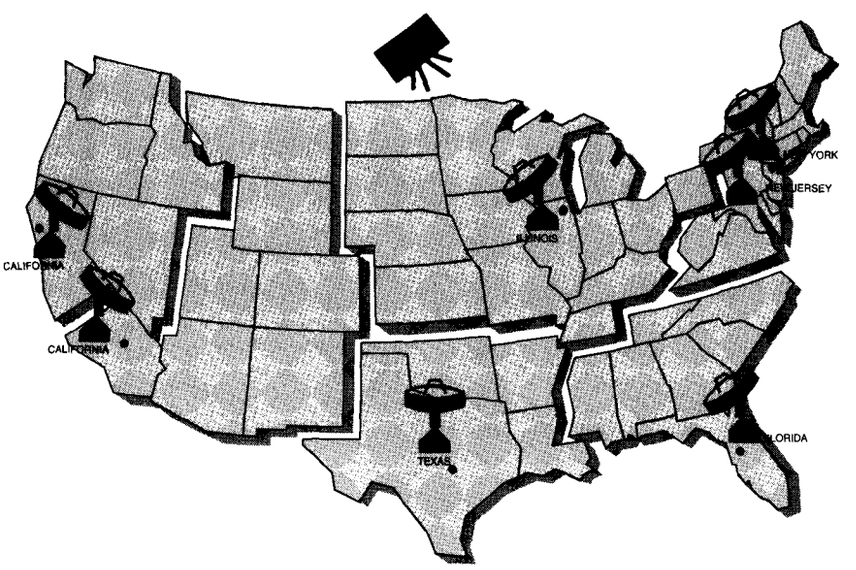

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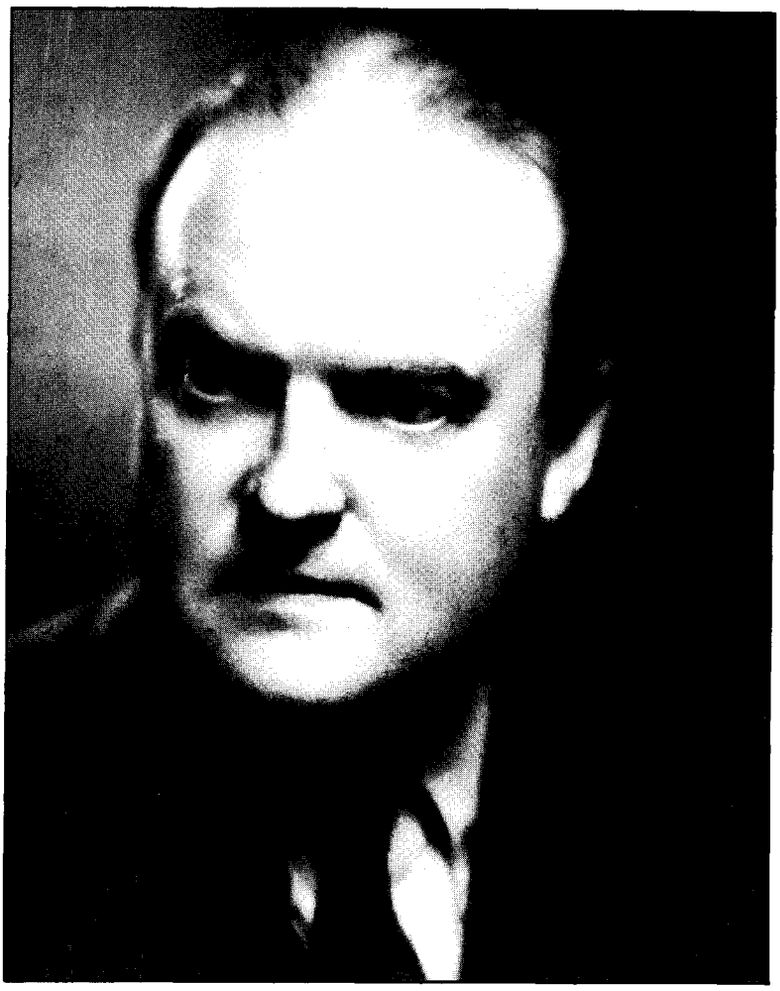
politics was headed. Among the contributors were Soule, Rexford G. Tugwell, one of F.D.R.'s Brain Trusters, and Mordecai Ezekiel, a Veblenite economist who advocated planned industrial expansion. All agreed that the ideal of "business liberty" still hung like an albatross around the neck of American liberalism. They argued that business opposition prevented "pump priming" from reducing unemployment and stimulating growth, and that the jobless and discouraged youth might in despair turn to demagogues. TNR wanted to extend the New Deal so that it reached the dispossessed and unorganized—migrant workers, tenant farmers, sharecroppers, domestic workers. Some writers sympathized with Eleanor Roosevelt's unsuccessful effort to secure an anti-lynching law to protect blacks. But the editors recognized the forces the President was up against: Wall Street, the solid South, and a crisis-stricken middle class which resented the organized power of labor as well as business. In another special supplement, "New Deal in Review, 1936-1940," TNR acknowledged that the problems of unemployment and industrial growth remained serious, but nevertheless praised F.D.R. for "doing more for the general welfare of the country and its citizens than any administration in the previous history of the nation." For TNR the New Deal confirmed the positive role of the state in fulfilling the ideals of liberalism.



EDMUND WILSON

The Legacy Of Cowley And Wilson

THE PRESSING social issues of the day did not lessen TNR's commitment to culture. Readers were introduced to the nuanced passions of André Malraux and the tragic sensibility of Thomas Mann, while Kenneth Burke made them aware that all thinking, even that of heroes like Dewey and Veblen, turned on rhetorical strategies. Otis Ferguson covered films and jazz, the surrealist painter Peter Blume wrote on modern art, and the music critic Paul Rosenfeld explained why it was important that European conductors played Mahler's symphonies even though some American audiences were walking out on the performances. The magazine excerpted two of the classic literary-historical works of the era: Cowley's *Exile's Return* in 1934 and Wilson's *To A Finland Station* in 1938. And in a summation of contemporary intellectual history, Cowley edited a symposium in 1938 on "Books That Changed Our Minds." A questionnaire sent out to leading American intellectuals resulted in the selection of twelve books for reappraisal in TNR. (See listing on opposite page.)

Unlike the Marxist literary left, Cowley and Wilson drew from all of America's intellectual heritage. They rejected the "Progressive" school of American history, in which students were taught to absorb Jefferson, Emerson, and Whitman and to steer clear of Hawthorne, Melville, and Henry James, those "dark" romantics and realists who cast doubt on progress and reason. Cowley and Wilson never felt that literature could be made to fit such political categories. When the Communist Mike Gold attacked Thornton Wilder as "The Prophet of the Genteel Christ" in TNR in 1930, claiming that the novelist-playwright wrote "little lavender tragedies" that unmanned the will to revolution, Wilson responded with a much discussed article, "The Literary Class War." Both Cowley and Wilson noted the irony that radical writers such as James T. Farrell adhered to traditional narrative forms, while those with latent conservative political sensibilities, such as John Dos Passos, were willing to risk radical innovations. They were aware that some of their favorite authors (William Faulkner and James Joyce, for example) had little use for the values of democratic liberalism. But Cowley and Wilson wanted to preserve the aesthetics of modernism—discontinuity, fragmentation, introversion—from the forces of politics. Here TNR's defense of modernism resembled that of the quarterly *Partisan Review*. But TNR was more nationalistic than *Partisan Review*, whose editors, some from East European immi-

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grant backgrounds, chose Dostoevsky over Hawthorne, and Trotsky over Beard; indeed, they paid little attention to early American literature and history. In TNR, however, Cowley and Wilson made use of America's cultural heritage, thereby carrying out Croly's early conviction that American liberalism must be based upon a "conscious patriotism."

THE TAINT OF STALINISM

BUT THOUGH Cowley and Wilson could agree on both modernism and nationalism, they broke bitterly over communism. "One of the worst drawbacks of being a Stalinist at the present time," Wilson wrote in 1937, "is that you have to defend so many falsehoods." In a TNR article that immediately followed Wilson's protest, Cowley angrily lashed back: " 'Stalinist' is really an epithet, of vague but highly emotional and invidious meaning, invented by Stalin's enemies partly as a means of confusing the issue." A few years later Wilson wrote Max Eastman that he had just turned in to TNR a long favorable review of Eastman's recent anti-Communist books, and Eastman told his publisher that the review would soon appear, "unless," he warned, "Cowley sabotages it."

Cowley represented the mentality of the Popular Front—the alliance of liberals, Socialists, and Communists—that captivated the American left beginning in the mid-1930s. For the Popular Front, criticism of the Soviet Union would undermine the last "bulwark" against Hitler. Cowley chose to run Ernest Hemingway's reporting of the Spanish Civil War instead of John Dos Passos's. Dos Passos had been shocked by the Communist atrocities against the anarcho-syndicalists. Even Arthur Koestler's *Darkness at Noon* in 1941, which Cowley reviewed in 1941, was dismissed as the work of an embittered author who had no firsthand experience with Soviet prisons.

Years later Cowley deeply regretted his positions. Writing in *The Kenyon Review* in 1965, he confessed that he had killed articles submitted to TNR that might have disrupted the Popular Front. "That failure to publish led me into false situations, and later I would suffer for it—deservedly, I say to myself in private reckonings. When I add together these various sins of silence, self-protectiveness, inadequacy, and something close to moral cowardice, there appears to be reason for my feeling a sense of guilt about the second half of the decade."

Here we must confront an unavoidable question. Did liberalism capitulate to communism in the 1930s? That charge, first hurled in Eugene Lyons's *The Red Decade* (1941), would return to haunt TNR during the McCarthy era, that "age of suspicion" when there was no worse lie than a truth unacknowledged and hence misunderstood. Certainly a few TNR writers succumbed to the fallacy of the false alternative. Impatient with the New Deal, Lewis Mumford wanted to substitute historical inevitability for liberal gradualism, believing there was no middle way. Mumford wrote in 1934 that the Roosevelt Administration

> is pragmatism in action: aimless experiment, sporadic patchwork, a total indifference to guiding principles or definite goals, and hence an uncritical drift along the lines of least resistance, namely the restoration of capitalism. When its confused and contradictory nostrums patently fail, it will be prepared to kill our democracy with a final dose of fascism—unless the workers exert a strong counter-pressure—rather than saving the patient by the institution of communism.

But such reasoning was hardly characteristic of TNR in general. Bliven and Soule sympathized with Russia's economic programs and remained indifferent to Communist doctrine, while Beard and Dewey criticized the doctrines of violence and dictatorship; Eastman, Wilson, Sidney Hook, and Max Lerner exposed the philosophical fallacies of Marxism. TNR also disapproved of many of the Communist Party's debilitating tactics, such as the Comintern's theory of "social fascism," which depicted New Deal liberals, socialists, and all those who did not get behind the "class struggle" and the "cause of revolution" as incipient fascists. But when TNR welcomed the Popular Front in 1935, the editors also lost their zeal for unfashionable causes, especially that of the anti-Stalinist left represented in the Trotskyist *The New International* and *Partisan Review*. After Hitler came to power in 1933, TNR had published Trotsky's "The German Catastrophe," a stirring account of where the Comintern and German Communists had gone wrong in interpreting Nazism.

BOOKS THAT CHANGED THEIR MINDS

In 1938 the editors of TNR judged the following books to be the most influential published in their lifetime:

Charles A. Beard, *An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution*

Thorstein Veblen, *The Theory of the Leisure Class*

Oswald Spengler, *The Decline of the West*

Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*

Henry Adams, *The Education of Henry Adams*

John Dewey, *Human Nature and Conduct*

Vernon L. Parrington, *Main Currents in American Thought*

Frederick Jackson Turner, *The Frontier in American History*

William Graham Sumner, *Folkways*

Franz Boas, *The Mind of Primitive Man*

V. I. Lenin, *State and Revolution*

I. A. Richards, *The Principles of Literary Criticism*

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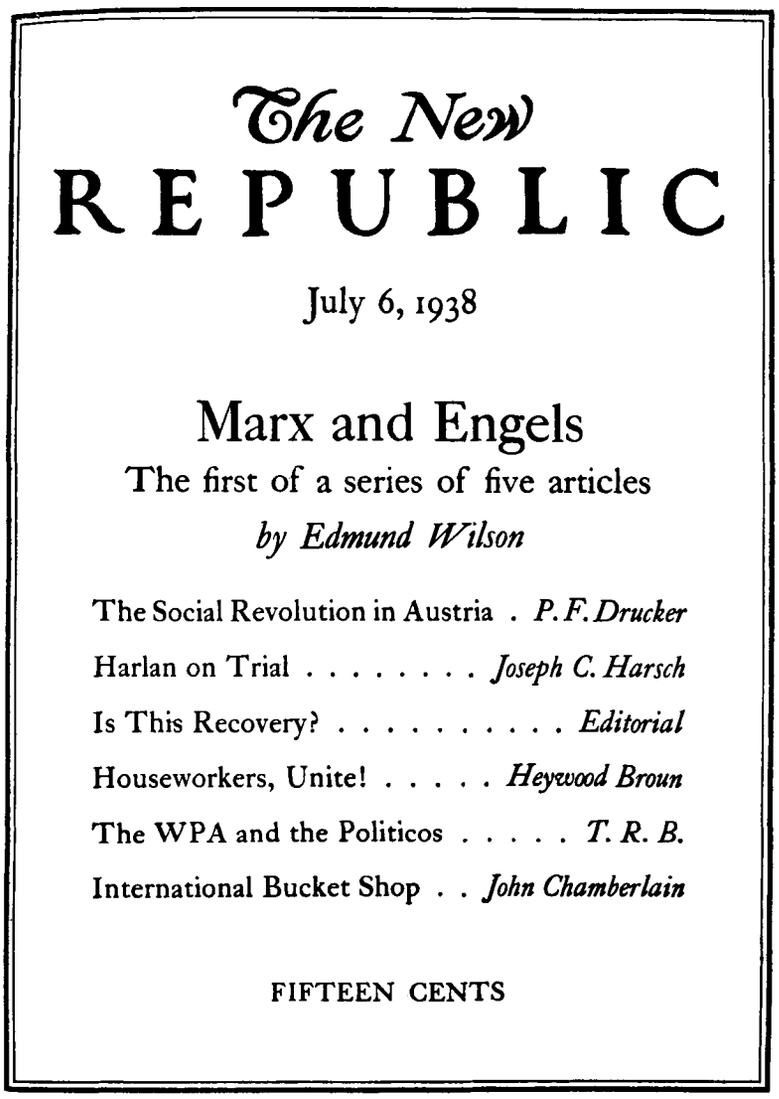
But by 1938 TNR refused to condemn Stalin's purges, the political *danse macabre* of the old left. "What do we actually know about the trials?" asked an editorial in February 1937, and the answer was simple: no injustice was apparent. After all, Stalin's victims had "fully confessed their guilt on all counts." TNR added that it is the responsibility of liberals to keep their minds open to any further evidence that would either verify or falsify the charges. The magazine also refused to print a statement from the newly founded American Committee for Cultural Freedom that announced its opposition to all forms of totalitarianism. When TNR accused the A.C.C.F. of "a regrettable lack of historical perspective" in equating the Soviet Union with Nazi Germany and in failing to understand that civil liberties were not part of Russia's "traditions," one can only feel liberalism rushing into the sewers.


The New
REPUBLIC
July 6, 1938
Marx and Engels
The first of a series of five articles
by Edmund Wilson
The Social Revolution in Austria . P. F. Drucker
Harlan on Trial . . . . . Joseph C. Harsch
Is This Recovery? . . . . . Editorial
Houseworkers, Unite! . . . . . Heywood Broun
The WPA and the Politicos . . . . . T. R. B.
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TNR's editorial stance, though, did not preclude it from publishing individual articles by Beard, Dewey, and others who condemned Germany and Russia as analogous monstrosities; and TNR criticized Russian foreign policy after Munich. Then, in November 1939, three months after the nonaggression pact, Vincent Sheen wrote a two-part article, called "Brumaire: The Soviet Union as a Fascist State." But Bliven felt compelled to preface the article with an editorial titled "Common Sense About Russia." The editorial dismissed Sheen's "extreme" analysis, and explained the pact as defensive realpolitik; the pact allowed Stalin to outmaneuver Hitler "in a series of brilliant strokes" and to entrench himself in Eastern Europe. Two months later, when Russia invaded Finland, and numerous American writers became even more embittered about a dream turned into a nightmare, Bliven struck back at "the monomania of the Stalin haters":

> Stalin is a tyrant, yet it is remarkable that the workers of a whole country should have sufficient faith in the national provision for old age security so that it is difficult to persuade them to save money even when they have a surplus. Stalin is a tyrant, yet that does not alter the fact that in a few years nearly a whole nation has gone from an agriculture of illiterate peasants tilling their pocket-handkerchief scraps of soil by antiquated and inadequate means to an agriculture of great collective farms with machine techniques and scientific agronomy. Stalin is a tyrant, yet we can learn a little something from a country where equality of sexes is a fact, not a theory . . . And even more, it is absurd to identify 170 million people with one man, however ruthless and efficient and bloody his tyranny may be. Not even Robespierre—or Napoleon—was able to destroy the fruits of the French Revolution. Stalin will not live forever.

Like Herbert Croly in the 1920s, Bliven assumed that communism would evolve into liberalism. Clearly liberals like Bliven and Cowley did not want to see America capitulate to communism. But the Popular Front represented a politics of expediency in which essential liberal ideals like the historical commitment to political rights were suspended on the assumption that the "fruits of the French Revolution" would eventually emerge triumphant in Russia. Unlike former Communists such as Max Eastman and Sidney Hook, Bliven and Cowley seemed unaware that the ideals of the French Revolution had no place in the doctrines of revolutionary communism.

The Welfare State and the Public Good

IN NOVEMBER 1939, TNR celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary. In honor of Croly's *The Promise of American Life*, Archibald MacLeish wrote a poem "America Was Promises," a peroration exhorting readers to seize hold of older ideals. But which ideals? The contributors to the anniversary issue—Beard, Bliven, Chamberlain, Mumford, Soule, and others—all implied that Croly's national-

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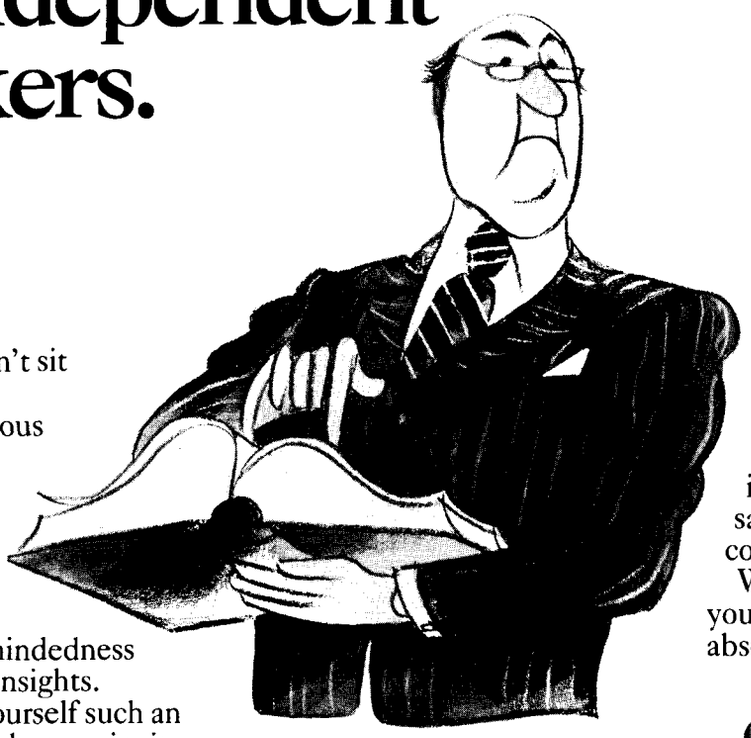

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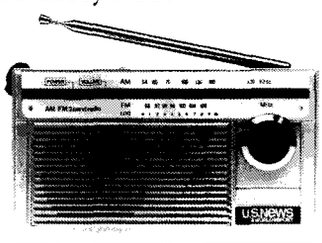

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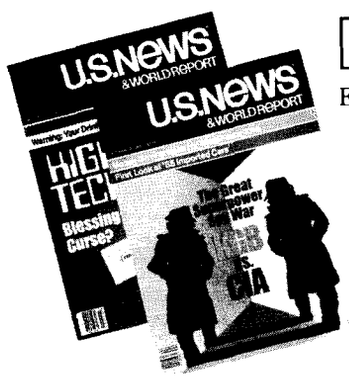

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istic visions had been realized in F.D.R.'s bold executive leadership. Perhaps. But the commentators missed the fact that F.D.R. had re-defined American politics. The new Democratic coalition—farmers, workers, blacks, ethnic minorities, women, the young, and the aged—meant that the welfare state would be a broker government responsive primarily to the interest-group demands of the moment. Strategic organization would matter more than moral reformation. TNR's founders—Croly, Lippmann, and Weyl—would have had no quarrel with a politics that aspired to include the excluded. But they also envisioned a politics of "virtue," a disinterested commitment to the public good.

Eleanor Roosevelt recognized that the New Deal, how-

LEFT TURN

1914-1984

AT THE HEIGHT of the New Deal, TNR was an amalgam of inconsistencies. The magazine enjoyed close ties to the Administration, but it also managed to keep a safe distance. Several members of Roosevelt's Brain Trust, an informal council of academic aides and architects for New Deal programs, had collaborated with TNR before going to Washington. In 1928, at the behest of Croly, Rexford Tugwell, later one of the most important New Dealers, became a contributing editor and wrote editorial comments—an honor he likened to "accession to the college of Cardinals." Two of F.D.R.'s biggest power-brokers, Harry Hopkins and Harold Ickes, read TNR religiously and borrowed ideas from it freely. Their elaborate rationales for Administration policies periodically appeared as letters and articles. In an advertisement, the magazine even boasted that visitors to the White House noticed copies of TNR on Roosevelt's desk.

But if the President actually was leafing through its pages, he couldn't have liked everything he saw. Rather than rushing to Roosevelt's defense, the editors usually disparaged his mental capacities as shallow and his reforms as incoherent and largely ineffective. Why support just "a pleasant smile and a good radio voice?" the editors asked. Edmund Wilson wrote that F.D.R. had "the ambiguity of shadows." At cocktail parties, the President's principal trouble-shooter, Tommy "the Cork" Corcoran, bitterly objected to the magazine's unfavorable coverage of the New Deal.

TNR's mild brand of democratic socialism and its sentimentalization of communism placed it squarely within the prevailing liberal orthodoxy. Upon returning from Russia, foreign correspondents frequently showed up at the office to report on the Five-Year Plan. George Soule and Edmund Wilson made the pilgrimage to the New Jerusalem themselves. Articles from what was to become Wilson's *Travels in Two Democracies* appeared in TNR in May 1936.

The magazine's advertisements were rapidly changing complexion as well. In any given issue, vacationers could select from a half-dozen tours to the U.S.S.R., where they might marvel at the "outburst of enthusiasm" for the "successful collectivization of national farms." Candy could be ordered "direct from Moscow," with a genuine label from Leningrad. Closer to home, the festive were invited to a "Red Indian Dance" ("in a real Indian Village") at the Manhattan Opera House sponsored by the New York State Communist Party. Afterward, they could show their allegiance to the Popular Front by catching the late-night show of "Confessions of a Nazi Spy," starring Edward G. Robinson—the first movie promotion ever to run in TNR. There weren't many others.

In those balmy days of fellow-traveling, the magazine offered conservatives a tempting target. Henry Luce, scourge of liberals, was no admirer. After the magazine celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary, an article appeared in *Time* about the "pinko weekly," in which its liberals were described as "dismayed, confused, unhopeful, stoic." On the far right, Elizabeth Dilling, the queen of witch-hunters, collected data on file cards to pillory hundreds of every political stripe: the whole troop at TNR received decorations for spreading pernicious doctrine against the United States. Witnesses before the odious Dies Committee, a precursor to the House Un-American Activities Committee, lashed out at the magazine's "Communist" subversion. Bliven filed a sworn statement with the committee denying its allegations that the magazine was a Communist weekly.

However, the worst menace to TNR was not posed by red-baiters. In Bliven's autobiography he says that throughout the '30s the magazine was disrupted by labor troubles and by Communist infiltrators posing as liberals. The impersonators' dour nature and Marxist rhetoric tended to give them away, and they were promptly ushered out. Union problems could not be solved so easily. TNR had always championed the cause of labor, and since its founding had devoted extensive coverage to all major strikes. Labor's fight, it was repeatedly argued, was one of the single issues of "great historical significance." Croly once discontinued publication for four issues during a printers' strike rather than have a non-union shop print the magazine.

Under Bliven's reign, the militant and then Communist-dominated American Newspaper Guild drove very hard bargains. Bliven was a card-carrying member of editorial unions from his newspaper years, but months of long, tedious meetings with surly representatives exhausted his patience. The eventual organization of the staff by another union did little to reduce tensions. The Book and Magazine Guild not only filed a grievance with the National Labor Relations Board, but also threatened a nationwide boycott of TNR. Conciliatory efforts by both sides brought about an agreement, and the magazine was unionized, allowing Bliven and his band of liberals at last to demonstrate that they practiced what they preached.

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ever much it eased the pain of the Depression, still had not fulfilled the goals of liberalism. Her position puzzled Rexford Tugwell. "Why does she say of this miracle that it did no more than buy us time to think?" he wrote. "Does she not know that a vast flow of goods will produce its own organization, that collective institutions will emerge from collective facts?" Like Weyl in *The New Democracy*, Tugwell assumed that economic abundance would itself help bring about the regeneration of society. But Herbert Croly, it will be recalled, had wanted to see society rise to "excellence" so that through "enthusiastic imitation" the "common citizen can become something of a saint and something of a hero." The vision was noble but unattainable. Liberalism remained in search of itself.

THE WAR OVER THE WAR

WITH THE OUTBREAK of World War II in September 1939, TNR found itself trying to grasp history by catching up with it—as would Trotsky, who, stunned by events in Eastern Europe, lamented that "mind limps after reality." Throughout the 1930s TNR had opposed American participation in collective security, to the distress of the Communist Party and the Popular Front. After the "rape of Prague" in March 1939, when German troops marched into Czechoslovakia and exposed the desperate illusions of appeasement, TNR cautioned against revising America's neutrality laws forbidding trade with belligerents. When Germany marched on Poland six months later and war was officially declared, Bliven wrote a celebrated article warning America to heed the lessons of the past. "I remember vividly the days before April 1917, when a country that did not want to go to war was tricked and bullied and persuaded into doing so. . . . I feel, as I watch the motion picture of events unreeling on the screen of time, that I have seen it all before. This is where I came in." The lesson of history, it seemed, was that the morality of American foreign policy was best served by staying aloof from the world's conflicts—the exact reverse of what TNR had asserted in World War I.

The majority of TNR readers shared this reaction, particularly the more isolationist, if not pacifist, college students. During 1940 TNR hoped that Britain could defeat Hitler without American intervention. But while the "Battle of Britain" was being fought, it printed letters from Dorothy Straight and Virginia Woolf describing the blackout, the steady drone of planes above, and the searchlights and fires below, "a bewildering ballet of sudden radiance." It was at this moment, when American liberalism seemingly refused to commit itself to defending the cause of Western freedom, that TNR and the liberal community erupted in fierce and bitter debate.

Profoundly shaken by the fall of France, MacLeish, Mumford, and Waldo Frank wrote articles in the summer of 1940 for both *The Nation* and TNR on "The Irresponsibles," "The Corruption of Liberalism," and "Our Guilt in Fascism." They argued that the modern intellectual, absorbed in either aestheticism or pragmatism, impersonal art or objective science, settles for contemplation and experimentation that suppresses the emotions and, in times of crisis, shrinks from action. ("No Matter What Happens, Stay Out," Dewey had declared in the journal *Common Sense* in response to the war—a curious utterance for a pragmatist.) Following Dewey's line, TNR published several editorials attempting to refute the MacLeish-Mumford-Frank thesis. The magazine continued to remind readers of the "deep shock" still felt by those who once believed in World War I, and suggested that the more immediate need was to fulfill the promises of American democracy.

Throughout the debate the deeper philosophical issue went unaddressed. Both art and science value experience as the source of truth, yet politics may require acting prior to experience, to know what one ought to do before it is too late—to act. Relativism left liberal man convinced that he had no ideas with which he could militantly oppose the ideas opposed to him, that moral ideas stood impotent in the face of economic forces. And the pragmatism that had been central to TNR since its founding could only give liberals the means of verifying ideas after events had taken place. To the extent that TNR relied on Dewey and the pragmatic tradition, liberalism had no answer to Hitler.

IN 1941 TNR began to reconsider its noninterventionist position, and here a new editor, Michael Straight, played an important role. Straight was the son of the TNR's original benefactors, and his mother still funded the magazine. In the mid-1930s, the younger Straight attended Cambridge University, where a curious combination of political and personal motives led him to become an underground Communist. On the one hand, Straight understood the threat of Hitler and favored a more egalitarian society; on the other, as he says in his memoir *After Long Silence*, published in 1983, he felt "shame" and "guilt" about his wealth and easy life. He grieved for a close friend killed in the Spanish Civil War, and he hungered for "an extraordinary sense of comradeship." Among Straight's friends at Cambridge were Anthony Blunt and Guy Burgess, who became spies for the Soviet Union; Burgess later defected to Moscow. Straight admits he gave reports on American society to a Soviet agent but denies he ever engaged in espionage. In any case, Straight quit his job in the Roosevelt Administration in 1938 and says he broke with Burgess and Co. at the same time.

In 1940 Dorothy Straight, who had endured the Nazi bombing raids, helped her son become TNR's Washington Editor. Straight had little use for Bliven's and Soule's belief that fascism could best be fought abroad by perfecting democracy at home. In February 1941 he published "Democratic Defense," a special supplement that took liberals to task for misunderstanding fascism and gave Washington bureaucrats a rap on the knuckles for retarding military preparedness.

Throughout the spring and summer of 1941, TNR supported every move in "The Race Against Hitler," includ-

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ing conscription, the sale of destroyers to England, the lend-lease program, and America's occupation of Iceland. Then, on August 25, 1941, the magazine called for a declaration of war against the Axis powers. When an American warship was sunk by a German torpedo in November and American tankers were going down in flames off the shores of Miami, TNR demanded, "What Are We Waiting For?" When the "day of infamy" finally came in December 1941 with the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, TNR exulted that isolationists and reactionaries were rushing to support Roosevelt. Never before in its history, and never again in its future, would America enjoy such unity in time of war.

BRUCE BLIVEN

But unity did not necessarily mean unanimity, and on questions regarding the aims of World War II and the nature of Nazism, TNR writers and readers often found themselves divided. A running debate developed in TNR after John Steinbeck's *The Moon is Down* was reviewed in 1942. (The book seemed to depict German officers in occupied Norway as rather decent human beings.) The problem of civil liberties also brought forth different responses. Recalling the anti-radical hysteria of the World War I years, TNR defended the Communist Earl Browder when the State Department denied him a passport. But when Straight called upon the government to prosecute the "fascist" press in America, Roger Baldwin of the American Civil Liberties Union reminded him that censorship could silence all political dissent. TNR also defended those branded as "enemy aliens" in the post-Pearl Harbor scare: Italians, Germans, and Japanese, most of them born in the United States. Carey McWilliams, later editor of *The Nation*, wrote several articles on the internment of the West Coast Japanese. Throughout the war TNR also continued to press for civil rights. In the wake of black migration to the North and race riots in Harlem and Detroit, TNR featured a symposium in 1943 on "The Negro: His Future in America," with articles on segregation in the armed forces and the work place, the psychic wounds of racism, and the need for F.D.R. to issue an executive order prohibiting discrimination in the war industry.

The Fate Of The Jews

DURING WORLD WAR II, TNR discovered an evil that God and nature seemed powerless to prevent. In 1914, even after the outbreak of World War I, TNR had declared its trust in the human mind. But reason and technology were now releasing demonic forces, and the liberal mind—even before the full revelation of the Nazi concentration camps—now looked ahead with fear and trembling. "There are 7,000,000 Jews in Axis-controlled Europe," a TNR editorial declared in August 1943, "and it is Hitler's deliberate policy to kill every one of them—old and young, male and female, sick or well. He has already murdered about 3,000,000 and the work is going apace. For such a thing to take place in the twentieth century comes close to being the greatest tragedy and the most complete piece of barbarism in human history."

As early as 1933, Mary Heaton Vorse had reported on the efforts to evacuate Jews from Germany. As the war went on and rumors of their fate grew more horrifying, TNR made their plight a new cause of American liberalism. Michael Straight and others described the gruesome mechanical efficiency of the extermination camps, and the young Alfred Kazin (whose magisterial *On Native Grounds* had been excerpted in TNR) cried out that "the blood of the Jews over Europe is like that of Christ's blood which Marlowe's Faustus saw streaming in the firmament."

TNR's anguish led to the publication of an extraordinary special section in the summer of 1943, "The Jews of Europe: How to Help Them." At the time, almost all of the American press, popular and serious, was ignoring the massacre of European Jewry. Public opinion in general was opposed to revising immigration laws. And certain State Department officials were indifferent, if not actually

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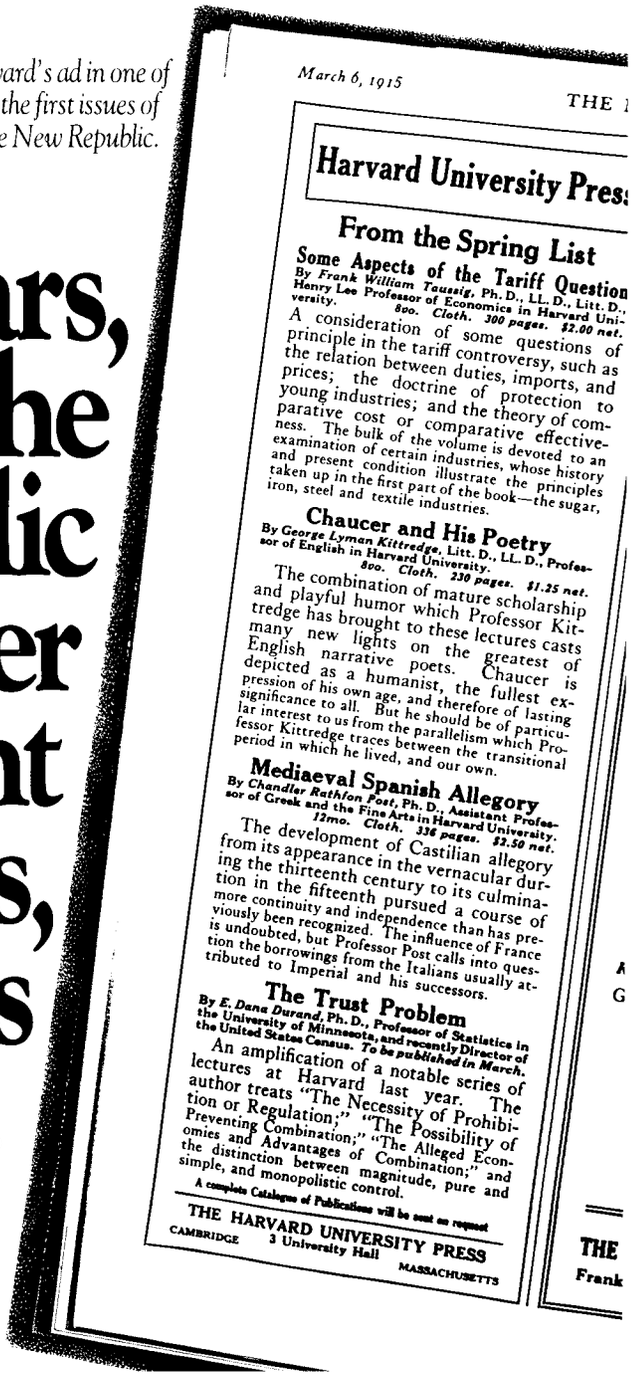

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By Frank William Taussig, Ph. D., LL. D., Litt. D., Henry Lee Professor of Economics in Harvard University. 8vo. Cloth. 300 pages. $2.00 net.

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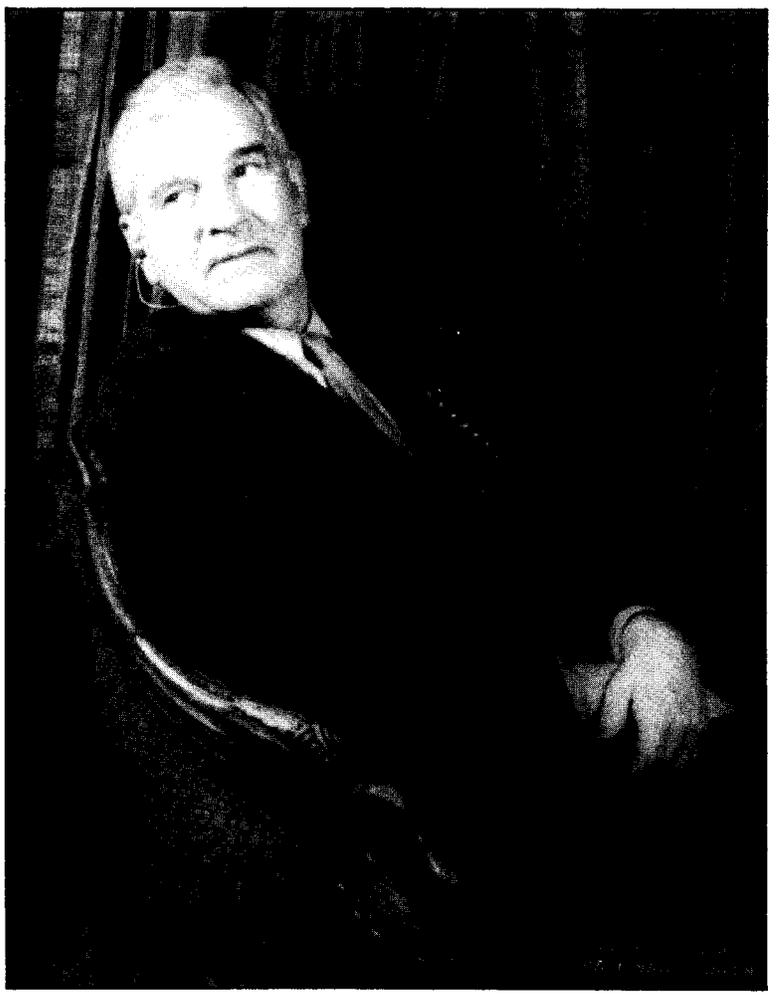
anti-Semitic. Nonetheless, TNR joined with several Jewish organizations to demand that Western countries give right of asylum to the victims of Nazism. The magazine also denounced the failure of the Allies to undertake immediate rescue operations or to threaten the Nazis with reprisals.

Aware that the deepest hope of the European Jews was Zionism, TNR began to sympathize with the cause of a Jewish Palestine. Zionism had been the passion of two of TNR's heroes, Louis D. Brandeis and Felix Frankfurter. Brandeis had influenced President Wilson to endorse the Balfour Declaration in 1917, and Frankfurter had successfully prevailed upon F.D.R. to oppose the British White Paper of 1939, which advocated restricting Jewish immigration to Palestine. Throughout the war and afterward, when it became clear that the Palestine question had no easy solution, TNR continued to support a national homeland for Jews. Richard Crossman, a member of the British Parliament, criticized his government's bias toward the more controllable Arabs. In 1947 Henry Wallace, the former Vice President who was serving briefly as the editor of TNR, visited Palestine and wrote glowingly of the land, its people, and of Jewish leaders like David Ben-Gurion and Chaim Weizman. After the British abdicated their role in the Middle East in 1948, TNR urged President Truman, who was genuinely interested in preserving Palestine as a Holy Land, to take the lead. Although Bliven remained critical of both Jewish Zionism and Arab nationalism, many of TNR's authors championed the cause of Israel, among them Edmund Wilson, Eleanor Roosevelt, and Christian Zionist Reinhold Niebuhr.



MALCOLM COWLEY

THE CONTINUING QUESTION OF COMMUNISM

THE QUESTION of liberalism's relationship to communism continued to plague TNR in the 1940s. To read the issues of TNR from the World War II years is to understand the meaning of what socialist Antonio Gramsci had earlier counseled and what Arthur Koestler would later emphasize: pessimism is essential. Optimism about the Soviet Union was rampant during the war years. Sir Bernard Pares, an authority on the Russian peasantry, informed TNR readers that Stalin had lost interest long ago in worldwide revolution, and that "what we used to describe as Bolshevism is as dead as a doornail." TNR featured a special section on "Russia Today: Homage to a Fighting People," with Max Lerner and other writers explaining that the Russians were valiantly struggling against Hitler because they believed in their government.

After the battle of Stalingrad, Ralph Barton Perry scoured two thousand years of intellectual history to explain, in "American-Soviet Friendship: An Invitation to Agreement," why communism and Christianity were essentially compatible. (TNR was hardly alone; after Stalingrad, *Life* magazine devoted an entire issue to the mighty accomplishments of the Soviet Union and her people.) When Stalin announced the end of the Comintern in May 1943, TNR grew more optimistic still, and called for an immediate opening of a second front in the West so that the *Wermacht* might not throw all its might against the Soviets in the east.

In some respects TNR anticipated the Cold War. "The Foreign Policy of the West," the magazine derisively observed, "is based on the hope that Stalin will defeat Hitler without collecting the fruits of victory. . . . We want the victory of communism over fascism without the spread of communism. We plead for a major demonstration of Soviet might without the extension of that might over Europe. Our approach is unhistorical, haphazard, and dreamlike." But TNR's approach was also ahistorical and dreamlike in that it ignored liberalism's traditional objective of limiting power. Thus the magazine was not prepared to face squarely the Soviet Union's drive to claim the conquered countries of Eastern Europe. When news reached America

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in the spring of 1943 that the Soviet Union had executed two leading Polish labor leaders, Henrich Erlich and Victor Alter, and, the following summer, that Stalin had allowed the Warsaw uprising to be crushed, TNR counseled readers to stay calm lest the "next" war with Russia be contemplated. The editors did not yet understand the Cold War had already begun, and that Stalinism and liberalism were inherently incompatible.

The Soviet Union remained the touchstone for TNR as the war drew to a close. "At Yalta the world moved substantially nearer to orderly political relationships," TNR insisted in February 1945. The Polish government would be independent of Moscow and would hold "free, democratic elections." TNR urged Congress to extend loans to the Soviet Union and, after Hiroshima, to internationalize atomic energy and share the bomb's secrets with Stalin. Upon Roosevelt's death and Harry Truman's succession, as America's stance toughened, TNR grew apprehensive. Editorials in late 1945 insisted that political freedom was not the "primary issue" in Eastern Europe, but rather "agrarian reform," and hence although the United States could "legitimately object to Russian policy when it means persecution of democratic forces . . . we should also appreciate those measures taken by the Soviet authorities which are favorable to the eventual emergence of democracy." The idea that Russia could both persecute and foster democracy at the same time recalls Oscar Wilde's warning that the basis of optimism is "sheer terror."

MICHAEL STRAIGHT

When Truman succeeded F.D.R. in April 1945, TNR wondered whether a new President without a popular mandate could continue the New Deal at home and the Four Freedoms abroad. TRB hoped to "keep human with Truman." (The column had passed into the capable hands of Richard Strout of *The Christian Science Monitor* in 1943; Strout wrote TRB for the next forty years.) TNR wanted to see the President push for educational and housing programs for returning veterans; have the new Council of Economic Advisors work toward a full-employment economy; oppose the anti-labor Taft-Hartley bill; and extend his civil rights laws banning discrimination in civil service, the armed forces, and public facilities. Although TNR rapidly lost faith with Truman on domestic policy, foreign policy proved even more decisive in the magazine's disenchantment.

As the Cold War deepened, TNR turned to Henry A. Wallace as F.D.R.'s legitimate heir and as the last hope for peace. TNR had objected to Roosevelt's decision to drop Wallace as Vice President at the 1944 Democratic Convention; and it had pulled a coup when Eleanor Roosevelt reviewed a volume of Wallace's speeches in August 1944. The First Lady praised his "common man" philosophy and the "tenderness and sensitivity" that informed it. After the war TNR frequently published Wallace's addresses, and when Truman forced his resignation as Secretary of Agriculture in 1946, Straight invited him to become TNR's editor.

Wallace and the magazine held similiar positions in 1946-47. TNR supported the Marshall Plan proposed by Truman in the spring of 1947, viewing it as an echo of Wallace's ideas of international cooperation. The magazine rejected the Truman Doctrine and George Kennan's theory of "containment," and leaned toward the views of Lippmann, who warned that any unconditional commitment to come to the aid of peoples struggling against communism would make America the "policeman of the world." Wallace too thought the Cold War was unwise, but for different reasons. He remained convinced that the Cold War could be avoided to the extent that militarism and power politics were replaced by a World Federation that would allow the United States and the Soviet Union to "gradually become more alike" as the historical tendencies of liberalism and socialism inevitably converged. Wallace called upon American *noblesse oblige*, proposing that the United States share its resources and technology with the underdeveloped world.

But in the long run, Wallace and TNR did not mesh.

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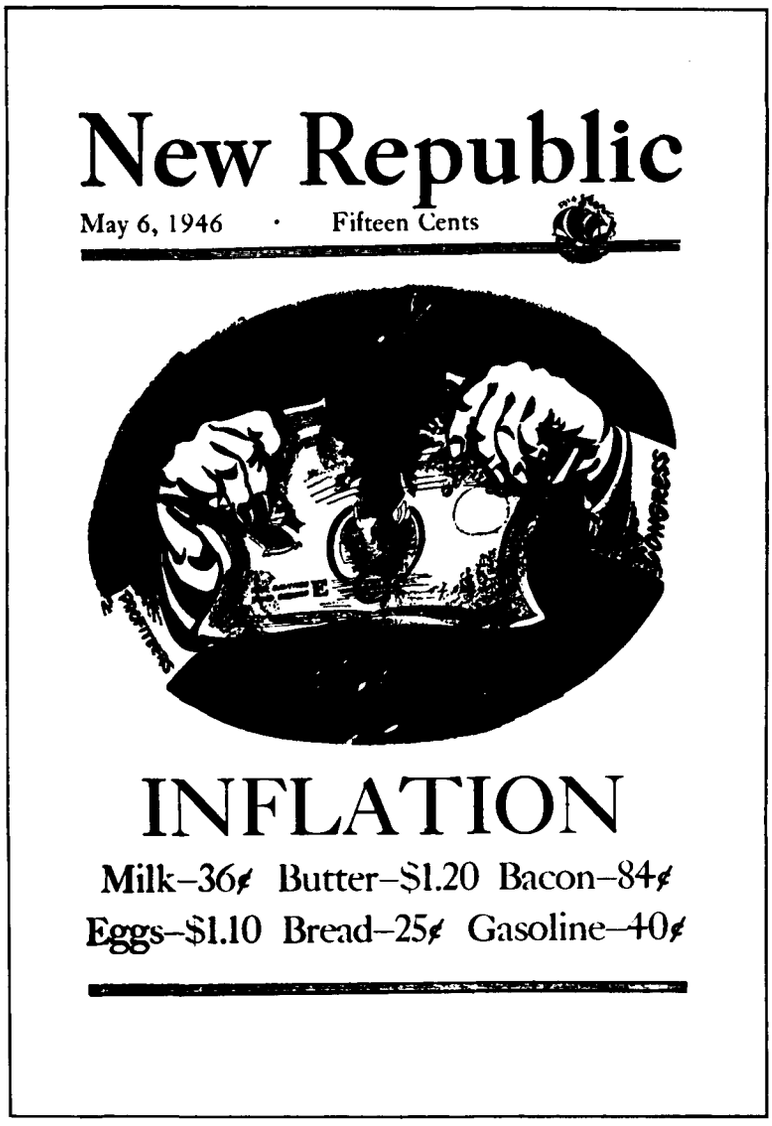
Straight had ambitions to triple TNR's circulation from around 40,000 to well over 100,000, and to make it "a liberal *Time*," a magazine of the left that could actually reach the masses. Such plans were complicated when Wallace endorsed the idea of a third party, and, in late 1947, became the Progressive Party's Presidential candidate under the banner of "Jobs, Peace, Freedom." The Communists, not entirely coincidentally, had reorganized themselves into a group called the Progressive Citizens of America (P.C.A.). Chastened veterans of the Popular Front might have felt they had seen this happen before—that, to borrow Bliven's expression, "This is where I came in." James Loeb of the Union for Democratic Action, a forerunner of Americans for Democratic Action, warned TNR in a long letter to the editor about the dangers of liberals collaborating with Communists.

The issue preoccupied Straight, who had been criticizing both the U.S.S.R. and the United States for rejecting peaceful cooperation. "I had bound THE NEW REPUBLIC to Henry Wallace," Straight wrote in his memoirs. "He, in turn, had allowed himself to be bound to the P.C.A. To whom was the P.C.A. bound? I asked myself that question and I feared the answer." Straight recalled a P.C.A. rally in Los Angeles in March 1947, where Katharine Hepburn made a militant speech to a crowd of 28,000 people. Straight wrote that Wallace had asked him what he thought of the event:

"Once again," I said, "it was Communist-led."
"Can you prove that?" Wallace asked.
"No," I said, "I can't."
"Then you shouldn't say it."

Straight wrote that Wallace was "heading for the land of illusions from which I had come. I knew from experience that collaboration with the Communist party would destroy Wallace, but I could not share my experience with him."



Straight and TNR seemed to have no acceptable alternatives in the 1948 Presidential election. By the spring of 1948, Truman appeared so inept and his prospects for reelection so slight that TNR issued a sixteen-page indictment of his Administration, citing the firings of New Deal liberals, the failure of price controls, and his breaking of labor strikes in railroads and the coal mines. But again foreign policy helped to determine TNR's direction. The Prague coup in February 1948, in which the Soviet Union smashed democracy in Czechoslovakia, shocked TNR. The magazine printed Edward R. Murrow's radio eulogy to Jan Masaryk, the martyred Czech leader. Wallace left TNR in January 1948. TNR wound up endorsing Truman in the 1948 election, because, for all his personal shortcomings, "he has chosen to fight on principles of militant liberalism."

TNR was now moving to make anti-communism a principled position, directed more against Stalinism in particular than social revolution in general. But having abandoned the pro-Communist illusions of the left, TNR would soon have to struggle against the right and its own delusions. With the rise of Joe McCarthy, the demagogic junior Senator from Wisconsin, liberalism faced the task of taking anti-communism away from the anti-Communists.

McCarthyism And The Eisenhower Years

DID THE ANTICOMMUNIST liberalism adopted by TNR pave the way for McCarthyism? Some historians have claimed that Truman's "scare" tactic—warning that Communists would take power in Europe if its economy remained stagnant for lack of American loans—resulted in the "politics of fear." But Truman requested aid for

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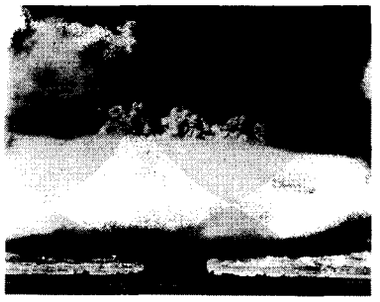

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Turkey and Greece in March 1947, and it wasn't until February 1950 that the obscure Senator McCarthy made his accusations. Within that period occurred the first trial of Alger Hiss, the Kuomintang's defeat, Klaus Fuchs's confessions, the arrest of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, the suppression of Prague, and Russia's explosion of the atomic bomb. These events set the stage for McCarthy, enabling him to exploit external events by attributing them to internal conspiracies. Whether or not Truman's program of loyalty oaths for government employees—which TNR opposed—contributed to McCarthyism, the politics of fear depended on the politics of fanaticism, on innuendos and allegations so bizarre as to amount to what the Puritans called "spectral evidence."

Far from succumbing to McCarthyism, TNR fought it every step of the way. In February 1949 it challenged the prosecution of Communist Party members under the Smith Act. A TNR editorial endorsed the position of Roger Baldwin and the A.C.L.U. that while any citizen can be required to register as an agent of a foreign government, he or she cannot be legally indicted for teaching and advocating the overthrow of government by force and violence. Even as the Cold War intensified, TNR denied that the Communist Party represented "a clear and present danger." In the early 1950s, it defended European intellectuals like Stephen Spender and J. Alvarez del Vayo (the foreign editor of *The Nation*), who had difficulties obtaining passports because of their radical views. It opposed the California loyalty oath, and criticized the Supreme Court for refusing to rule on the constitutionality of Congressional committees interrogating groups like the Hollywood Ten (Lillian Hellman's heroes who saw the need for civil liberties in Malibu but not necessarily in Moscow).

As to McCarthy himself, TNR found his method of character assassination repellent. The magazine also denounced the timidity of Senators, who refused to stand up to him, and mocked the two standard excuses: "(a.) you don't get into a contest with a skunk, or (b.) after all, there was Alger Hiss." In an editorial entitled, "Expel McCarthy," in the August 21, 1951, issue, TNR called on the Senate to do just that.

Insofar as many of McCarthy's supporters were ex-Communists, they tended to hate communism with the same conspiratorial paranoia with which they once hated capitalism. This was particularly true of James Burnham, an ex-Trotskyite who assumed that normalization of relations between the Soviet Union and the United States was impossible because of "inherent contradictions" in the status quo. Burnham said that the Soviet Union had to expand and dominate for reasons of power, just as he had once said that capitalist society was inevitably imperialist for reasons of profit. Burnham's apocalyptic writings, serialized in *Life* and praised by *Time* were astutely criticized in TNR by Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and R.H.S. Crossman. Sensitive to the possibility that Communist movements had the potential for independence from Moscow, these and other TNR writers anticipated the Sino-Soviet rift almost a decade before the State Department recognized it. TNR's attitude toward Soviet communism after 1948 balanced morality and national interest. In some respects it resembled Lincoln's attitude toward southern slavery: its existence could be tolerated, but its expansion must be resisted.

This foreign policy attitude was put to a severe test in the Korean War. TNR supported the war on the grounds that Russia was, or would soon be, implicated. But it also supported Truman's removal of General Douglas MacArthur when he insisted the war must be expanded. TNR was convinced that Korea must remain a limited war for a limited objective: the containment of communism, not its unconditional surrender and destruction. Alas, the very stands that liberals praised Truman for taking—denouncing McCarthy, dismissing MacArthur, and hold-

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We've come a long way with TNR

By the time *The New Republic* came on the scene, we were a flourishing 23-year-old press and, obviously, we thought this new periodical worthy of support. As we review our advertisement in that first issue (see supplement), we cannot but ponder the contrast and the continuity between what we published then and what we publish now.

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One of our first authors, John Dewey, was one of TNR's first editors, and many of his books, including the most famous *The School and Society* (1899) and *The Child and the Curriculum* (1902), are still in print. Like TNR, we keep our eye on American politics with books like Morris Janowitz's *The Reconstruction of Patriotism* and Barry D. Karl's *The Uneasy State* and, as a special treat for an election year, a paperback edition of H.L. Mencken's *A Carnival of Buncombe*.

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Selected and Arranged by **Bridget Boland**

This is the abridged edition of the 6-volume real-life saga of family life set against the background of intrigue and terror at the court of Henry VIII. TNR esteemed it so highly that its lengthy review was a cover-story. The reviewer, Lawrence Stone, called it "one of the truly imperishable records of our past."

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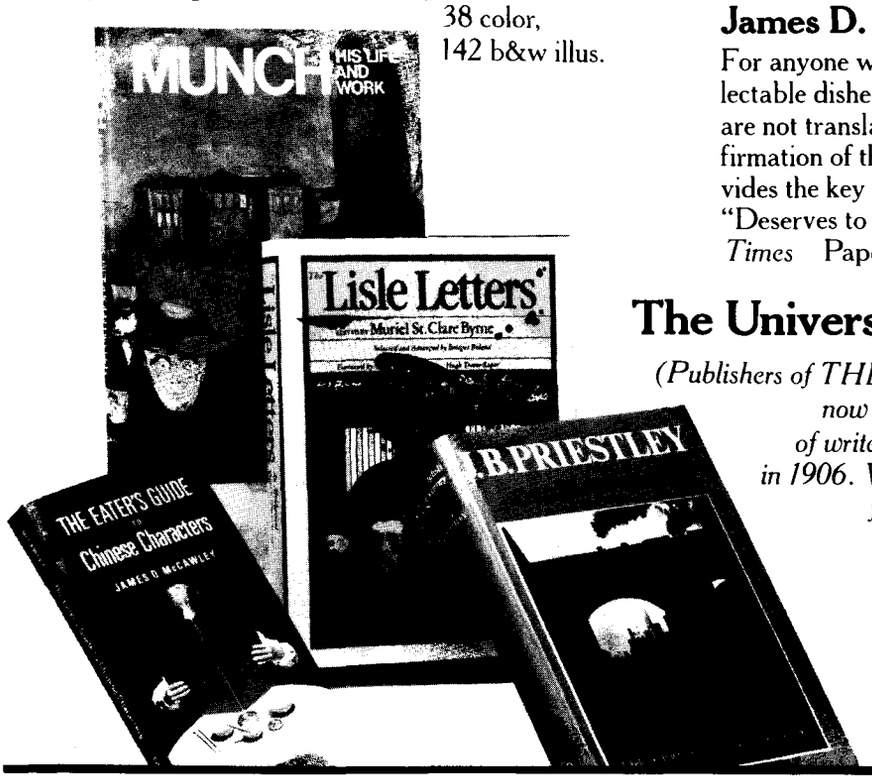

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J.B. Priestley

In 1933, Priestley turned his skills as novelist and dramatist to a warm, often funny, yet ultimately searing documentary account of the England of the Great Depression. This jubilee edition is fittingly illustrated with the work of such photographers as Bill Brandt, who were inspired by his impassioned words to picture the social realities he described. (Incidentally, three of Priestley's finest novels were among the first in our new paperback series, Phoenix Fiction: *The Good Companions*, *Angel Pavement*, and *Bright Day.*)
83 b&w photos.

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James D. McCawley

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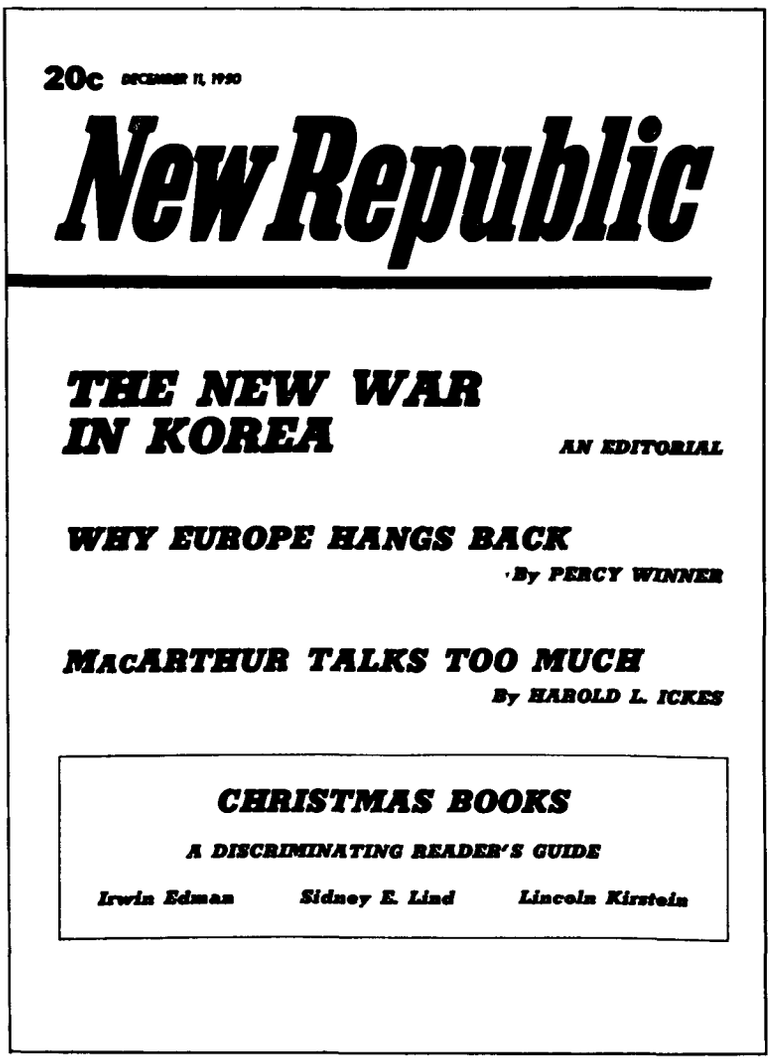
ing fast in Korea—condemned his Administration to frustration and suspicion.

With these liabilities in mind, TNR's editorial called on the President to withdraw from the 1952 Presidential race. In April Truman gracefully did so, and TNR began to denounce the pious generalities of General Dwight Eisenhower, a man whom it had once entertained as a possible Democratic candidate, and who would go on to win the Republican nomination. TNR instead wholeheartedly and enthusiastically embraced the governor of Illinois, Adlai Stevenson, who seemed to be idealism incarnate. TNR proclaimed that in addition to possessing the integrity of Wilson and the compassion of F.D.R., Stevenson brought to politics "moral honesty to challenge cynicism and corruption; intellectual ability to end mediocrity in government; open-mindedness to counter conformism and doctrinal rigidity; a belief in conciliation to overcome deep and disturbing divisions within this nation; and finally a refusal to seek the Presidency at all."



The great attraction the urbane and eloquent Stevenson held for TNR was that he allowed liberals to experience elitism without embarrassment, to enjoy the presence of superior quality and still believe in the programs that would promote mass equality. Yet the mass of voters responded to Republican charges of Democratic weakness on the issues of Korea, communism, and corruption; they even identified with Vice Presidential candidate Richard Nixon's maudlin "Checkers speech." The electorate seemed interested in neither the quality of uncommon talent nor the equality of common man. As Tocqueville had predicted, without a crisis of war or depression, Americans would turn away from the demands of politics to pursue their own individual interests. What Tocqueville called egoism, the 1950s generation welcomed as affluence. Politics became cliché.

THE DRIFT OF THE INTELLECTUALS

TNR WAS convinced that the rise of the Republican Party meant the return to power of big business, a response that was echoed in its early evaluation of the Reagan Administration's first term. TNR remained confident that the people would soon reject a "philosophy of economic selfishness" that catered to corporate wealth, reminding readers that the last Republican Administration had ended in a depression. In April 1954 Arthur Schlesinger Jr. wrote an article entitled "Eisenhower Won't Succeed: The Logic of a 'Single-Interest' Party is the Weakening of the Presidency." He explained that F.D.R. had been so effective because he enjoyed a pluralistic instinct for multi-interest coalitions. One wonders. Coolidge, after all, had succeeded for the opposite reason. Once again liberalism was discovering that prosperity, however unequally distributed, was not the best of times.

TNR groped for a programmatic response to the Eisenhower phenomenon. In its fortieth anniversary issue, November 14, 1954, Michael Straight wrote a long, melancholy editorial, "The Ghost at the Banquet," in which he wondered if "the present mood [was] passing or permanent" and if there was "vitality in the liberal movement, and validity in the liberal idea?" TNR lacked a convincing answer.

The doubts that overcame Straight might well have been compounded by the financial crisis TNR experienced in the early 1950s. In 1950 TNR had moved from New York to Washington to be closer to the inner workings of government. Soon thereafter the magazine began to feel severe financial pressures. There were several contributing factors. The magazine had been supported since its inception by Dorothy Straight as well as by a small amount of advertising revenue. But TNR had lost General Electric's regular ad when, during World War II, the magazine exposed the company's ties to the Krupp financial empire in Nazi Ger-

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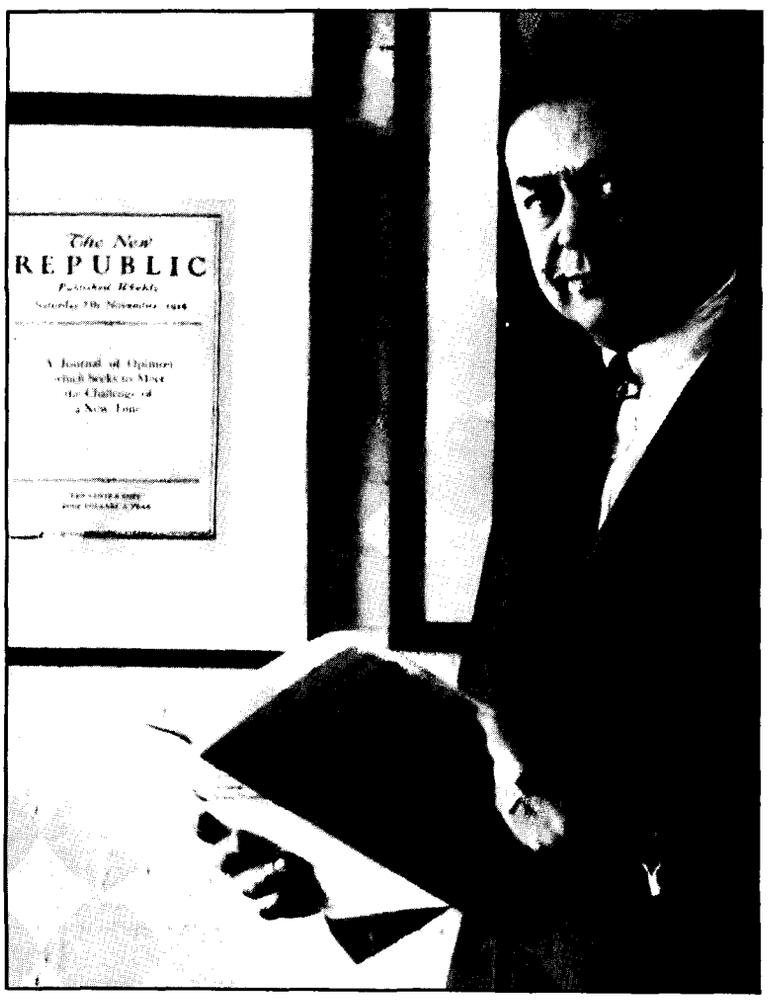
many. The telephone company, according to Bliven, stopped advertising ship in anticipation of Thomas Dewey's election in 1948. Then, in 1951, Dorothy Straight had to withdraw her support for family reasons. For the next two years, Michael Straight searched desperately for a new patron, ignoring the TNR financial advisers, who wanted him to close it down immediately.

In 1953 two benefactors came forth: Gilbert A. Harrison, founder of the World Veterans Federation, a U.C.L.A. graduate who had edited the campus newspaper the *Daily Bruin* in his undergraduate days but had given no thought to a career in journalism; and his wife, the former Nancy Blaine, a dedicated liberal who regarded her inherited fortune as a public trust. With Harrison as the new editor, Straight became an editor-at-large (he eventually left the magazine in 1958.) Delmore Schwartz reviewed poetry and Eric Bentley covered drama. It was a new era at TNR. Two books widely discussed in the magazine were Lippmann's *The Public Philosophy* and Louis Hartz's *The Liberal Tradition* in America, both published in 1955, the same year, that William F. Buckley Jr. founded the *National Review*. Recognizing that liberalism required some principle of authority, Lippmann wanted America to adopt a philosophy of natural law; Buckley wanted America to return to its conservative traditions. But Hartz explained why neither authority nor tradition was possible in a country that lacked a genuine conservative class that would preserve the values of the past.



GILBERT HARRISON

After the demise of McCarthyism, the most disturbing specter haunting TNR was the seemingly precarious status of the intellectual. Seeing conformity everywhere on the campus, TNR ran a series on the state of academic life, wondering if students would ever again be interested in politics. When a 1956 *Time* cover story asked why intellectuals couldn't identify with authority and celebrate society, Schlesinger responded in TNR and cited Jefferson and Twain to explain why it would be un-American to do so.

In 1956 TNR supported Stevenson for President, again with enthusiasm and devotion. Soviet-American relations were at a precarious juncture, and amidst all the nervous debates about containment, coexistence, disengagement, and hydrogen-bomb annihilation, Stevenson seemed the voice of reason and moderation. His goal, like Lincoln's, was not to judge the world, but to save it.

The Republicans had condemned containment as "immoral," and promised instead to liberate people caught behind the Iron Curtain. TNR was appalled when *Life* wrote approvingly of Dulles's policy of "walking to the brink" of war as the "necessary art" of diplomacy. Indeed, as early as November 1952 the historian Irving Brant predicted in TNR, in an article called "The Tragedy of Eisenhower," that Republican confrontationist tactics, possibly designed as a bid for the votes of Polish-Americans, would incite "their relatives to suicidal revolt."

Stevenson's candidacy became even more urgent after the Hungarian uprising ended in a bloodbath and John Foster Dulles's diplomacy ended in shambles. In October 1956, when the people rose in Poznan, and Hungarian youths faced Soviet tanks on the streets of Budapest, the White House could only offer sympathy. Stevensonian liberalism seemed to hold out some promise for a modus vivendi between East and West. But Stevenson went down to defeat, losing all but seven states, perhaps the last American Presidential candidate who would risk failure rather than pander to interest groups.

After Stevenson's second defeat, the Democrats were even more adrift. In a portent of the 1960s, they began to turn on each other. In September 1958, Schlesinger wrote "Death Wish of the Democrats," in which he contended that the Democratic Party had been "blowing out its brains" by allowing local political bosses to curtail the growing power of the "eggheads." The problem was an anti-intellectual, anti-Ivy League "feeling which has been rankling for many years in the murky lower depths of the Democratic Party in the Northeast." Believing a "creative liberalism" required political ideas as well as political ma-

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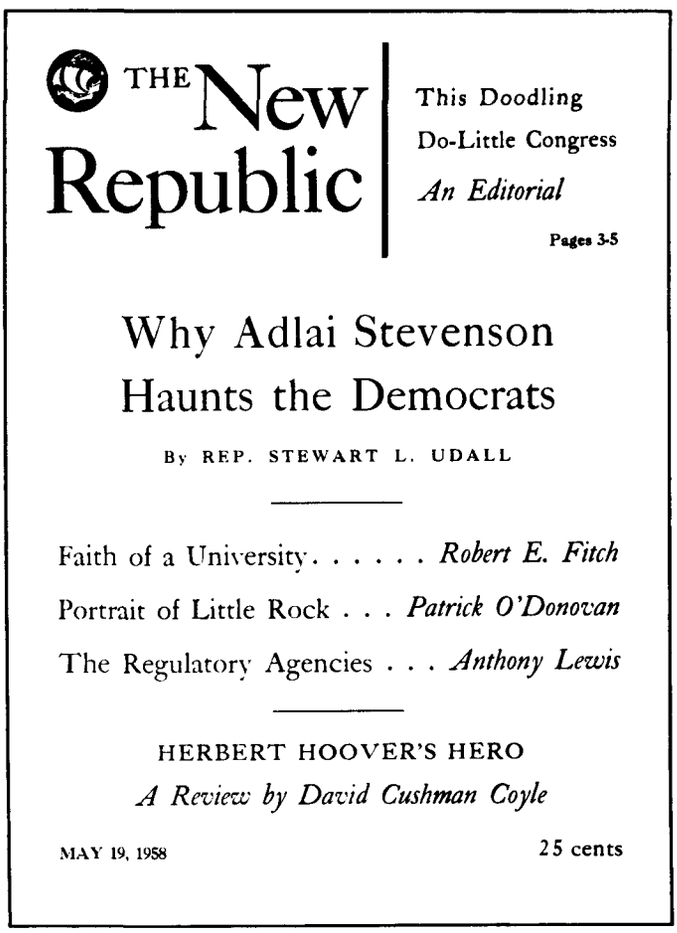
chines, Schlesinger argued that since the prime resource of the Republican Party is money, that of the Democrats must be brains. Perhaps something else as well. When Jefferson and John Adams debated what attributes constitute a true aristocracy, Adams included, along with wealth and intellect, "beauty." Could not American liberalism have all three? Enter John Fitzgerald Kennedy.

Hope And Despair

AN "UNOFFICIAL BIOGRAPHY" of Richard Nixon by William Costello appeared in TNR in several installments beginning September 28, 1959. Costello's descriptions of the Republican candidate's back-alley tactics read like a policeman's report of a suspected cat-burglar. In contrast, the candidacy of the young, handsome John F. Kennedy provided TNR the first opportunity since Franklin D. Roosevelt to champion a Democrat who could possibly be a winner as well as a liberal. Here at last was a candidate who could fuse political success with high principles. Editorials in 1960 praised his rhetoric about "moving forward" and "doing better" on civil rights, poverty, and education. Old fashioned words like "bravery," "courage," "sacrifice," and "patriotism" (words that once made Hemingway nauseous), were used in connection with Kennedy without embarrassment. "Today, on the eve of America's great choice," wrote James MacGregor Burns in "Liberalism Without Tears," in TNR just before the 1960 election, "I believe that Kennedy in his campaign has deliberately prepared the way for the most consistently and comprehensive liberal administration in the history of the country." When Kennedy's ringing inaugural peroration was heard—"Ask not what your country can do for you, but what you can do for your country"—Croly's search for "saints and heroes" seemed to have ended.

The sudden upsurge of idealism that Kennedy sparked had origins in a gnawing national dissatisfaction that TNR had noticed, at least in part. In the spring of 1959 TNR had featured a symposium, called "Have We Gone Soft?" which had been prompted by a letter John Steinbeck had written to Adlai Stevenson. "If I wanted to destroy a nation," Steinbeck wrote, "I would give it too much and I would have it on its knees, miserable, greedy, and sick." The quiz show scandals, G.I.s collaborating in Korea, mass conformity, cynicism, materialism, all made it appear that democratic freedom was synonymous with self-indulgence. Kennedy appealed to a country that wanted to be a little leaner—and nobler.

Steinbeck's indictment contained another less explicit implication: that Stevensonian elegance was also a kind of softness, and the Democrats had best avoid it. Kennedy carefully chose not to repudiate specific episodes of Eisenhower's foreign policy—the Lebanon invasion, the shooting down of the U-2 spy plane. TNR did not question Kennedy's charge of a missile gap; it did criticize Nixon for denying a C.I.A. report showing that the Soviet Union's industrial growth was rapidly increasing. To put Nixon on the defensive in the Cold War was a brilliant political tactic, but it carried a heavy price. To preempt attacks from conservatives at home, liberalism would have to prevent Communist victories abroad. The first test was Cuba.


THE New Republic

This Doodling Do-Little Congress

An Editorial

Pages 3-5

Why Adlai Stevenson Haunts the Democrats

By REP. STEWART L. UDALL

Faith of a University . . . . . *Robert E. Fitch*

Portrait of Little Rock . . . *Patrick O'Donovan*

The Regulatory Agencies . . . *Anthony Lewis*

HERBERT HOOVER'S HERO

A Review by David Cushman Coyle

MAY 19, 1958 25 cents

In the fall and winter of 1960, TNR published articles both praising and condemning Castro's Cuba. Samuel Shapiro insisted that Castro was essentially a "leftist-nationalist-neutralist." Daniel Friedenberg argued that "History Will Not Absolve Castro" because he was allowing Cuba to fall under Soviet domination. In April 1961, TNR speculated in "The Fight Against Castro" about stories of an impending U.S. invasion of the island, and warned against it. TNR did not fear failure, but probable success. "That the regime can be overthrown by the combined force of the U.S. and of disaffected Cubans seems certain; the cost of that victory in lives and U.S. prestige is not." Within a month the Bay of Pigs invasion ended in fiasco.

The following year TNR warned of the growing Soviet military presence in Cuba (as early as October 1960, TNR had run a Bill Mauldin cartoon showing a grinning Castro grabbing his stomach in a belly laugh as Khrushchev says to him: "Just for laughs, how about letting me set up a U-2 base?"), and criticized the Kennedy Administration for maintaining that Berlin, not Cuba, was the danger spot. TNR fully supported the blockade during the missile crisis,

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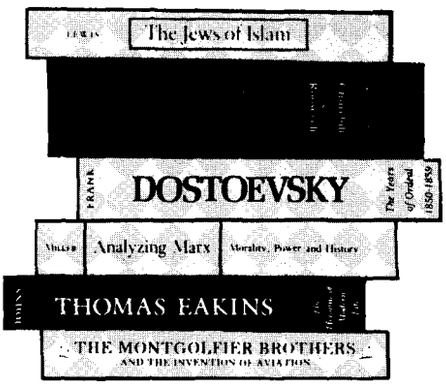

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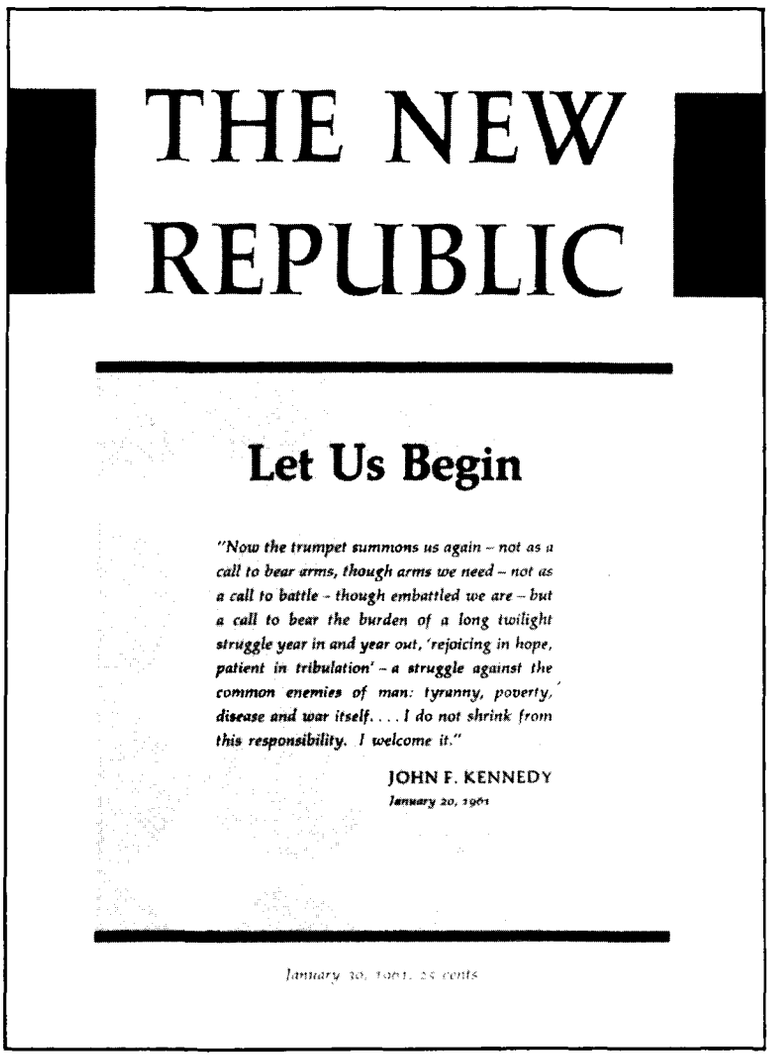
and backed both Kennedy's willingness to guarantee Cuba's survival as a Communist power and his unwillingness to concede to Russian demands regarding American installations in Europe.

Kennedy's victory over Nixon had been one of the narrowest in American history—two-tenths of 1 percent of the popular vote—so the New Frontier did not enjoy a clear mandate, especially on domestic issues. Lacking majority support in Congress, Kennedy failed to push through programs for education and medical care. As he attempted to move the nation toward full employment through economic expansion, TNR's Helen Hill Miller edited a symposium called "Time for a Keynes," with contributors advising the President on various aspects of fiscal policy; and in "Kennedy and the Liberals," Seymour Harris tried to explain the benefits of innovative tax cuts instead of familiar government spending.


THE NEW REPUBLIC

Let Us Begin

"Now the trumpet summons us again – not as a call to bear arms, though arms we need – not as a call to battle – though embattled we are – but a call to bear the burden of a long twilight struggle year in and year out, 'rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation' – a struggle against the common enemies of man: tyranny, poverty, disease and war itself. . . . I do not shrink from this responsibility. I welcome it."

JOHN F. KENNEDY
January 20, 1961

January 30, 1961. 25 cents

Most of TNR's attention after the election was devoted to civil rights. Gerald W. Johnson reported on Martin Luther King Jr.'s marches in Georgia, law school professor Alexander M. Bickel wrote about Kennedy's executive order barring discrimination in federally supported housing, and editor Gilbert Harrison supported the Administration's willingness to have a showdown with George Wallace and Bull Connor, Birmingham's racist police chief. The Cossack-like police charge on the Birmingham civil rights march in 1963 moved Kennedy to plan for a more comprehensive civil rights bill in the fall of 1983. TNR applauded the President's leadership.

In an editorial, "JFK—All the Way," TNR declared that American liberalism had a future, and Americans who identified with the President were watching the coming of what might be the miracle of political greatness. "Who can tell what higher roads the Republic may be traveling before the year has ended?" TNR asked. Then, on November 22 Kennedy was struck down in Dallas. TNR, painfully realizing how heavily its hopes were riding on one man, praised the fallen President and then made a case for Lyndon Johnson in "Another Beginning," forgetting, perhaps, F. Scott Fitzgerald's tragic warning that there are no second acts in American lives. "Show me a hero," Fitzgerald also once said, "and I'll write you a tragedy."

War Again

TNR ADMIRED Johnson for masterfully steering through Congress the Civil Rights Act of 1964, the Economic Opportunity Act, and the creation of the domestic peace corps, VISTA. This was the beginning of the "Great Society," and TNR apapproved. The magazine welcomed Johnson's landslide victory in November 1964 over conservative Republican Barry Goldwater, and applauded his inaugural address the following January, in which he called for health care, education, employment, and other programs designed to close the gap between rich and poor and white and black. To an extent unmatched since the 1930s, the editors now favored a bold expansion of the government's role in national life.

But TNR had also supported Johnson as a prudent alternative to Goldwater's Cold War jingoism, expecting the President to realize the futility of the war in Vietnam. TNR had long warned about Vietnam; a decade earlier the magazine had run a series of articles by novelist Graham Greene describing how South Vietnam was "about to retire behind the curtain" of communism, and the "appalling dilemma" of President Ngo Dinh Diem who was incapable of preventing it because his own survival in the South depended upon keeping his rivals divided. When the Kennedy Administration sent a hundred military advisers to South Vietnam in May 1961, TNR called it "a most fateful" decision.

A year later, when F-102 jets were arriving in Saigon and the United States was committed to the defense of the

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South Vietnamese government, TNR explained why the popular comparison of the U.S. effort to Britain's successful offensive against Communist guerrillas in Malaya was misleading. In April 1963 the magazine called for Diem's removal, stressing that he had failed to rally popular support. The demand became even more urgent the following month, when Diem's police massacred a dozen students and Buddhists. In October 1963 TNR welcomed Kennedy's promise that America would be out by 1965; the following month it called the assassination of Diem "a new start" for Vietnam and published an account of the killing that reported that Diem and his brother brought on their own murder by shouting insults at the "rebellious troops" who had arrested them.

By the time Johnson assumed office, TNR believed that only two options remained: get out completely, or get in much deeper. The passage of the Tonkin Gulf resolution in August 1964 did not unduly alarm TNR: the "blank check" Johnson got from Congress was hardly as dangerous as the "pistol aimed at him by Senator Goldwater" and his charges of liberal softness on communism. In diplomatic emergencies the President would act regardless of Congress, but it was "shuddersome to think what the results might have been had President Goldwater been in charge." Nonetheless, the systematic escalation of the war in the following months appalled TNR.

By the spring of 1965, it had lost all faith in the Administration, and it wasn't long before the whole fabric of American foreign policy was being reexamined. The arguments for intervention—power, prestige, dominoes, obligations—led a number of important writers to question in the pages of TNR not only Vietnam but American foreign policy in general: Kennan, Niebuhr, Louis J. Halle, Bernard Fall, Walter Laqueur, Theodore Draper, Henry Kissinger, Zbigniew Brzezinski, Morton Halperin, and Senator William Fulbright. The identification of liberalism with a strong Presidency came to be questioned by Arthur Schlesinger Jr., James MacGregor Burns, and Henry Steele Commager. Bertrand Russell and Robert W. Tucker debated unilateral disarmament, and Hans J. Morgenthau pondered whether truth could be compatible with power. As after World War I, the price of making the world safe for American values seemed too high. But the debate cut even deeper, because the continuing horror of the Vietnam War was leading some to attack those values themselves. They criticized not only the cost of war, but also the liberal ideals and leadership that had led the country into it.

THE WAR AT HOME

ONE RESULT WAS the "war at home," the generational conflict that confounded everyone except those who knew how to exploit it. TNR was split in a way it never had been before. The youth movement seemed promising at first. Gilbert Harrison described the sixteen

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TRB REMEMBERED

AFTER all the election excitement only 53 percent voted—a smidgeon more than last time. It's the lowest percentage among democracies. In Britain 72 percent voted last time, in West Germany, 89.1 percent. But in those countries there are meaningful parties, with programs, and people know what they are voting for. In the United States a huge majority approved Ronald Reagan, the agreeable ex-Hollywood star, who may or may not know what he is doing. Republicans carried forty-nine states, but Democrats control the House and gained a couple of seats in the Senate. What is the mandate? Who has it? Nobody knows. It's a funny way to run a government.

I HAVE BEEN in Washington a long time and still can't get used to it. I came down from Boston in a Model T just after Christmas in 1923. It took three days, and when I couldn't see the road signs at night I would fix the headlights on them and race the motor and get enough light to see the marker: WASHINGTON—48 MILES. And I could park all day on the Ellipse behind the White House. Warren Harding was President, the handsomest Chief since George Washington. Harding whiled away the time having trysts with Nan Britton in the cloak closet by the Oval Office. So what? The government ran itself.

I DIDN'T GO ashore on D-Day. No, I just watched it from the heavy cruiser *Quincy*, Captain Elliott Senn commanding. I was trying not to show alarm; fortunately, I got so irritated at the *Quincy*'s broadsides while I was trying to polish off a paragraph on a French-accented portable in the purser's office that all my emotions got funneled into impatience. But when the gliders came over from England, I got religion. What a sight! First a sustained droning noise; then, suddenly, a long line of towed planes high in the sky—clean, beautiful, American. And I prayed. Yes, it was emotional. Each plane towed a glider by a silken thread, and before the line from England ended, the first tow planes, without the gliders, were coming back; their gliders had crash-landed in Normandy behind the lines.

A CENTURY ago Lord Bryce (who wrote a two-volume study of quaint Americans) said that under our system, Americans nominate candidates to win elections, not to run governments. That was before Ronald Reagan, of course. James MacGregor Burns updates this in 1984. "Government doesn't work well," he writes. "We are losing faith in our outmoded Constitution." He boldly calls ours "the worst system of top leadership selection in the Western world."

It makes me wonder. Was it always like this? I think back. There was that afternoon when a friend called up and asked if I had heard the news. What news? . . . About Pearl Harbor? . . . Naturally I made a bee-line for the Executive Office of the White House. The turmoil went on all afternoon; you could watch reporters adjusting to the thing as they arrived. That evening there was a half moon in the bare boughs of the elms. Some of us waited on the White House portico behind the pillars. Members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee shuffled past; we reporters were so awed that we didn't even ask them questions, not even of Hiram Johnson, who had maintained that it was a "phony war." They disappeared inside and came out more shaken after hearing about the damage from F.D.R. I stood for hours out there near the plain white columns of the old mansion, watching sightseers on the other side of the railings: the crowds always collect there at great moments. Toward midnight somebody tried to sing "God Bless America." He couldn't carry the tune.

SOMETIME IN 1987 President Reagan will stand before Independence Hall in Philadelphia and celebrate the two hundreth anniversary of the Constitution. It is solemnly appropriate, I think, that between now and then our system be reviewed. The process has partially begun. Last May a distinguished group calling itself the Committee on the Constitutional System met here in Washington. Lloyd Cutler, former counsel to President Carter, asked why it is not possible for a newsworn President and Congressional majority to formulate a program "for which they are ready to stand accountable at the polls." We are getting "a hodgepodge of individual decisions . . . there is a decline of party cohesion on both sides of the aisles . . . there just isn't any such thing as a program on one side, and a counter program on the other."

Douglas Dillon, former Secretary of the Treasury, said the division of power makes stalemate inevitable and "no one can place the blame." This follows Professor Burns's warning that there is a "somber and inexorable cycle that leads public affairs from deadlock to drift."

James Reston, in *The New York Times*, recently reminded us that the interest on the national debt has increased to $256 million a day. The United States, he fears, will become the world's biggest debtor nation by 1986. The federal debt will be $3.1 trillion by 1989 unless we do something about it. Some people just shrug and propose an idiot amendment requiring that the budget be balanced! That will fix everything.

Look at Washington—who's in charge? The dilemma is bigger than in the past because the stakes are greater. Two hundred years ago we invented the most radical government on earth, and it has performed admirably by scattering authority among the House, the Senate, the Supreme Court, the White House, and the federal bureacracy. The nation was happily protected by the Atlantic and the Pacific. Decisions could wait. They can't wait now. Every day the Soviet government and the United States produce a half-dozen more nuclear weapons. What to do about it all? Reelect Ronald Reagan by a landslide, and give him a split government! It won't do.

RICHARD L. STROUT

Mr. Strout, of *The Christian Science Monitor*, wrote THE NEW REPUBLIC's TRB column from 1943 to 1983.

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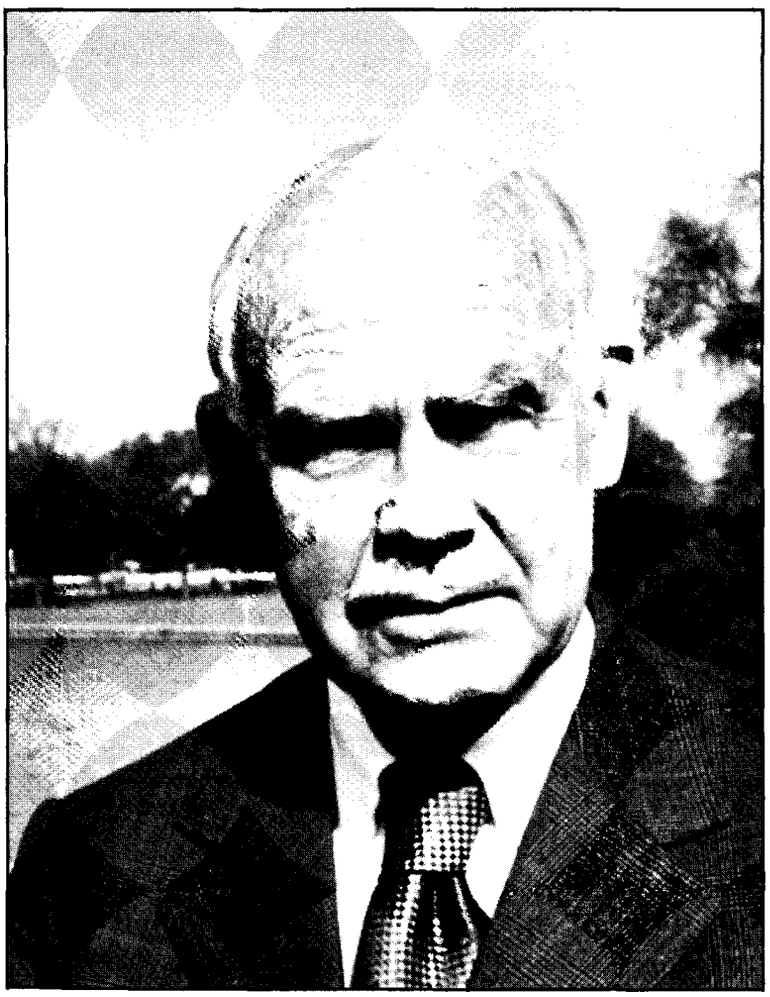
thousand anti-war students and teachers who marched on Washington in April 1965 as "well-scrubbed, well-dressed, well-behaved." But as the teach-ins spread across the country and long-haired students began donning guerrilla jackets, shouting obscenities, and complaining that America was dead from the neck up, TNR writers took a second look.

Irving Howe and Michael Harrington, the editors of *Dissent*, informed TNR readers in 1966 that the goals of Students for a Democratic Society were admirable, but doubted that a viable political organization could emerge from its "mystical" fetish of unorganized spontaneity. Christopher Jencks criticized the young radicals' disdain for authority and their despair about America, and James Ridgeway described the National Conference of New Politics in 1967 as the "Freak-Out in Chicago." TNR also watched in dismay as the counterculture, first prominent in a few big-city neighborhoods like Haight-Ashbury in San Francisco, spread across the country. The once "well-scrubbed" kids turned into "flower children" who told America it had to lose its head and come to its senses, whether through LSD or free love. David Sanford, who would later become TNR's managing editor, warned about the dangers of various drugs.



RICHARD L. STROUT, TRB (1943-1983)

But, though TNR was generally skeptical about the antics of the counterculture, it approved of its demands for educational change. TNR published, but did not seem to heed, the warnings of Joseph Alsop, Joseph Featherstone, and Martin Mayr, all of whom raised hard questions in its own pages about radical proposals being made in neighborhood schools and college campuses. Instead TNR supported alternative schools, community control, ethnic studies, even bilingual education.

If the urban riots of the 1960s left TNR reeling in anguish, the rise of the black power movement left it confused and contrite. Andrew Kopkind provided in-depth coverage of the passing of leadership from the Southern Christian Leadership Conference to the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee, whose members mocked Martin Luther King Jr.'s Baptist rhetoric. TNR wondered why Stokely Carmichael saw liberalism as the enemy. In "Two Minds About Carmichael," in November 1966, psychologist Robert Coles offered one explanation: the new generation of blacks wanted separation, not integration. Except for an occasional rare and courageous article like Gus Matzorkis's "A Honky's Response To Carmichael," TNR generally accepted the black militants' charge that white racism was responsible for all the evils that afflicted black people. Literary critic Richard Gilman even waived his "white" standards to praise Eldridge Cleaver's *Soul on Ice*.

With the release of President Johnson's Commission on Civil Disorders report in early 1968, TNR felt vindicated. "The commission is saying in effect: don't blame conspirators, outside agitators, Rap Brown, Stokely Carmichael, Communists, Castro, sexual irregularity, drugs, neglect in childhood, hangover of slavery, sloth, dirt, rats. Blame Whitey. It's a harsh judgment, and true." Demanding that the rage of the ghettos be represented in the decisions of government, and hoping also for an end to the Vietnam War, TNR turned with hope and desperation to the 1968 Presidential campaign.

ROUGH CURRENTS

HOW COULD liberal Democrats deny an incumbent President of their own party renomination if he wanted it? Doris Kearns and Sanford Levinson, political science graduate students at Harvard, urged the founding of a third party. In an article published in late 1967 called "President Dumping," a "well-known American historian" who used the psuedonym "Americus" (it was John Morton Blum of Yale) reminded TNR readers that it had been done before. The Progressives had plotted in 1911 to prevent President Taft's renomination the following year.

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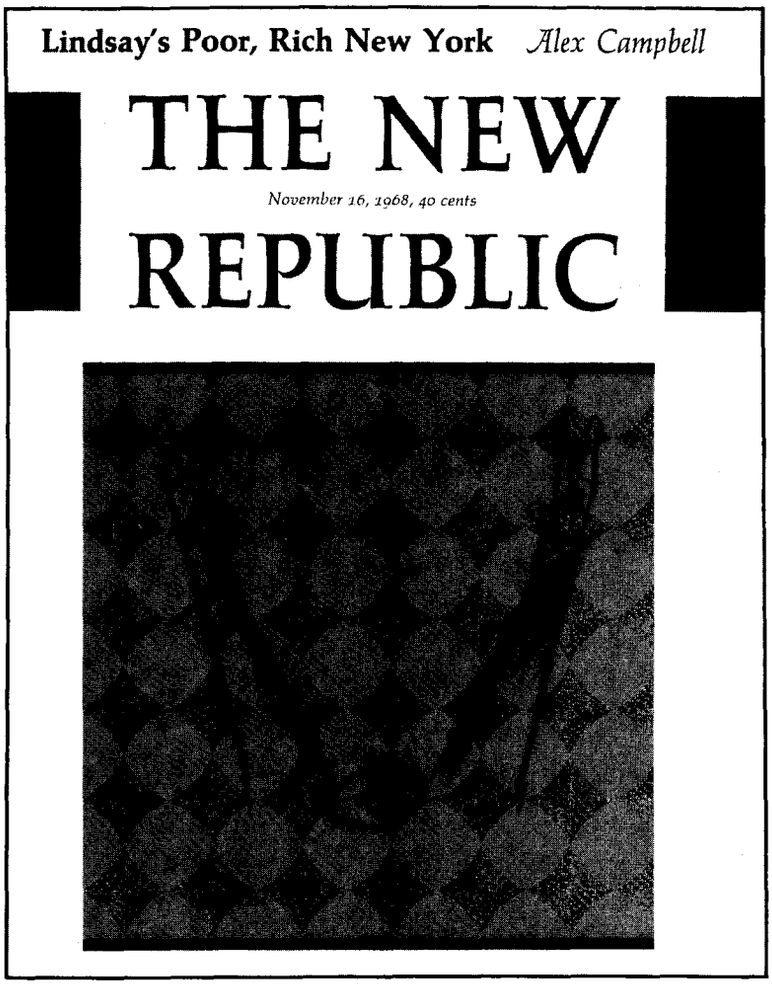
A TNR editorial advised dissident Democratic candidates to enter the New Hampshire primary, a move that would lead to an "effective, national peace-minded coalition of minority groups, intellectuals, organized labor, youth and family farmers." In November 1967 Senator Eugene McCarthy of Minnesota announced he would do so.

TNR also believed that Robert Kennedy would enter the race, but when Kennedy stated in February 1968 that he would not challenge Johnson "under any foreseeable circumstances," TNR endorsed McCarthy. A month later Kennedy was in the race (mainly because McCarthy's strong showing in the New Hampshire primary had proven that Johnson was vulnerable), and two months later Johnson announced his decision not to run. Johnson's withdrawal did not mean "the old order has signed off," TNR observed, because Vice President Hubert Humphrey would "offer himself as its apologist, and Mr. Nixon, however adroitly he refashions his style, is still the dodo in modern disguise."



The magazine was basically behind McCarthy. But throughout the spring and early summer of 1968, its pages were a forum for the entire spectrum of Democratic opinion. David Riesman chose McCarthy because he had "taken strength from the young people around him without in any way making concessions to their narcissism on the one side, or their dangerous purity on the other." So did Murray Kempton, who saw in McCarthy a man who "knew how to listen" and "can say quite casually what other politicians will only whisper; he can announce that he will dismiss General Hershey and F.B.I. Director Hoover and Secretary Rusk and not think of these things as requiring any special sort of courage."

Schlesinger chose Robert Kennedy because in his "instinct to look at the world from the viewpoint of its casualties and victims" he had become the "representative of the unrepresented"—blacks, Indians, Mississippi Delta migrants, the Appalachian poor, Puerto Ricans, Mexican-Americans, the "outcasts at home." Irving Kristol remained loyal to Humphrey, the one figure who he said represented all those whom Kennedy and McCarthy did not, "the non-black, non-poor, and non-young," those who abided by "American traditions," the solid if silent majority who, in sensing loss of control over their own way of life, were also "capable of being alienated."

After McCarthy's victory in the Oregon primary in May, TNR again endorsed him as "the personification of integrity, courage, and intelligence." But two weeks later Kennedy was assassinated in Los Angeles, and TNR offered a poignant editorial on "The Kennedy Cause": "Now we weep for him and ourselves, as he could weep over one poor child. What that child and all our children will make of his passing is beyond comprehension. What does a generation that has watched the successful slaughter of good men become? What will the children of the sixties make of their country?"

For many young Americans the answer came at the Chicago convention. TNR suspected the Humphrey forces of scheming to control the proceedings, and wondered whether Kennedy delegates would support George McGovern instead of McCarthy. The convention itself was the ugliest in American history, with police and demonstrators rioting in the streets. The nomination of Humphrey left the magazine and liberals in an agonizing dilemma: Humphrey or Nixon? Would voting for Humphrey compromise liberal ideals too much? Or would not voting for Humphrey be a self-defeating gesture? Two weeks before Election Day, TNR, after criticizing A.D.A. for its last-minute endorsement of Humphrey, made the unprecedented decision to sit out the election. Murray Kempton explained why not choosing kept one's conscience clear, and in a two-page ad the anti-war organization "Resist" explained why liberals had to join with radicals in reconstructing America by working outside the existing power structure.

The radicalization of the young and their political alienation deeply troubled TNR. In February 1967 it had re-

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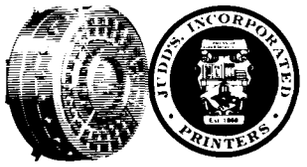

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printed an address by Robert Kennedy to the Americans for Democratic Action asking, "What Can The Young Believe?" Henry Fairlie wrote a sympathetic but nonetheless critical reply, "How Is Youth To Be Served?" which appeared in the April 8, 1967, issue. To the suggestion that generational change can precede generational responsibility, Fairlie answered: "We would do well to set against it Ortega y Gasset's remark that a man's historical activity really begins at the age of 30." In October of 1968, Louis J. Halle wrote "The Student Drive To Destruction," which set off a rancorous debate between the young and the old in the pages of TNR. The Free Speech Movement at Berkeley in 1964 was one thing, said many liberals, but the S.D.S.'s storming of Columbia in 1968 left TNR wondering what would come next. A piece on the "Rebellion At Columbia," by Dotson Rader in the May 11, 1968, issue, described Columbia radicals shouting out the windows of an occupied building at the jocks below. "We've beaten you bastards! We've won!" In the early 1960s, students demonstrated outside the administration buildings; in the late 1960s, they were inside the president's office, feet up on his desk, riffling his files, and smoking his cigars. TNR's editor Harrison sided neither with the students nor with their critics, but he did realize that liberalism faced its greatest challenge in coming up with a solution to the Vietnam War.

Liberals also faced the challenge of living with Richard Milhous Nixon for the next four years. Some of President Nixon's surprising moves—his decision to visit China and to schedule troop withdrawals from Vietnam—impressed TNR. The magazine assigned veteran reporter John Osborne to do nothing but report on the President, and his column "The Nixon Watch" won much praise. The editors continued to search for bona fide peace candidates. Ed Muskie, John Lindsay, and Paul McCloskey had entered the race after the Cambodian invasion, and there was, TNR felt, the possibility of drafting Ted Kennedy.

Then in early 1972 Schlesinger wrote "The Case For George McGovern," praising him as having "greater foresight and initiative" than other Democratic contenders not only on Vietnam but on vital domestic issues such as hunger and the plight of cities. In May 1972 TNR endorsed McGovern, claiming he was not a "radical" but a humanitarian and patriot of devout Methodist stock who wanted to heal the wounds of war. In supporting McCarthy in 1968 and McGovern in 1972, TNR had come close to Bliven's position in 1939. The lesson of Vietnam, like that of World War I, was that the country could easily be manipulated into war by unscrupulous leaders, and that most people would support nonintervention. Thus when McGovern received the nomination, TNR was further convinced that his candidacy would not, as critics were charging, split the Democratic Party and render a Republican victory inevitable.

Few writers recognized the liabilities of McGovern's

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left-wing politics. One writer even boasted in an article called "Miami And The Seeds Of Port Huron" that McGovern's real platform had to remain "hidden in the closet" because it derived from the original S.D.S. charter drafted in 1962 by Tom Hayden in Port Huron, Michigan. As the election approached, even TNR saw the handwriting on the wall: the imminent defection of blue-collar workers, ethnics, Jews, and even some liberals who believed that only a Republican could end the war without being charged with "selling out" the nation.

After McGovern lost every state except Massachusetts, Paul R. Wieck wrote a campaign autopsy called "The Very Last Hurrah," explaining the reasons for the devastating defeat: the amnesty issue, McGovern's ill-conceived welfare plan, his young supporters advocating legalized marijuana, abortion, and sexual freedom. "A cardinal rule of politics was violated: Don't throw advanced or nonconformist social issues into the public forum where the masses of voters must rule on them." Many of the young activists who had looked to McGovern had been inspired by the slogan of 1968: "All power to the people." In 1972 the '60s generation, realizing the people didn't have much sympathy for its radicalism, lost its innocence. In "Picking Up The Pieces," in the November 18, 1972, issue, TNR wondered what would become of the masses of people who deserted the Democratic Party and now had to contend with a pro-business and anti-labor Nixon Administration. "What have they left to respond with? Where is the oldest and biggest political party in the history of the world?"

The Old And The New

THROUGHOUT ITS FIRST sixty years TNR had only two owners. In 1974, when Martin Peretz bought the magazine from Gilbert Harrison, it had a third. (See "TNR At 70," page 70.) Then 34 years old, a PhD in political science from Harvard University, Peretz brought to TNR a post-'60s perspective that treated radical chic as platitude, just as it did conservative cant. After 1975, when Peretz became editor-in-chief, he would use TNR to try to "pick up the pieces" left from the liberal debacles of 1968 and 1972. In TNR in the 1970s and 1980s, American liberalism would discover that its best friend could also be its most demanding critic.

In November 1974, TNR celebrated its sixtieth anniversary. The cover featured Ben Shahn's watercolor "Distressed Man," which caught the mood of the first of three special supplements, published throughout that year, on "This Fractured Democracy." Hans J. Morgenthau, C. Vann Woodward, Irving Howe, Marcus G. Raskin, James Chace, and Abe Fortas tried to make sense of what had happened in the daring '60s, and why it had led to the drooping '70s. In the second supplement, on "Nurturing the Arts," Robert Brustein, who in the '60s had been caught up in revolutionary "action theater," wrote more somberly about drama, and Michael Straight, now with the National Endowment for the Arts, explained the role

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of government in promoting culture. The third supplement, "Images of Ourselves," featured the scholar Raymond Williams on high and popular culture, Robert Bellah on religion, and Roger Rosenblatt, who would later replace Reed Whittemore as literary editor, on the TV series "An American Family," an article in which he effectively used the break-up of that uncozy unit as symptomatic of the atomism of American society itself. If readers found society and politics discouraging, they could always turn to Stanley Kauffmann, the film critic who had come to TNR in 1958, and who has been a distinctively learned yet colloquial voice at the magazine ever since. Kauffmann

1914-1984

TNR AT 70

MARTIN PERETZ and his wife, Anne, a family therapist and painter, bought THE NEW REPUBLIC from Gilbert Harrison and his wife in 1974. Harrison and Peretz had met at the home of Eugene McCarthy, whom both had supported for the Presidency in 1968. At one dinner there, talk turned to the future of TNR. Harrison had owned and edited the magazine for two decades, and seemed tired. Peretz, then a full-time member of the Harvard faculty, seemed restless. Active in liberal causes, he had written controversial pieces in several political journals, including TNR. Could he ensure the continuation of the journal, chronically in the red and suffering from a measurable decline in circulation?

Off and on over the next year, Harrison and Peretz saw each other in New York, Washington, and Martha's Vineyard, where Harrison had a summer house. It was not exactly a negotiation. They talked about many things, Peretz remembered later, "sometimes to no apparent purpose." The contrast between the two men could not have been greater. Here was an established Washington insider—gentle, almost languid in his demeanor—examining the bona fides of a self-conscious outsider, not excessively reverent. Finally talk turned to terms. The lawyers took over in New York; within weeks they had an agreement.

In Washington, however, the staff was stirring. Harrison remained editor, but the inevitable tensions between the "old boy" and the "new boy" soon surfaced. Walter Pincus, who had been executive editor, seemed to think that Peretz had usurped his destiny as Harrison's heir and successor. Within a year or so, Harrison and three other senior people were gone. One of those who stayed was John Osborne, courtly and curmudgeonly, a tough, precise journalist, impatient with fools. Osborne's weekly "White House Watch" was the most reliable factual and analytic guide to the troubled Presidencies of Richard Nixon, Gerald Ford, and Jimmy Carter. When the new management revived New Republic Books, a collection of Osborne's columns was one of its first titles; Osborne continued to write for the magazine until his death in 1981. Of course, Richard Strout, whose tenure as TRB went back to the Straight stewardship, also continued at his post until his retirement at 84 in 1983.

Peretz had felt stifled by the always high-minded sobriety and even stuffiness of THE NEW REPUBLIC environment. One means of relief was to escape from the handsomely ornate and indulgently inefficient townhouse in which the magazine had been quartered for many years. Peretz sold the building to the Defenders of Wildlife (leaving some small forms of urban wildlife to the new owners), and the magazine moved down Nineteenth Street to become the first tenant in a spiffy new building. Another tradition had fallen.

TNR loyalists were big on tradition—the paradoxical conservatism of liberals. When the magazine went to coated stock ("slick paper" is what annoyed readers called it) to accommodate color advertisements, and when the covers were transformed with art, photographs, and a more modern design, there was additional proof that the old church was in new hands. It had become rather an old church, which was why some people liked it, a weekly source of ideological reassurance and intellectual morale boosting. But once Richard Nixon (who was, by the way, a faithful, if masochistic subscriber, in the White House and since) was gone, the old verities simply would not do. The turning point should not have depended on the passing of the villain with Watergate, but somehow it seemed to.

What were we at TNR—which was only part of a much greater "we"—faced with? The success of the welfare state and its failure. The success of détente and its failure. The success of civil rights and its failure. The productive success of our economy and its failure. The richness of our cultural life and its increasing impoverishment. And, in the aftermath of Vietnam, it turned out, alas, that the inhibition about the use of American force did not guarantee the triumph of virtue. A time for reappraisal and renewal, indeed.

But not facile reappraisals or easy renewals. Peretz assembled a politically diverse editorial staff over the years, though all of those he hired thought of themselves as some sort of liberal. Certain observers thought the staff was schizophrenic, which may just be another way of characterizing the differences that thoughtful men and women will have over very complex issues. A great deal of controversy surrounded the magazine's militant defense of Israel, but this was one stance that was rooted in the convictions of many of the editors. Most of the new editorial staff had little professional training in journalism, but they brought with them an allergy to cant and an aversion to doctrinaire preachings of all kinds. Readers today are struck by the humor in TNR's pages; and visitors remark upon the informal atmosphere in its offices, and the barbed and occasionally angry exchanges during editorial meetings.

This is the magazine—irreverent, eclectic, and unorthodox—that celebrates its seventieth anniversary.

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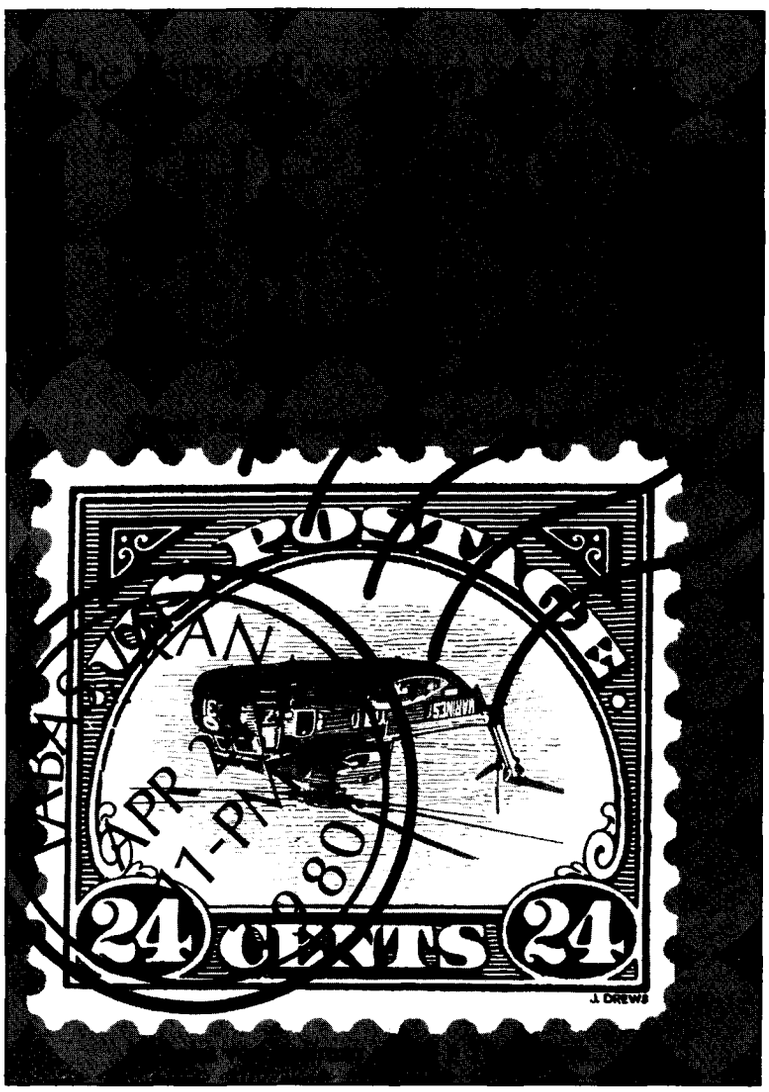
continues to demand of American cinema what Croly once demanded of American politics: "The more real the human condition, the more excellent must the imagination be to transform it."

TNR's relationship to the Democratic Party was growing increasingly uncertain. After Nixon's resignation in August 1974, TNR focused on two issues: OPEC's control and manipulation of oil prices, and the next Democratic Presidential candidate. Just before the Democratic Convention in July 1976, TNR conducted a poll of its own readers. Morris Udall finished first, far ahead of all other contenders, followed by Hubert Humphrey, Birch Bayh, Fred Harris, Ted Kennedy, Jimmy Carter, and Frank Church. Carter—along with George Wallace and Henry Jackson—also ranked high in the "could not support" category. Carter's nomination and election contributed to TNR's restiveness with Democrats.



"The thing that gets me about THE NEW REPUBLIC," remarked Stuart Eizenstat, Jimmy Carter's campaign director, during the Presidential campaign of 1976, ". . . is that they are so hard on guys that are progressive that they end up making things easy for the guys that are the conservatives." Ken Bode, TNR's politics editor, replied in an article titled "Memo To Jimmy Carter," in which he specified why TNR had criticized him: Carter had praised the Nixon-appointed Burger Court, befriended segregationists like James Eastland, evaded issues like abortion and the grain embargo, and, above all, exploited anti-government rhetoric. "In comparing your campaign to Gerald Ford's record, we find ourselves in Woody Allen's corner: we'd rather be vague than wrong. But we'd also rather make the choice on more substantial grounds; Gerald Ford is a conservative tried and true. There's not much in his record to commend him; we have no doubt of that. To paraphrase Eizenstat, it is you, Jimmy Carter, who is making it too easy on the conservatives." But two weeks before the election, TNR did endorse Carter, having perhaps learned a lesson from Humphrey's narrow loss to Nixon in 1968. The chief point of the editorial, "For Carter, With Reservations" in the October 23, 1976, issue, was to stress the importance of defeating Ford and to be thankful that the "Democrats have been blessed with an adversary who comes across as a vestige of primordial man."

There is a sad irony to the Carter Administration. The President's forthright stand on human rights, which TNR praised, possibly had the effect of forcing the Shah of Iran to liberalize his repressive regime, thereby paving the way for his overthrow, the capture of the American hostages, and the return of the Ayatollah Khomeini and the dark ages. But the seeds of TNR's disillusionment with Carter had been sown long before history defied his faith in progress. The defense of Israel had grown more urgent in TNR under Peretz. The Palestine Liberation Organization and its fellow travellers who practiced and condoned terrorism were unequivocally denounced. And while TNR had been recoiling from the horror of My Lai in the early 1970s, European writers, some of them former Marxists, were discovering the horrors of the Gulag. By the time Peretz took over as editor, TNR found Carter insufficiently assertive in dealing with both Russia and the Middle East—just as Croly and Edmund Wilson had found Wilson too "timid" in dealing with the Central powers in 1915.

Thus the dilemma of liberal foreign policy had come full circle. Carter's flaws bore some resemblance to Wilson's. Both Presidents believed in human rights as a religious duty, yet neither knew how to use American power to realize them. Wilson refused to use economic coercion to fulfill the Fourteen Points; Carter assumed that the Cold War could be resolved by trust and good will until the invasion of Afghanistan, after which he rescinded an aid cut-off to Latin American dictatorships, as though the so-

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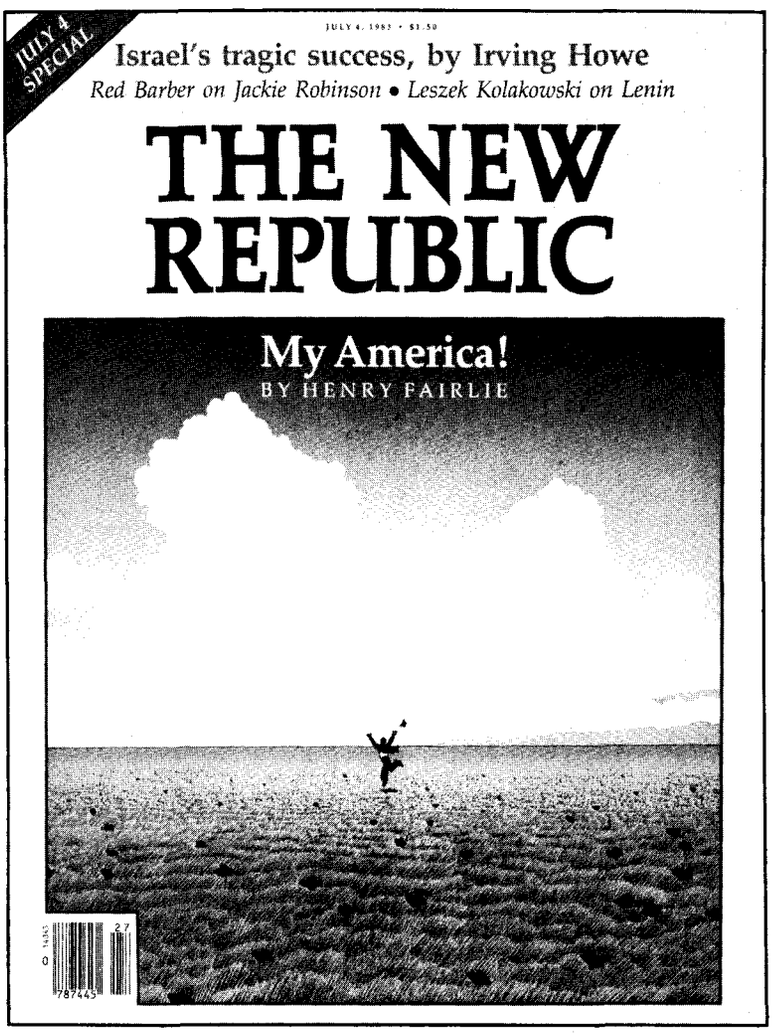
lution for symptoms of liberal guilt is a quick demonstration of conservative guts.

TNR editorials criticized Carter for his 1977 speech at Notre Dame, in which he dismissed "that inordinate fear of communism which once led us to embrace any dictator who joined us in that fear," and his response to the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan when he embraced Pakistan's dictator, General Zia. When a rumor arose that the Administration was considering playing China against Russia, Senator Daniel P. Moynihan wanted to set things straight. In a piece called "A New American Foreign Policy," which appeared February 9, 1980, Moynihan asked, "In response to the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, are we to align ourselves with the nation that invaded Tibet? In the course of our new arrangements with the most populous totalitarian state on earth, will we see India, the most populous democratic state on earth, align itself with the Soviets? What then is left of principle?"


JULY 4 SPECIAL
Israel's tragic success, by Irving Howe
Red Barber on Jackie Robinson • Leszek Kolakowski on Lenin
THE NEW REPUBLIC
My America!
BY HENRY FAIRLIE

No wonder that a TNR cover story in July 1979 inquired, "Dump Carter?" Schlesinger answered yes, wondering how long an inflation-riddled country with impoverished inner cities could tolerate an anti-government Grover Cleveland in the White House. TRB answered no, and Ken Bode explored the possibility of Jerry Brown, while Ted Kennedy remained a "dream" candidate. TNR had good words for Carter's peace treaty between Egypt and Israel, the SALT talks, and the "guts" he showed in pushing through the Panama Canal Treaty. But Carter shied away from using the full resources of government to fight inflation and unemployment. Nor did he move quickly to help the hundreds of thousands of Indonesian boat people and other refugees, whose tragic plight haunted the Holocaust-struck mind of Editor Peretz. Above all, TNR believed that the oil crisis manufactured by OPEC rendered America weak and led Carter to a pose that seemed deferential toward the Third World.

After the hostages were taken in late 1979, TNR demanded that Iran be quarantined, by a naval blockade of Iranian ports if necessary, and wanted clear threats of reprisals should the hostages be killed. When the helicopter rescue mission failed, TNR called it "The Jimmy Carter Desert Classic." In October TNR came out for John Anderson, more out of frustration than conviction, another imperfect compromise between practicality and principle.

Toward the end of the '70s, a new generation of editors and writers began to arrive at TNR. In 1977 Morton Kondracke, presently executive editor, left the Chicago *Sun Times* to assume the "Washington Watch" column on the death of John Osborne. The same year Michael Kinsley, trained in law and economics, arrived from *The Washington Monthly* to become managing editor, and then editor. He left to become the editor of *Harper's* in 1981, but returned in 1983 to take over the TRB column from Richard Strout, who had retired after forty years. In 1981 Hendrik Hertzberg, a former editor at *The New Yorker* and a speechwriter for Carter, became editor. In addition, James K. Glassman, executive editor for *The Washingtonian*, became publisher; and Charles Krauthammer, formerly a political science and economics student who also received an M.D. and practiced psychiatry, became an associate editor after working as a speechwriter for Walter Mondale. Shortly afterward, Jack Beatty resigned as literary editor and the post was assumed by Leon Wieseltier, an essayist who had studied Jewish history and literature as a member of The Society of Fellows at Harvard University. Indeed, almost all of the editors had studied at Harvard, as did several of the founding editors, which perhaps confirms Santayana's observation that the New England mind, whether deriving from Calvinism or Judaism, bequeathed to America "an agonized conscience."

No such faculty seems to guide the present Reagan Administration. In the nineteenth century Lincoln taught Americans that labor is "prior" to capital because it is only out of work and productive effort that wealth is created. The Republican Party has abandoned its founder. The task

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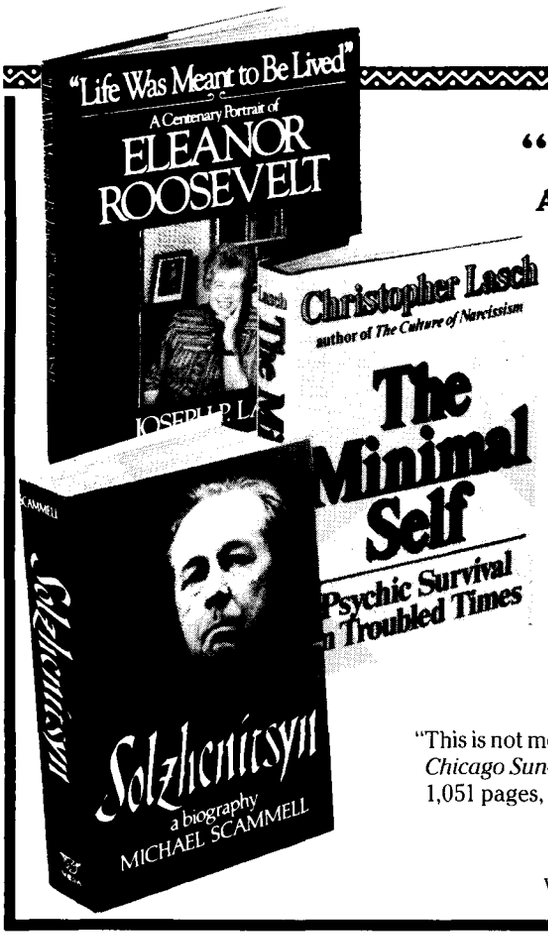
facing TNR in the early '80s was to respond to the gospel of greed of Sun Belt Republicanism and also answer the neoconservative argument about "The Present Danger," the Soviet Union. John Kenneth Galbraith, Robert B. Reich, and Robert Kuttner have pierced supply-side economics; Kinsley, in a series on "High On The Hog," has given us a Veblen-Henry George analysis of the pseudo-authority of the rich; and Sidney Blumenthal and Mark Crispin Miller, who write on mass culture in the tradition of Dwight MacDonald, have explained why Reagan's public appearances go over like pre-packaged TV commercials. Similarly, Theodore Draper, Ronald Steel, Michael Walzer, and Wieseltier have challenged the simplicities of the neoconservative views on the Cold War and the arms race. But some of the easy assumptions that TNR itself once held have also been questioned in its pages. Compare, for example, George V. Higgins's "Why Busing Didn't Work," which appeared in February 1983, to Walter F. Mondale's "Busing In Perspective," which appeared in March 1972.

During the early '80s TNR was filled with discussions of "neoliberalism" and the candidacy of Gary Hart, and the traditional liberalism represented by Walter Mondale. It found itself divided between the Yuppies and their cultural elitism and the United Auto Workers and their economic needs. The debate carried on the great tradition of TNR, which has always supported security for the lower classes, opportunity for the middle class, and social responsibility for the comfortably rich.

Mondale came in for considerable criticism from TNR for bowing to interest groups: labor, teachers, feminists, and perhaps next, homosexuals. But one should also peruse some of TNR's earlier assessments of the Democratic nominee, including Kondracke's "Mondale On Mondale" in the April 4, 1983, issue, or the perspective from a decade earlier, presented in Roger Morris's "Mondale's Mixed Reviews" (July 31, 1976). Then one might reread *The Federalist* to be reminded that all politics presuppose "interests," especially the organized pressure of "factions."

We return, then, to the beginning of our story. Croly, Lippmann, and Weyl started TNR in 1914 to do precisely what *The Federalist* authors believed impossible: to transform American men and women into a citizenry dedicated to virtue, civic duty, and the public good. In this respect it is perfectly consistent for the new generation of TNR editors to see blatant interest politics as destructive of the magazine's original ideals.

During TNR's fiftieth anniversary, in November 1964, Lippmann said of the generation that had founded TNR that "what they hoped for was a journal of unopinionated opinion, one that would be informed, disinterested, compassionate, and brave." TNR's commitment to disinterestedness and virtue may not lead to electoral success, but the liberal mind continues to honor such values. Today TNR's circulation is 97,000, double what it was for almost its entire career. Because the promises of American life continue to elude us, TNR remains a living tradition, American liberalism's legacy from the past and its gift to the future. □



Norton

"LIFE WAS MEANT TO BE LIVED"
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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Love Is a Many-Splintered Thing

O *Brief Encounter*, thou art mighty yet! The 1945 tale of sensitive suburban extramarital love still makes us cry: and still induces filmmakers to transplant and nurture slivers of that imperishable weeping willow. Now there's another. The only important difference between the story source of forty years ago and the latest sapling is that the new one proliferates from poignancy to patness.

Falling in Love
(Paramount)

A Love in Germany
(Triumph)

Michael Cristofer's screenplay for *Falling in Love* is just as humid as one would expect from the author of *The Shadow Box*. The best passages of dialogue are those that, apparently, he didn't write—the imprecise, half-expressed fumblings at tense moments that the leading actors improvised. But—it really should be BUT—on this stale and soggy script, so much lovely work has been lavished that it would be a loss to miss this picture.

I suppose that the director and the two stars, aware of the script's deficiencies, chose it as a change of pace. That, in fact, is true enough, and if you're tolerant, their pace changes provide pleasure. First, there's the director, that longtime hair shirt, Ulu Grosbard. How he punishes us for our faith in him. Reviewing his last film, *True Confessions* (TNR, September 30, 1981), I called my column *Waiting for Grosbard* and said: "If inside every fat man there's a thin man struggling to get out, then inside Grosbard's succession of flabby scripts there's a strong director similarly struggling." Within the flab of *Falling in Love*, that strong director is still visible.

Perhaps the recent death of François Truffaut has sensitized me, but Grosbard's work here seems to reflect Truffaut's exaltation of romance, especially in the deft way Grosbard handles the dawning of disruption in two lives that had previously been set, the surprise of joy, the disturbance of their daily routines. These are all done with dexterity and charm. Grosbard was lucky in his two chief collaborators, the cinematographer Peter Suschitzky and the editor Michael Kahn. Three moments exemplify their fine collaboration. Robert De Niro, the hero, stands at the back of the last car on the commuter train (much of the action is on or around the Hudson River commuter line north of Manhattan), forlorn because he believes the affair is finished: his face is reflected in the glass of the car door as the tracks flow away behind. Meryl Streep, the heroine, drives almost insanely through a blinding rain just to have a few minutes with De Niro before he departs for a year; she jams on her brakes at a railroad crossing, stalls the car badly, then gets out and stands in the downpour trying to clear her head. And in the final sequence, Streep's face in a crowded train car, glimpsed through a tangle of standees' heads and shoulders, looks like a new Giorgione.

The very *first* glimpse of Streep on screen, in *Julia* (1977), was disquieting to those of us who had been admiring her on stage for a few years. Was this one of those theater faces that the camera simply couldn't handle? But her talent forced the film wizards to find a way; now, as a figure of pure romance in this picture, she floats through like an old-fashioned star, an image we're supposed to fall in love with, men and women alike, additionally enticed by her crisp intelligence. Her hair and makeup by J. Roy Helland, her clothes by Richard Bruno (think these are trifles, do you?), together with Suschitzky's lighting, enhance her radiance. As for her acting, she summons no less nuance and subtlety than she would have done for a fresh, complex character. (If it matters, the woman is a commercial artist married to a doctor.) The result is not overload but verity.

De Niro, dealing with an equally stock character, works equally to realize it as if it had never before been seen. My one complaint is that he insists on a thuggish accent. In this successful architectural engineer, with a solid, middle-class, college-grad wife, why? His speech makes it just a shade harder for Streep to convince us that she is stricken by him. But she does; and so does he convince us in return—of the reluctant but invincible love, the buried heartache.

A cheer, too, for Jane Kaczmarek as his wife. She gives a vivid and appealing performance of what could easily have been a TV puppet. To the degree afforded by the script, Kaczmarek lives.

But what a script. It includes: the weary symmetry of a confidant for De Niro and a confidante for Streep; the old hokum of Streep trying on outfit after outfit when she dresses for her first rendezvous, then settling for the original outfit (a scene that even Ingmar Bergman used once, in *The Touch*); Streep's discovery that her ailing father has died while she was with De Niro, thus piling guilt on guilt; the coincidental meeting of the two lovers in Christmas season 1984 at the very bookshop where they first met in the previous Christmas season.

What a waste of talent. But what tal-

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Amadeus. Dollops of Mozart and magnificent settings, lots of distortion about Mozart and Salieri, but a much more agreeable fiction than the original play. (Reviewed 10/22/84)

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Stranger than Paradise. Unique, drily witty, neatly balanced. Three laid-back young people float along on their lives. An extraordinary first film by Jim Jarmusch. (10/29/84)

SK

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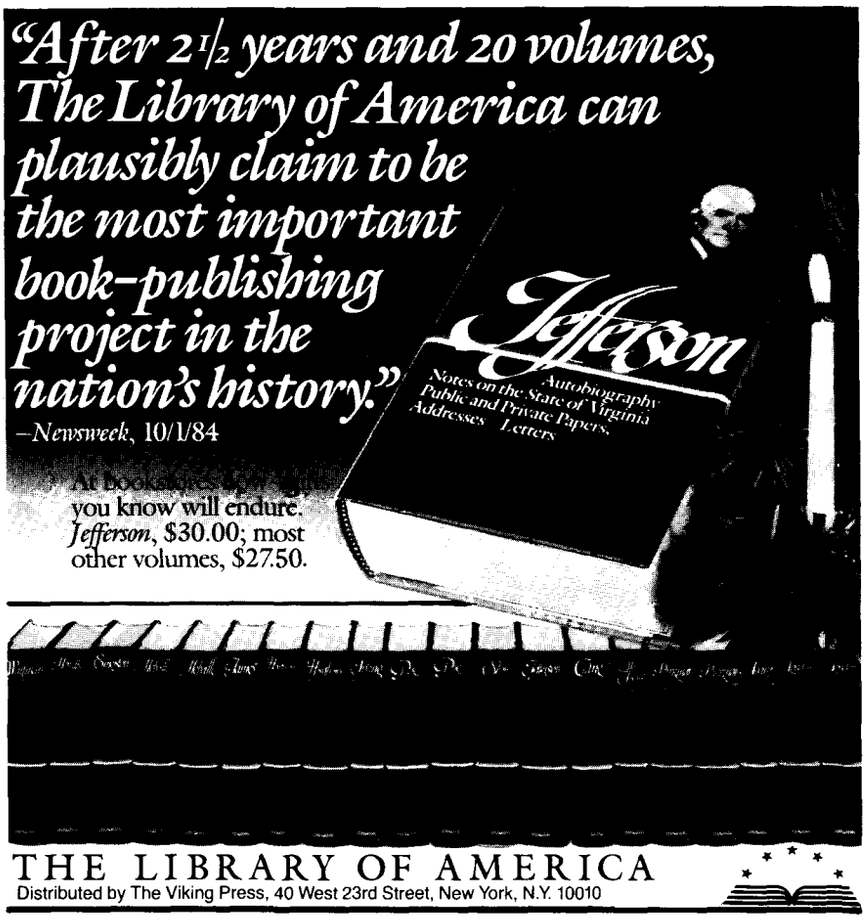
ents. It's like hearing Georg Solti and the Chicago Symphony play "The Skaters Waltz."

A Love in Germany comes loaded with heavy credentials, but basically it's one more offshoot of the tree of illicit love. This time it's the familiar story of the lonely wartime wife and the P.O.W. The director is Andrzej Wajda; the script was derived from a novel by Rolf Hochhuth; the star is Hanna Schygulla. A German village during the Second World War is the setting, and the lovers are Schygulla, a shopkeeper whose husband is off in the army, and a Polish P.O.W. who works for a nearby coal dealer. They are both well aware of the laws against relations between a German woman and a prisoner, with penalties of prison for the woman and hanging for the man. Nonetheless this pair persist. In this persistence, though she invites shame and a prison camp for herself, she is in effect sentencing her lover to death.

If there is any point in this retread of a much-used situation, it's in the pair's very awareness of the penalties involved. Wajda seemingly wanted to dramatize passion's disregard of ordinance, the triumph of true feeling over false proscription. He heightens the contrast by having the doomed affair take place in a village that is exceptionally pretty, a postcard place, hung with swastika banners.

But Wajda, as is the Wajda wont, overdoes matters. He forces Schygulla into an uncharacteristic florid performance. I've never before seen the Pole, Piotr Lysak, so I can't say whether his overacting is unusual. But I *can* say it's unusual for Marie-Christine Barrault, as a spiteful, avaricious neighbor, and for Armin Mueller-Stahl as the local SS commandant. (It was Mueller-Stahl who gave such a solid performance as the older man in Fassbinder's *Lola*.)

Presumably in an attempt to weight the film with historical rue, Wajda encloses the story in a present-day frame. A man goes to this village today, with his teenage son, to interview survivors and get the facts of the old love affair straight. Subsequently we learn that this man is Schygulla's son who, as a very small boy, innocently witnessed some of the *amour*. No reason is given as to why this man or his son should be so concerned about his mother's or his grandmother's love affair.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EDWARD ROTHSTEIN ON MUSIC

A House Divided

At first glance, our musical world is in the flush of health. When before in history have so many compositions been available to so many on recordings at so little cost and with so much convenience? When before have the centers of our musical life been so full of the bustle of concerts and artists and subscribers? Have pianists ever been so fluent and singers so internationally available? Have so many composers ever had such steady salaries as they now have at universities or such opportunities as those offered by private foundations? Have orchestral musicians ever been better paid or more secure? How many governments in history have spent as much as we do today on support of arts in general, spreading largesse to nearly all who can prove an audience ready to attend? So much robust girth is there that the music world, far from barely supporting a minimal staff to present the art, supports a new industry in which administrative and managerial staffs, as well as publicity agents, are overburdened with work.

Yet in the midst of all this activity there is an anxiety, which can emerge in the forced enthusiasm of journalistic feature stories, or even in the tone of performances themselves, which can be harsh, stylistically uncertain. There is also no major contemporary compositional style that is powerful enough to displace the works of the nineteenth century that dominate concert life. And as audiences grow for that repeated repertory, musical promotion seems to become still more emphatic. The barkers of old knew they were exaggerating; today there is uncertainty about just how important anything is.

It is not considered good manners to point this out. In fact, I have had it said to me in reproof that if a critic doesn't relish the pulse of contemporary musical life, he should not be a critic. And indeed, good journalistic practice now eschews much passion; it is "evenhanded," and thus even-tempered; criticism generally serves a "market" function, and so obeys the prerogatives of an apparently thriving musical marketplace. All is well-mannered, and so all is mannered. This makes the task of a critic particularly challenging. But we are fortunate that Samuel Lipman, the music critic for *Commentary*, the publisher of *The New Criterion*, and the author of a recently published collection of essays, *The House of Music* (David R. Godine, 331 pp., $22.50, $12.95 paper), is a dissenting voice, one which has gained in prominence and surety in recent years.

Mr. Lipman is in the unique position of being both a performer—a pianist who began his career as a child prodigy—and an intellectual, which gives him the perspective of an adversary to our unreflective performance culture. This dual recognition of public and elite values was one reason why, alone among intellectual critics, he recognized the considerable power of Harold C. Schonberg's voice when he was the music critic of *The New York Times*: with clarity and passion, Mr. Schonberg served as the critical spokesman for public, rather than academic or esoteric, tastes in music during the 1960s and 1970s. Mr. Lipman's voice is, of course, different: it even embodies the contemporary tension between the two musical worlds of the public and the elite.

Mr. Lipman may begin with the sort of details music critics generally attend to—matters of tempo and rhythm and phrasing and style—but one does not read him for evocative descriptions. His criticism is primarily sociological criticism, judging not just the house of music, as he calls it in his title, but the activities of its landlords, the state of the neighborhood, the policies of the government. In this project, his is a nearly solitary voice. His book, subtitled *Art in an Era of Institutions*, argues that the health of our musical world is nearly entirely institutional, found in increased numbers of administrative personnel, performances, listeners, and grants. Music itself—the influence of new compositions, the vision of performers, music's power to be both understanding and understood—is another matter: "As institutions predominate, music languishes."

As Mr. Lipman argued in his earlier collection, *Music After Modernism*, one problem is that music played in our time is not the music written in our time. Music written later than early Stravinsky and earlier Schönberg has not entered, for the most part, the mainstream of musical life. This has caused a fossilization of the repertory now marketed and packaged by our institutions; it has also helped devalue the high seriousness of that repertory. As a result, the life of music is skewed. If music was once of paramount personal importance to the player and listener, it is now a commodity to be sold by a professional caste of players and presenters, to an audience which can never be large enough.

For all his institutional iconoclasm, Mr. Lipman considers himself a "conservative" critic, and he is often characterized as an aesthetic conservative—as being thoroughly uninterested in new music, devoted to the "conservative" musical idiom, and nostalgic about earlier eras of performance and composition. And Mr. Lipman does indeed yearn for earlier times—in part because the lack of musically compelling performers on the contemporary scene has become a small scandal. He points out, for example, that the latest wave of Soviet musical émigrés is of negligible importance; he mourns the passing of great Wagner performances, and the rise of callow conducting styles. But Mr. Lipman, in far from aesthetically "conservative" positions, also attacks the Metropolitan Opera for its neglect of the contemporary repertory; he has praised even the highly difficult score of Roger Sessions's "Montezuma," and his judgments of contemporary repertory and performance are rarely inaccurate and sometimes generous. He has noted, for example, the power of parts of Philip Glass's *Einstein on the Beach* and found high praise for the idiosyncratic brilliance of Glenn Gould.

STILL, Mr. Lipman is conservative in a customary political sense. He believes that great art is a creation of the individual artist, free from pressures of state economy and cultural administration; he believes that while some art can flourish under the attentions of the state, more often it languishes; and he believes that there is a powerful tradition of European high-art which is a "product of man's intelligence at its most highly civilized and most highly disciplined," but which has now been sullied by the urge to make it more common and more commonplace. Hence the epigraph of this book, taken

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from Schlegel and invoked by Schumann as the epigraph to his "Fantasie":

> There sound through all the tones
> of this multicolored earthly dream
> one gentle tone, drawn
> for him who secretly listens.

"The artist works for an audience of one," Mr. Lipman explains, "and that one experiences the art only in secret." Art is truest, for Mr. Lipman, when it is heard in silence and solitude, free from the bustle and distractions of marketeers and populists.

THUS, for example, Mr. Lipman mounts passionate attacks on the state of musical education (in which high-art music is often treated as one musical "experience" among others, and the low level of general education is "alarming"). He attacks the nature and directions of federal arts funding ("it is not clear that democratic hopes in politics and education can so easily be extended to high-culture"), and argues his policies as a member of the National Council on the Arts. Finally, he attacks the "evangelical marketing" of art—the Metropolitan Opera's slumming in publishing an intellectually sloppy "novelization" of *Der Rosenkavalier*, or one of PBS's more vulgar miscellaneous television compendiums of arts performances.

Mr. Lipman sees music as an "elite" art—not written for everybody, not written by just anybody, and requiring for its apprehension a cultural sophistication. All of this, he would also argue, once applied to the ordinary concert far more than it does today. What has declined is not just the vitality of performance, or the vitality of a culture thriving on the music of its time, but the coherence of a musical community bound in common understanding and discipline.

This absence Mr. Lipman hears even in recordings. He argues, for example, that when two of the most highly regarded lieder singers of our time—Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and Elizabeth Schwarzkopf—sing Hugo Wolf songs, they display exaggerated feelings or "overwrought fussiness." Mr. Lipman accuses them of "playing to the audience"; earlier singers such as Elena Gerhardt and Herbert Janssen would have been more certain of the educated sympathies of their listeners.

So serious has this situation become, Mr. Lipman would say, that we don't even notice it as a problem. Mr. Lipman

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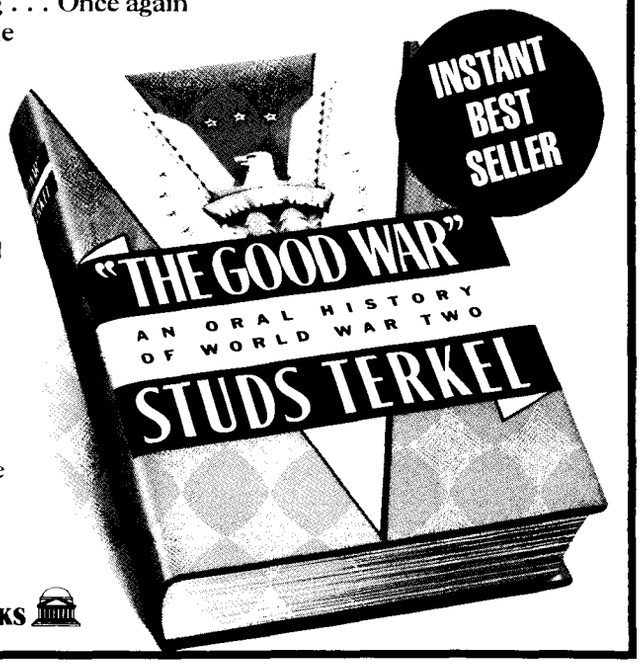

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sternly evaluates New York musical institutions, passing critical verdicts on the Metropolitan Opera (which has yet to perform many major American operas), the New York City Opera (which, Mr. Lipman argues, suffers from dull performances and lack of artistic direction), and the New York Philharmonic (Zubin Mehta has been "utterly without effect on musical life"). His negative judgments are idiosyncratic in the musical press where all can seem business as usual.

I would qualify some of Mr. Lipman's critical judgments—his neglect of the irony in Shostakovich's symphonies, his celebration of Dimitri Mitropoulos's ensemble precision—but there is no other critic writing today who is as acutely aware of the effects of institutions and economic and political forces on musical life. I have learned from him. The function of music has indeed profoundly changed in contemporary society, as has the function of the entire high-art tradition; it is no longer at the expressive and intellectual center of our contemporary culture. Music today has at once become mere entertainment for the largest audience and ever more staunchly "professional" in spirit—serving the guild of composers, the guild of performers, the guild of managerial and administrative staffs. Audiences, too, have become as segmented and specialized as departments in a university, ranging from avant-garde progressives to Early Music devotees. Even the Grove Dictionary, as Mr. Lipman points out, has become, in the course of its successive editions, a paean to music as a professional practice.

BUT THERE are deeper issues, unresolved in Mr. Lipman's criticism as well as in our culture as a whole. Thus, while Mr. Lipman wants to argue that great art is an achievement of the individual free from state and commercial constraints and pressures, it is difficult to think of a time when such pressures were not instrumental in determining the type of music produced. Music was written to order by the church, the court, even, in the nineteenth century, by the new bourgeoisie filling the concert halls.

Moreover, in the last century music began to claim a commercial, public voice, speaking directly to a large audience. What we now call "high-art" was surprisingly popular. Composers of Italian opera, after all, were carried home on the shoulders of crowds; Liszt and Paganini tapped archetypes that had an effect even outside the concert-going and music-playing public. The "hit" songs of the bourgeois parlors were the arias of the latest opera. And vulgarity, to judge from such accounts as Berlioz's *Evenings with the Orchestra*, was more the rule than the exception. The "golden age" of performance also had more than its share of dross. So the "high-art tradition" itself is not a crystalline stream, running separate from the muddier waters of folk and popular cultures.

Yet the situation today is such a difference in degree that it is also a difference in kind. For the peculiar paradox of the nineteenth-century composer's relation to his audience was that he was often both writing for it and rebelling against it, reproducing, curiously, in the very sound of the music, the ambivalent attitudes of the bourgeoisie itself. Berlioz and Beethoven and Liszt could scorn the bourgeoisie and define for themselves personal, profound, even esoteric visions, yet also manage to create the first truly public music. Music was both autonomous, establishing its own aesthetic territory, and married to the life of the culture.

What has happened in this century—which thrives on the musical customs, institutions, and repertory of the last—is that this paradox has come undone. The public, implicitly the patron of the last century, has become patron with a vengeance. For the new public is far larger than the small middle class of the last century. Popular culture has become an imperial force. And the serious composer lives in a far different world. It is not, I think, the fault solely of institutions, but a fault which runs far deeper throughout our culture, so that the very word "culture" seems to have no meaning.

Thus, Mr. Lipman's distinctions are both more essential and more ambiguous than he suggests. What is the importance of the audience? Is high-art to be judged apart from the acclaim of the public? In his last book Mr. Lipman tended to treat the rejection by mainstream audiences of much contemporary music as a critical "verdict," a reflection of the music's aesthetic failure. In this book, more correctly, the integrity of music is argued as beyond facile judgment by audience size and audience response. But Mr. Lipman seems still torn in both directions, standing, as critic, independent of popular opinion, yet also dismayed by its neglect by serious composers; arguing for the priority of high-art and small audiences, while demanding that such art speak to the life of a culture; writing as a severe intellectual, while honoring the voice of the public.

These ambiguities match those of our musical age. I find things less clear than Mr. Lipman, yet no less disturbing. But given the artificial state of musical culture, its fossilization and repetition and professionalization, the best sounds of today can not match the best of our musical life in its prime. The house of music is in disrepair.

MYSTERY AT THE OLD MANSE

Hawthorne's Secret: An Un-Told Tale by Philip Young

(David R. Godine, 183 pp., $15.95)

Philip Young is a sleuth and scholar best known for his *Ernest Hemingway* (1952), which is still a landmark in Hemingway criticism. Now he has turned his attention to Hawthorne. His new book reveals, and documents, a scandal among the romancer's Salem ancestors, not the Hathornes (as the name was then spelled), but his mother's wealthier family, the Mannings. The scandal—if Hawthorne learned about it early in his career—may have affected his picture of himself as a solitary dreamer.

It goes back to the years 1680 and 1681. Two sisters, Anstice and Margaret Manning, were convicted of "incestuous carriage with their brother Nicholas Manning who is fled or out of the way." They were sentenced "to be

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whipt upon the Naked body at Ipswich, & that the next Lecture day at Salem then shall stand or sitt upon an high stoole during the whole time of the Exercise in the open middle ally of the meeting house wth a papper upon each of their heads, written in Capital Letters This is for whorish carriage wth my naturall Brother." A Massachusetts law passed a dozen years later would also have condemned them to wear "a capital I, two inches long of a proportionable bigness, cut in cloth of a contrary colour to their cloathes."

THE TRIAL is summarized, but with no names mentioned, in Joseph B. Felt's *Annals of Salem* written in 1827, a book that Hawthorne borrowed on two occasions; the second was for three months in 1849, when he was writing *The Scarlet Letter*. Felt, however, does not quote the damning testimony, which was that of a servant named Elizabeth Watters. This was copied by Philip Young after a friend directed him to page 69, Ledger 35, of the Records and Files of the Quarterly Courts of Essex County, preserved with other volumes acquired in 1980 by the Essex Institute. There he read that Elizabeth Watters

> . . . saw the offor said Anstis Manning arise out of the bed without her clothes except only an under petticote which we conceived she had then sliped on & presently I saw my master . . . arise out of the same bed without his clothes . . . and put on his clothes siteing by the bed side. . . . She further testifieth that the morning above mentioned. . . . An Kelegrew called her to Look on the bed when she made it & saw the bed much stained of a Red colour

This is hard evidence, confirmed under oath by the other two serving maids, Ann Kelegrew and Grace Stiver. If Hawthorne indeed came across it during his researches into Salem history, it would have suggested a different version of the ancestral sin that weighed on his family. The sin was not Judge Hathorne's sentencing to death of innocent persons. It was Nicholas Manning's incest with two of his sisters. But did Hawthorne read the damning testimony? Young assumes that he did. Of course he might have found it in a ledger then stored on an open shelf of the Essex County courthouse; or again he might have learned about the scandal from his relatives, one of whom was an antiquarian. But he seldom talked to the relatives and

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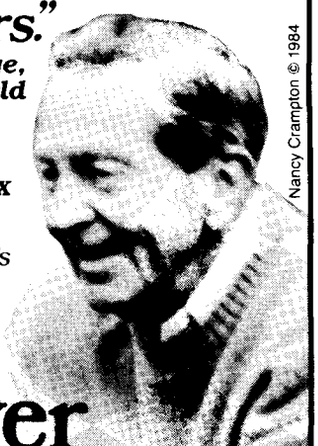
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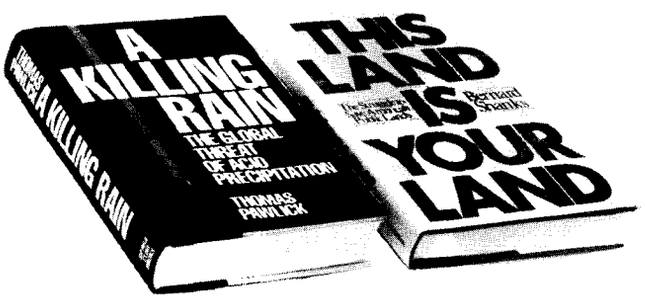

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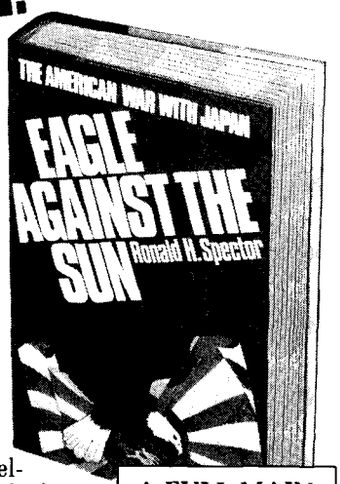

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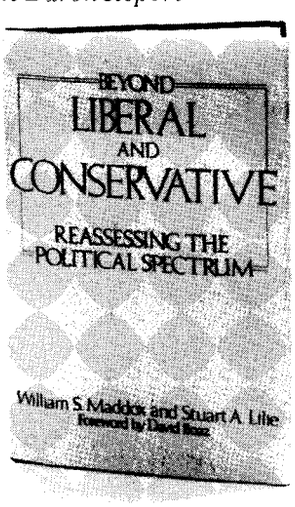

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there is no record of his having paid visits to the courthouse. Young's hard evidence, after being weighed, dissolves into suppositions.

STILL, Young makes use of it—together with his reading of several *Twice-Told Tales*—to create a sort of mystery novel out of Hawthorne's life, as if he had solved a puzzling case. His plot? Hawthorne nourished incestuous fantasies about his slightly older sister Elizabeth, or Ebe. These may have been only fancies, but they would leave behind them, in a mind like Hawthorne's, a stain of guilt—as indeed he intimated in one of his slighter tales, "Fancy's Show-Box." There he asks,

> . . . will guilty thoughts—of which guilty deeds are no more than shadows—will these draw down the full weight of a condemning sentence, in the supreme court of eternity? In the solitude of a midnight chamber . . . the soul may pollute itself even with those crimes, which we are accustomed to deem altogether carnal.

Rather hesitantly and with apologies, Young conjectures that there may have been some carnal sin as well. In either case, Sister Ebe was Hawthorne's guilty secret.

This supposition lends salience to the Manning scandal. If or when Hawthorne learned about it, he might well have regarded the story as a brutal foreshadowing of his own situation. To pass from supposition to fact, we know that he sometimes pondered on ancestral crimes and how they tainted one generation after another. Some of his tales embodied more than a hint of incestuous relations. One detail of the scandal that might have colored his work is Watters's testimony that the bed was "much stained of a Red colour." Blood and guilt became synonymous in his imaginings. Satan in "Young Goodman Brown," one of Hawthorne's greatest tales, promises the Goodman and his wife that they shall "exult to behold the whole earth one stain of guilt, one enormous blood-spot." As for the scarlet letter that Hester Prynne was condemned to wear, Young conjectures that, in the mind's eye of the author, it was not an *A* for adultery but an *I* for incest.

All this is a simplified version of Philip Young's scenario, which he renders more plausible by offering scores of quotations. But Young simplifies, too, by making Hawthorne a less complicated person than he was in the flesh.

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Young's portrait makes him a pallid figure who deserves the otherworldly nickname "Oberon." Determined as he is to win fame by transcribing his fancies, he neglects his relations with living men and women. Hawthorne's persona in his fiction has something of that weakness, as witness Miles Coverdale of *The Blithedale Romance*; but Hawthorne in life had another aspect as well, especially after his marriage to Sophia Peabody. More and more he displayed the practical, the merchant-like, the Bay State side of his character. He became a householder who was obeyed and almost worshiped by his little family, as well as a widely respected civil servant.

YOUNG neglects this other side of Hawthorne, besides disparaging the solid achievements to which it led. It is true that he lost contact with the dreams that had given a somber radiance to his early fiction, but I would not say with Young that his work "declined steadily in value" after *The Scarlet Letter*. Young is unfair to the published romances that followed, forgetting what Hawthorne said about *The House of the Seven Gables*—that, in its mixture of several moods, romantic and realistic, it was "a work more characteristic of my mind." He is even more unfair to *The Blithedale Romance*, which he could hardly bear to read, let alone to write about; he calls it "a feeble book, badly put together and to no particular point." But I go back to it with pleasure, while noting that it had a discernible effect on Henry James and Howells, and hence on the history of American fiction. As for *The Marble Faun*, largely a guidebook to Rome read by generations of tourists, it contains two superbly dramatic chapters.

And the *English Notebooks*, not published as he wrote them until nearly eighty years after his death and never widely read? They form a substantial work in themselves, full of shrewd observations. They make us feel that Hawthorne might have become a realistic novelist of stature if he had turned his mind in that direction. Instead, with his health ruined, he spent his declining years trying vainly to finish four romances after losing touch with the sources of his inspiration. The fact remains that Hawthorne, on his Yankee or practical side, was not the utter failure that Young presents him as being.

Whether he had a secret of any sort is a question that has been argued and obfuscated for more than a century. Herman Melville believed in its existence. When Julian Hawthorne was writing a biography of his father, Melville told him that he was "convinced Hawthorne had all his life concealed some great secret, which would, were it known, explain all the mysteries of his career." Julian disagreed; he wrote that his father "had no stain . . . upon his conscience." Others might conjecture that there was indeed something to conceal, but of a nature less shocking to modern sensibilities than incest.

One of the tales that Hawthorne wrote while living happily at the Old Manse might offer a clue; it is "Egotism; or, The Bosom Serpent." A wealthy and talented young man, Roderick Elliston, is afflicted with the notion that a serpent lives in his breast. "It gnaws me! It gnaws me!" he keeps muttering. Elliston wanders the streets accosting neighbors under the delusion that they, too, nourish bosom serpents. His mania has given him a sharp eye for the sins of others. After his release from an asylum, Elliston is visited by a young sculptor, the cousin of his deserted wife, Rosina. The sculptor has first consulted "an eminent medical gentleman," who assured him that Elliston's case was not unprecedented. His symptoms, including morbidity and a sickly green complexion, are in fact those assigned by nineteenth-century opinion to victims of self-abuse. Thus, for the word "egotism" in the title of the story, one is tempted to substitute "onanism." Elliston himself is finally redeemed by a reawakened affection for Rosina.

THIS CLUE to one of Hawthorne's meanings might also be applied to some of his other tales, as notably to "Young Goodman Brown," with its vision of universal human depravity, and even more to "The Minister's Black Veil." There the saintly Mr. Hooper wears a black veil on his face in token of an unacknowledged sin. Nobody can persuade him to remove it, not even his beloved Elizabeth, who thereupon bids him farewell. Years later he rises from his deathbed to proclaim, "I look around me, and lo! on every visage a Black Veil!" What was the univeral sin of which it was an emblem? In another tale, "The Birthmark," the blemish on Georgiana's lovely face was in the shape of a hand—and why a hand?

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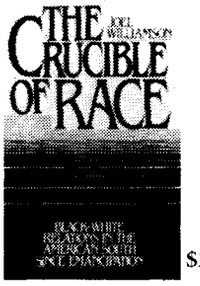

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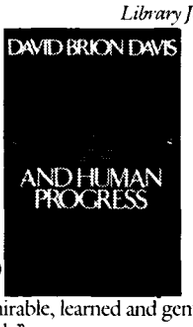

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One is tempted to pursue such queries and speculations, but I have come to feel that the temptation should be resisted. Too many critics have been yielding to it, and not with fruitful results. In Hawthorne's case especially, though also in others, it may lead to the simplification of a rich and baffling personality, as well as to the neglect of the works themselves in the effort to reveal the usually sexual, usually familiar aberrations that they conceal. Philip Young tries to avoid those faults, and most often succeeds (though he has little of interest to say about Sister Ebe, an essential figure in his story). One feels grateful to him for unearthing an item of hard evidence about Hawthorne's ancestors, and also for offering persuasive readings of some tales that are often misinterpreted. I read his book with keen interest, then went back to read it again. Still, as for Hawthorne's secret, if a secret there was, that reserved and reclusive man has told us as much of it as he could bear to tell. His contribution to American letters had earned him the right to carry the rest of it with him into Sleepy Hollow cemetery.

MALCOLM COWLEY

Malcolm Cowley has edited and introduced *The Portable Hawthorne* and has published several essays about the author's life and works. He first contributed to THE NEW REPUBLIC in 1919.

CARDINAL SINS

The American Pope: The Life and Times of Francis Cardinal Spellman by John Cooney

(Times Books, 364 pp., $19.95)

Eugenio Pacelli, who reigned as Pius XII, was the ecclesiastic as patrician. Francis Spellman, known behind his back as Spelly, was the ecclesiastic as slob. Photographs of the two men together, taken in the 1930s, form a wonderful contrast—Pacelli, a better-tailored Nosferatu (cape and all), Spellman, a bespectacled Lou Costello. A 1930s image: trylon and perisphere.

When Pacelli became Pope, telephones in the Vatican were specially equipped with long wires, so that recipients of his calls could converse with him on their knees. When Spellman visited American troops in his favored combat fatigues, serving as Military Vicar to Catholic chaplains, soldiers might have taken him for one of their own large mislaid duffel bags. According to Spellman's authorized biography, written by Robert I. Gannon, S.J., a staff sergeant wrote home during World War II:

> I never saw a man with more junk than Archbishop Spellman had with him. He had two suitcases full of files, papers, pictures, speeches, and stories. And truthfully, I don't think he knew where a single thing was, or where he could lay his hands on anything he wanted. He didn't even want to attempt to clean it up either. One of the suitcases couldn't be opened because he had lost the key to the lock. We called up the Base Utilities and one of the guys came over and fixed it for him. All this pleased the Archbishop very much.

Spellman showed a flattering need for the sergeant's help: "Before we started to work the Archbishop suggested that we raid the refrigerator downstairs. (Only the generals have them.)" One of Spellman's strengths was that he remained, under all his church's baggy pomposities, ineradicably a grocer's son.

When he fought with Eleanor Roosevelt over aid to Catholic schools, Spellman was wrong about everything else; but he was on the right side of the class division. For most Catholics, he seemed to be standing up for immigrants when the aristocratic lady frowned on their large families. It was bad ethics, but good tactics, to call her unmotherly.

But what could make this shrewdly vulgar man a friend to Eugenio Pacelli? Friends is what John Cooney repeatedly calls them, in a book that repeats everything it says. Yet here, as so often,

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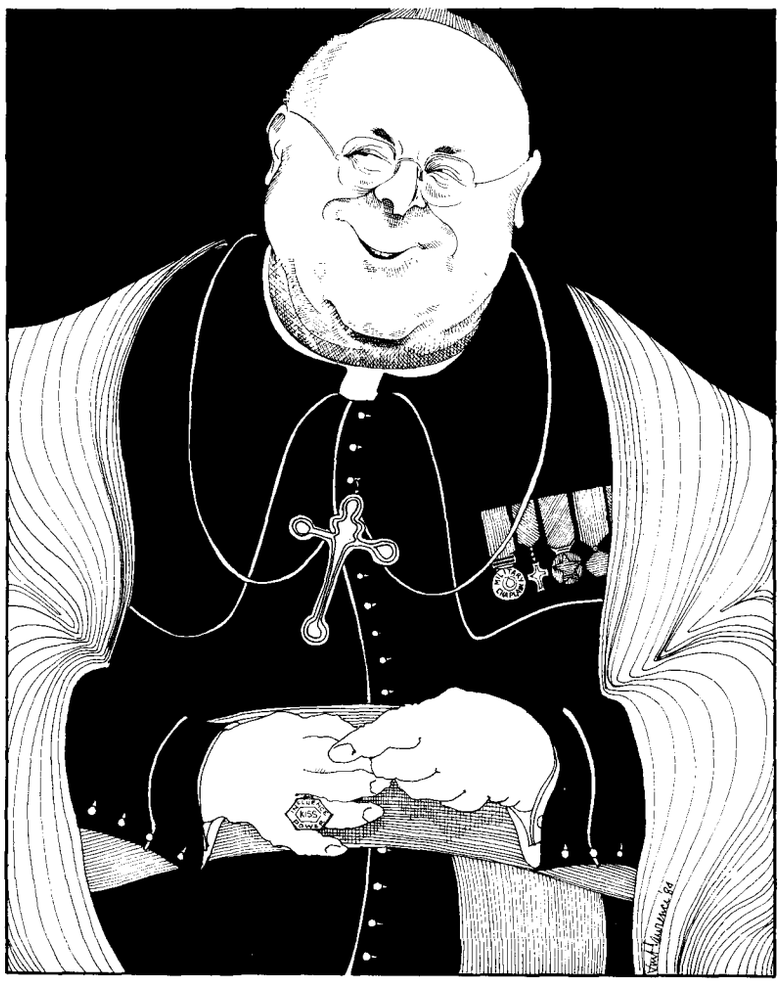
Cooney is wrong: friendship requires some level of equality. Spellman was always more a toady than a dictator, and Pacelli more the autocrat than an intimate. The American scurried to make himself first useful, then indispensable. Soon he was in a position to use while being used—not quite the same thing as friendship.

Spellman was good at using one patron to cultivate another, then playing the two off against each other for a third. As a young monsignor in Rome, he did favors for the wealthy Brady family, becoming chaplain, court gossip, confessor, and social arranger for Mrs. Brady's salon, one of whose ornaments was Pacelli. In 1936, the widowed Mrs. Brady, who had returned to her Long Island estate, Inisfada, confided to Bishop Spellman that the Papal Secretary of State, which Pacelli had become by then, was about to pay her a private visit. Pacelli had good reason to visit America when President Roosevelt was making overtures about an American representative to the Vatican and complaining about Father Coughlin's opposition to his reelection; but his trip could not appear a mission. Everything but the visit to Inisfada must seem improvised, and Spellman was expected to do the last-minute arranging. A meeting with the President was set up through Joseph P. Kennedy, though Spellman shrewdly told Kennedy that it must not look as if the two of them had anything to do with it (a fact we learn from Gannon's biography, not Cooney's). Pacelli, Spellman, and Brady were all using each other, for larger or lesser purposes, with varying degrees of success. Mrs. Brady thought she lost—that Spellman had kidnapped her social catch and smuggled him about the country to political and church meetings. What is worse, Cooney thinks that, or wants us to think it. His view of Spellman is like the view of communism he attributes to Spellman—always agent, never reactive; an uninfluenced influencer; god of his little ungodly system. You would never guess from Cooney's narrative that Pacelli knew what he wanted to do with his time.

A writer should not undertake the biography of a subject for whom he feels no sympathy at all. That is Cooney's first problem. (Well, not quite the first: if he wants to write other books in English, he should first learn the language.) Spellman was obviously ambitious; he could be petty and vindictive. He was also pious, in sincere if conventional ways that Cooney discounts or cannot conceive. He makes Spellman's whole priesthood a pretense, a ruse of power-seeking. But if it were only that, it would not have worked. Cooney cannot trace the real workings of Spellman's power because he never finds its source—the man's hold on the sympathies of his co-religionists. Spellman's crusades, from his anti-communism to his obsession with dirty movies, are treated as personal idiosyncracies. But Spellman was only heeded by other leaders because he had troops willing to follow him.



FRANCIS CARDINAL SPELLMAN BY VINT LAWRENCE

Cooney treats Spellman's attacks on movies like *The Miracle* and *Baby Doll* as urged on by private demons. One gets no sense from his book of the vast energies the Catholic Church had poured into the censorship of movies, and the encouragement it got to do so from Hollywood—prompting a cynic to say that American movies were made by Jews to please Catholics by glorifying WASPs. Will Hays, the morals "czar" of the 1920s, was heavily influenced by Catholics like Martin Quigley. A Jesuit priest, Daniel Lord, ghost-wrote the Production Code of 1930, and Joseph Breen, a Catholic, administered it. Then, as if this were not enough Catholic filtering, a final church body, the Legion of Decency, gave the films another rating. All these bodies acted with the same prurient standards that Spellman used. His mistake, insofar as he made one, was to add his personal voice to this broad range of massed institutional pressures. Personally he got along very well with Hollywood's emperors, eliciting so many financial and other tributes from Louis B. Mayer that there was talk the mogul might convert (another thing one learns from sources other than Cooney).

Cooney is the kind of stylist who cannot write "anti-Communist" without the prefacing adjective "rabid." Spellman surely worked to earn the adjective. But mere rabies would just froth itself away. Spellman's anti-communism was dangerous because it worked—not only with his co-religionists, but with the F.B.I., the C.I.A., and the State Department. For once Cooney barely exaggerates when he treats Spellman as the creator of Ngu Dinh Diem's power in Vietnam. But, again, this role

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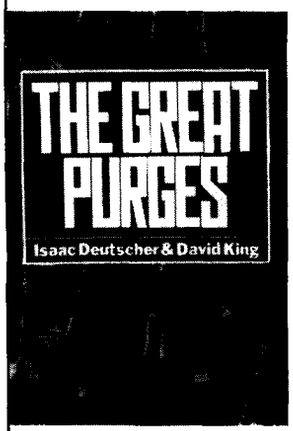

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came from Spellman's sympathy with a widespread body of sentiment. Spellman's "rabidity" was the norm for Catholics of his time and background. Cooney is shocked that Spellman once appeared on the same platform with Joseph McCarthy. The wonder is that he restricted himself to that minimal gesture of support. His heart was surely with McCarthy, but his head held him (partly) back.

COONEY enlarges Spellman's role and empties him of humanity. For him, Spellman is the evil empire. All that he did was bad, even his rescue of the New York archdiocese from its crippling Depression debts. Cooney says that centralizing finances deprived banks at the parish level of support they had long expected. But only rich parishes were doing profitable business with such banks; the poor ones were not getting loans at all. Spellman's recovery program repeated some of the strategies Roosevelt was using in the New Deal.

Given Cooney's inability to find anything human in Spellman, it is good he backed off from the allegations of homosexuality contained in his first draft. One might expect that these would reveal the monster was at least capable of affection; but Cooney would no doubt find a way to deny that, too. At any rate, the real *liaisons dangereuses* in Spellman's life were not with persons, but with politics and the military. His career stands as an entire fulfillment of James Madison's warning about the mutually corrupting influence of American chaplaincies. Madison deplored "the precedent of Chaplainships for the army and navy," and would have denied them even to ships at sea for long periods. He thought all chaplains' offices unconstitutional. "Is the appointment of Chaplains to the two Houses of Congress consistent with the Constitution, and with the pure principle of religious freedom? In strictness the answer must be in the negative. The Constitution of the U.S. forbids everything like an establishment of a national religion."

Franklin Roosevelt wooed the Catholic vote, using Spellman and others against Father Coughlin. Spellman seemed a double blessing to the President—an interventionist, but one who had not wanted intervention against France. In World War II, Spellman helped keep Franco neutral, and keep Americans neutral toward him.

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The armed services were happy to use the indefatigable traveler in his rumpled fatigues; he helped morale. Spellman was himself blissfully unaware that there was any difference between preaching the gospel and urging on the war. Having used Pacelli and Mrs. Brady to reach Roosevelt, he proceeded to cultivate the President, staying as his guest in the White House (where, naturally, he said his morning mass—which would have horrified fundamentalists of the time, if they had known).

After the war Spellman helped Truman funnel money and support to Catholic politicians in Italy, while the C.I.A. was running its "disinformation" campaigns against the Italian Communist Party. He groomed Diem, who had stayed at one of Spellman's New York seminaries, for high office, and introduced him to Washington patrons. By 1954 he was preaching that "War to the hilt between communism and capitalism is inevitable." He wanted the United States to intervene at Dien Bien Phu, and sounded "taps for the buried hopes of freedom" when that city fell. Lyndon Johnson turned to him for support of the unpopular war in Vietnam, and Spellman blessed what he called "Christ's war against the Vietcong and the people of North Vietnam." It was World War II all over again. Spellman was thrilled with battle visits, high Pentagon briefings, and Presidential assurances that his country needed him. The corruption was completed. Roosevelt thought he could use religion and keep it in its place; he loosed a force that outlived him. Spellman had sought to please, and became the tool of the C.I.A. and the F.B.I.

THOSE who believe that evangelicals are making new inroads into our politics should study the career of Spellman to see how it is really done. Spellman's few public squabbles, over movies or Mrs. Roosevelt, were not typical of him. The backstairs influence, the secret deal, the appointment gained, the measure blocked—those were the things he excelled at. They were the courtier's quiet prizes. In his day, movies were routinely censored at many levels. Magazines like *Playboy* could not have existed—its tame forerunners were routinely pressured off the stands by clerical "advice." Not only were abortions illegal; so, in Connecticut or outside pharmacies, was the sale of contraceptives. To see how far we have traveled in the interval, one need only look at the Eleanor Roosevelt columns which Spellman objected to. (They are not printed by Cooney). While opposing federal aid to Catholic schools, the point at issue with Spellman, Mrs. Roosevelt said:

> I have no feeling against the use of a prayer which all children of all denominations could say in the public schools. In fact, I think there should be a great effort made to stress that education is not purely for material purposes. . . . It might be possible to devise a prayer that all the denominations could say, and it certainly ought to be possible to read certain verses from the Bible every day.

Even most evangelicals would not ask, now, to read the Bible every day in school.

The noisy Falwells fill our TV screens because they lack the quiet sway exercised by religion in Spellman's time. The new preachers lament what they had no power to prevent, and get louder every day because they are losing. Compared to the vast corruptions Spellman symbolized, they are minor annoyances.

GARRY WILLS

Garry Wills is Henry R. Luce Professor of American Culture at Northwestern University.

THE GOOD, THE BAD, AND THE UGLY

Israel's Lebanon War
by Ze'ev Schiff and Ehud Ya'ari
edited and translated by Ina Friedman

(Simon & Schuster, 308 pp., $17.95)

In a sparkling new housing project on the outskirts of Jerusalem there sits a man alone on a terrace staring at the hills of Tuscan beauty around him, a man who sees and speaks to almost nobody, a recluse reflecting, between miserable bouts of melancholy, on the finitude of men and the cunning of fate. The man is Menachem Begin, who used to breathe fire. No more. The incarnation in the flesh of Jewish power and Jewish pride, the peacemaker and the warmaker, the fearless scourge of all, high and low, who scanted Jewish suffering, has broken down.

The Israeli press, not famous for its tact, is rattled by this Greek tragedy in the Jewish state, and writes almost not a word about it. At first Begin's breakdown was attributed by his colleagues, who were threatened by the light it cast on their policies of the recent past, to the death of Begin's wife. Nobody any longer denies, however, that Begin broke down for reasons of history. Something went wrong, terribly wrong, on his watch. It was Lebanon. The hero of Camp David ended with the responsibility for the death in battle of 600 Israeli soldiers. The anti-hero of Deir Yassin found himself, at the end of a lifelong trajectory from terrorist to statesman, charged with indirect responsibility for Sabra and Shatila. The lion was brought low.

There is no more dramatic expression of the moral and political mess that came of "Operation Peace in Galilee" than the collapse of Menachem Begin. It must be numbered, in a way, among his achievements; it is proof of his heart, of his Jewish heart. No such proof has been forthcoming, for example, from Ariel Sharon, the man primarily responsible for the deceptions and depredations and delusions that transformed a worthy campaign for the destruction of the P.L.O. into a military and political imbroglio that cast the army and the society of Israel into a condition of crisis. Those of us who supported "Peace in Galilee" because we supported peace in Galilee, who agreed that Israel had a right and a duty to respond in kind to an organization that had been making war against its men, women, and children for more than a decade, have observed nothing to shake our support in the subsequent history of the search for a political solution on the West Bank. The military collapse and political crippling of the

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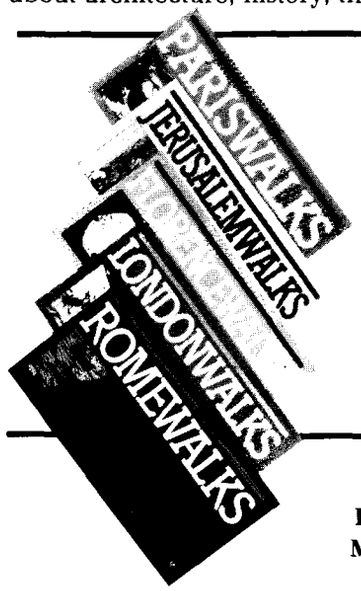

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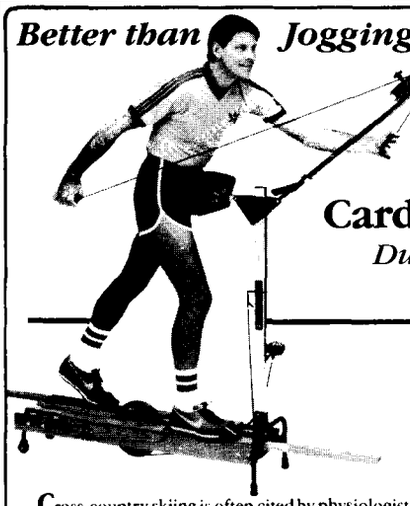

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P.L.O. has removed an important obstacle from the way of the Palestinians of the West Bank and, *insha'allah*, from the way of the King of Jordan.

Still, the war that we had in mind turns out to have been rather different from the war that Ariel Sharon had in mind. It seems safe to say that Israel won our war and lost his war. With the appearance of Ze'ev Schiff's and Ehud Ya'ari's book, it becomes possible to examine in detail the character of Sharon's war, and to re-examine some of the exaggerations and enthusiasms that seduced the Jewish state into the sectarian swamp beyond its border.

THE book cannot be called a history of the war. It is, rather, a history of what went wrong with the war; which means that it is, sadly to say, a history of most of the war. The book is based upon an access to political and military sources that cannot be checked, but have not been challenged. Indeed, a seismic shock passed through Israeli politics when it appeared, in a longer and differently assembled edition, in Hebrew. (The English version omits some detailed military analysis; it is also perhaps the most finely translated thing from the Hebrew that I have ever read.) The book is a narrative, not an analysis. It suffers from a failure to provide the American reader with the full context of the war. We are given the history of the Phalange in Lebanon, and of its relations with Israel, but we are not given the history of the P.L.O. in Lebanon, and of its relations with Israel.

At the start of the war, after all, there was a consensus in Israel in favor of the final riddance of the P.L.O. from the northern frontier; this consensus, which included a majority of American Jews too, is not quite intelligible in Schiff's and Ya'ari's account. The consensus was fully justified, morally and politically; and the mind-numbing mendacity of the American media's reportage of the war stiffened it. But it came somewhat undone, here and in Israel, as the war wore on. This tough-minded book, written out of a love of Israel, shows why. It is no longer possible to doubt some of the doubts. Many of the means and the ends of Sharon's operation were questionable. And some of them were simply indefensible.

The ends were fourfold: to be unburdened of the P.L.O.; to expel the Syrians from Lebanon and remove the SAM missiles with which Syria was

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threatening the strategic balance in the air; to change the balance of power between Christians and Muslims within Lebanon, and create a new kind of Lebanese state; to rattle the Palestinians in the occupied territories sufficiently to make them leave, or acquiesce in permanent Israeli domination. Of these ends, one succeeded, two backfired, and one failed catastrophically. The war against the P.L.O. was a success; that is, it accomplished what could be accomplished by an invasion of Lebanon—a total military victory and a partial political victory. As Schiff and Ya'ari conclude, "the major achievements of the war were and remain the destruction of the P.L.O.'s 'state-within-a-state' in Lebanon, the elimination of the centers of command and supply for the network of international terrorism, and . . . the removal of the P.L.O.'s guns from range of the Galilee."

THE WAR against Syria backfired. The missiles were removed in the most stunning display of Israeli military skill since Entebbe, but not without compromising technologies of defense that might have been better saved for a war of survival; and more importantly, not without promoting Syria from a sullen police state on the margins of recent Middle Eastern history to an imperial power along the Lebanese littoral, a virtual Soviet arsenal, and a player in regional politics to which both superpowers regularly suck up. The war against the Palestinians in the territories backfired, too. For the purposes of a political settlement they were not going anywhere, and the rout of the Palestinians in Lebanon created an international demand for reconciliation with the Palestinians on the West Bank. But it was the war against Lebanon that became a blunder of historical proportions.

The blunder originated in the alliance that Ariel Sharon concluded with Bashir Gemayel; or, more precisely, in the duping of Ariel Sharon by Bashir Gemayel. Schiff and Ya'ari show (in the Robert Ludlumish opening chapter of their book) that the Gemayel clan decided as early as 1976 that they would not win the civil war in Lebanon without dragging Israel in on their side. With the rise of the Likud to power a year later, they saw their chance. Given the determination of Menachem Begin and Ariel Sharon to destroy the P.L.O., their personal, political, and philosoph-

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ical pleasure in the use of force, their shared belief (an old stratagem of Ben-Gurion's, in fact) that Israel could secure itself by means of alliances with the non-Muslim communities of the neighboring Muslim states, the Gemayels correctly understood that they would not be dragged into the Lebanese trap screaming. Schiff and Ya'ari maintain that Sharon told Gemayel about his plans for the war before he told Begin—the first of the defense minister's many derelictions of ministerial duty.

THE ALLIANCE with the Phalange was probably the stupidest act of foreign policy in the history of Israel. As the authors demonstrate with definitive and damning detail, Israel's partners behaved cravenly from the first day of the war. "To aid in advancing the operation, Bashir was asked to perform a few services, first and foremost, to have his men open fire along the Green Line dividing Beirut between Muslim- and Christian-controlled areas—so as to distract and pin down the terrorists in the city—and second to permit Israeli combat teams to land at Junieh. . . . He refused both requests. . . ." When the Israelis finally reached the outskirts of Beirut, Sharon expected Gemayel to rejoice, and to put his shoulder finally to the wheel. But

> hardly had greetings been exchanged when the Israelis began to sense that Bashir was trying to squirm out of his commitment to fight in Beirut. . . . Sharon, his patience exhausted, tried to end the charade of pleasantries. "We're here with tanks!" he shouted at Bashir. "*Do something!*"

But nothing was done, with the notable exception of the slaughter of Palestinian innocents. Gemayel remorselessly and shamelessly reneged on each and every commitment he made to the Israelis. He hid from the Israeli command the result of a Phalangist census that showed that only 30 percent of the population of the country was Christian. He wanted them simply to hand him the country.

Schiff and Ya'ari provide an apposite correction to the martyrological misjudgment of Gemayel that has marred most Israeli and American accounts of the war and its aftermath. Had Bashir only lived, runs the excuse, there would have been a strong Lebanese Army, a strong Lebanese government, a strong rebuff of Syria, and so on. Rubbish. Nothing that Bashir Gemayel did, from the Lebanese civil war through the war of 1982, suggests that he cared a damn about Lebanon. And this was something that could have been known prior to the Israeli invasion. Indeed, the character of Lebanon could have been known, too. It is a religious and ethnic charnel house.

THE notion that the Israeli Army could fix Lebanon's centuries of violence in a week was Sharon's greatest mistake—a mistake so great that it must forever stand as a mark against the man's judgment. During the war Sharon and his apologists argued that Israel would "liberate" Lebanon. From what? From its history? And what, between 1975 and 1982, did "Lebanon" mean? They argued, too, that nothing less than the values of Western civilization were at stake in "Operation Peace in Galilee." In the Israeli war against terrorism, against the denial of its existence, against the delegitimation of its democracy, yes. In the Phalange war against the other tribes of this Levantine jungle, no. As for the interests of the Jewish state, the Jews of Israel have about as much reason to intervene in the gang wars of the Gemayels and the Jumblatts as the Jews of Brooklyn do to intervene in the gang wars of the Colombos and the Genoveses.

As the war went on, the number of Israeli officials dissenting from the pro-Phalangist illusion grew. The most important among them, the really tragic hero of this book, was Yehoshua Saguy, the chief of military intelligence. The accuracy of his premonitions, the depth of his understanding of the corrupt circumstances of Lebanese life, were astonishing. Time after time he warned of Bashir's impending betrayals, of the essentially barbaric nature of the Phalange militia; and time after time he was ignored. Finally, in a fateful abdication of responsibility, Saguy chose to ignore his own warnings, too. He went along with the unconscionable decision by the Israeli command in Beirut to allow the Phalange, thirsting for blood after the assassination of Gemayel, into the Palestinian refugee camps. The Kahan Commission noted the correctness of Saguy's analysis, but also the collapse of his courage, and recommended that he be relieved of his duties. He was.

The abject failure of the Israeli cabinet to keep abreast of the advances in the field was perhaps Sharon's greatest victory. Schiff and Ya'ari paint a disgust-

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ing portrait of the debasement of Israeli democracy by this loose and lethal man. The conduct of the war may be said to have been the closest thing to a military coup that Israel has ever known. (Of course no such coup is possible in Israel; the army would not stand for it.)

If Schiff and Ya'ari are right, and nobody in Israel has proved that they are wrong, Sharon lied brazenly to his political superiors about many of the most significant actions of the war. To his men at the front he complained that "in the morning I fight the terrorists and every evening I return to Jerusalem to fight the cabinet." He did not inform the cabinet (or the Prime Minister) of the decision to attack the Syrian army. He did not inform them of the decision to advance on Beirut. He did not inform them of the decision to advance as far as East Beirut. He lulled almost the whole political echelon with assurances about a 40-kilometer limit, and prevented any further discussion of his war aims until well into the war. When pressed, he reported vaguely on "improving our positions"; when pressed more, on "protecting our men." And when the demoralization in the officer corps grew to a demoralization in the population, and for the first time in Israel's history there were demonstrations against a war in progress, Sharon commented, in fine fascist manner, that the opposition was "knifing the soldiers in the back." That is a metaphor, you would have thought, that a Jew could do without.

ONE OF the many contributions of this book is its portrait of Sharon, which exposes him as precisely the unprincipled and undemocratic man that he is. (Students of Israeli politics have known about the crater in Sharon's conscience for years—in 1977, for example, this hero of Jewish hawks ran for Knesset on a platform that called for a Palestinian state in the West Bank and Gaza.) But what of Begin? On Begin the book is weak. There is further confirmation of the simplicity and the grandiosity of his mind, as when he taught the cabinet that a deep flanking movement against the Syrian army was "a tactic worthy of Hannibal," or when he wrote to President Reagan that "in a war whose purpose is to annihilate the leader of the terrorists in Beirut, I feel as though I have sent an army into Berlin to wipe out Hitler in the bunker." Still, the Begin of this book is curiously remote. He

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is mainly Sharon's victim. No doubt he was. The pathos of the Prime Minister, however, is a little beside the point. It was Begin's job to prevent what went wrong from going wrong. Even before the atrocity at Sabra and Shatila, if only because he did not bother to dog the deeds of the man who was representing Israel in the field and in the papers, Begin failed to do his job.

The most devastating criticism of Sharon's policies in Lebanon, in the end, has come not from the authors of this important book, who are a credit to the country and the political culture that produced them. It has come from Sharon's successors. One of Moshe Arens's first moves as defense minister (he assumed the post after the Kahan Commission's inquiry, at the beginning of Sharon's all-too-short sojourn in the political wilderness) was to end the Phalangist monopoly upon Israeli attention and make contacts with the other factions in the Lebanese farrago. His successor, Yitzhak Rabin, seems deadly in earnest about extricating Israel from its northern entanglement, and has presented the Lebanese with a set of proposals that are unprecedented in contemporary diplomacy for their reasonableness. The Lebanese have canceled the talks, and then canceled their cancellations; it remains to be seen whether the Khomeiniac contempt for the practice of politics will overwhelm the southern Lebanese corner of the Middle East as well.

Meanwhile in Israel the lessons of Lebanon slowly sink into the army and the body politic. Naturally the Israelis themselves will have to decide whether the gains of "Operation Peace in Galilee" were worth the costs. But the petty imperial ambitions of Ariel Sharon have at least been exposed. As he fights bitterly to take over the Likud, the Israelis must keep his mistakes in mind. The small state's reach must never exceed its grasp, or what's a haven for?

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LITTLE-BIG BOOK

The Minimal Self: Psychic Survival in Troubled Times by Christopher Lasch

(Norton, 317pp., $16.95)

Rarely has a small book made such wearying reading. It is not just the asides and excursions, which have the feel of leftover essays and camouflaged retorts to obscure critics. Nor is it the gratuitious verbal pirouettes on the head of a psychoanalytic pin. What is most wearying is the genre. This, like Lasch's previous work, *The Culture of Narcissism*, is meant to be a big book, a diagnosis of American culture. For such a book to succeed, it must be very convincing. When it is not—when its large statements alternate between vacuity, mundanity, and cliché, all delivered with numbing portentousness—the result is exhaustion.

The first paragraph of *The Minimal Self* announces the large idea: the discovery of a new self—the minimal self, concerned only with survival, and born out of the malaise, retreat, and anxiety that is contemporary American life:

> In a time of troubles, everyday life becomes an exercise in survival. People take one day at a time. They seldom look back, lest they succumb to a debilitating "nostalgia"; and if they look ahead, it is to see how they can insure themselves against the disasters almost everybody now expects. Under these conditions, selfhood becomes a kind of luxury, out of place in an age of impending austerity. . . . Under siege, the self contracts to a defensive core, armed against adversity. Emotional equilibrium demands a minimal self, not the imperial self of yesteryear.

Now, we all like to believe that our own times are uniquely wicked or empty or trying or troubled. It is a kind of narcissistic tradition for every generation to think so. But a sociological analysis built on such a premise is under some obligation to do more than assert it. Is this really "a world of downward mobility, social upheaval, and chronic economic, political, and mili-

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tary crisis"? Is it true that "people have lost confidence in the future"? Lasch's evidence never rises above the level of cliché: "Faced with an escalating arms race, an increase in crime and terrorism, environmental deterioration, and the prospect of long-term economic decline"—all the usual suspects, neatly rounded up—"they have begun to prepare for the worst, sometimes by building fallout shelters and laying in provisions, more commonly by executing a kind of emotional retreat from the long-term commitments that presuppose a stable, secure, and orderly world."

DO YOU know anyone building a bomb shelter? Neither do I. (Nor, I suspect, does Lasch.) Are we really in "emotional retreat"? Consider a typical piece of evidence:

> Competition, for example, now centers not so much on the desire to excel as on the struggle to avoid a crushing defeat. A willingness to risk everything in the pursuit of victory gives way to a cautious hoarding of the reserves necessary to sustain life over the long haul.

Plausible. Now reverse the sentences to state the opposite. Is the contrary pronouncement any less plausible?

Lasch never seems to entertain the possibility that survivor talk may be a form of chic, a way of dramatizing one's life, of giving epic proportion to something of normal contour and depth. He takes it all quite seriously, as proof of the psyche under siege, uniquely so in our time. One thing that can be said, however, about Lasch's analysis of the state of industrial society is that he does not hide his anti-technological bias. In the course of trying to demonstrate how little progress technology has wrought, he goes so far as to claim "All medical technology has done is to increase patients' dependence on machines and the medical experts who operate these 'life-support systems.' " To mention only anesthesia, insulin, and the smallpox vaccine is to expose this as Luddite nonsense. (And where does the cultural critic go when he has chest pain?)

Elsewhere Lasch maintains that our control of technology is not only illusory but threatened because of "changes in climate, depletion of the ozone layer, and the exhaustion of natural resources." Again, the usual suspects. But exactly what changes in climate? What depletion of the ozone layer? (Remember what the Concorde was going to do?) As for the exhaustion

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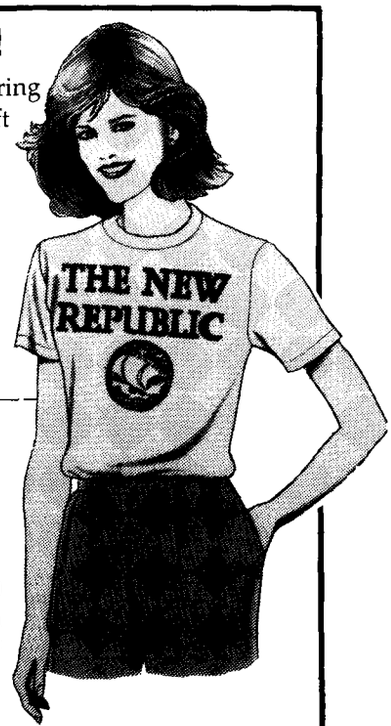

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of natural resources—if that is so, why are Third World countries complaining so bitterly of declining prices for raw commodities, even oil?

This is a recession book, though even as a description of life at the nadir of the business cycle, it is wildly exaggerated. One need not believe all of Ben Wattenberg's upbeat statistics (reported in *The Good News Is the Bad News Is Wrong*) to doubt the reality of "downward mobility, social upheaval, and chronic economic, political, and military crisis" in industrial society. One merely has to look around.

IT HAS become fashionable of late to conduct politics by way of psychiatry. Anti-nuclear activists intent on cashing in on their medical credentials have made a habit of diagnosing pathology in those who don't share their views or even just their enthusiasm. We suffer from "missile envy," says Helen Caldicott; from "psychic numbing," says Robert Jay Lifton; and now from "nuclearism" (an all-inclusive addictive ailment), says Lifton again, in a helpful medical update. The political utility of such tactics is almost too obvious to state. It is ad hominem argument wrapped in pseudoscience, designed to discredit opposing claims without examining their substance.

Unlike this band of crude polemicists, Lasch intends not propaganda but cultural diagnosis (though stigmatizing opponents is an unavoidable side effect of any psycho-political analysis). He is genuinely curious to find a unified psychological principle to explain modern society. But he is so intent on doing so, and so taken with the belief that the principle is out there waiting to be discovered, that he risks inventing it, if necessary, by means of a pastiche of anecdote, feelings, and random artistic images. (A model for the minimal self is the character Wally in the film *My Dinner with André*). If he approached the diagnosis of a culture with half the trepidation with which a good clinician approaches the diagnosis of a single patient, Lasch would never have written this book. Even to speak of a unified self in the context of a vast society made up of disparate ethnic, class, and generational groups, seems absurd. At best, Lasch is describing a certain class of intellectuals, taken to practicing minimalism in their art and perhaps also in their lives. But it is pure narcissism (projection is the more accurate clinical term, if

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we are going to make diagnoses) to believe that this slice of a segment of Lasch's class is America.

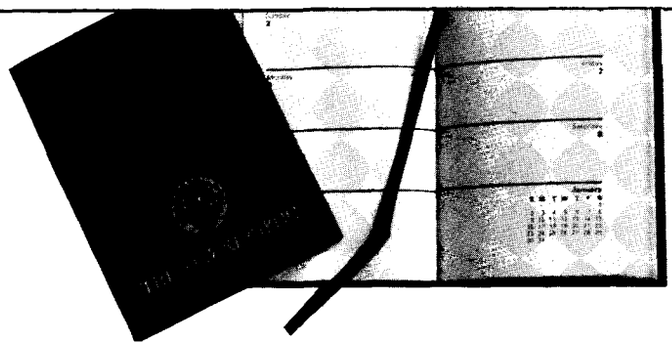
IN ANY case, and however dubious its existence, the minimal self turns out not to be an entirely new creature. It is, *mirabile dictu*, but a new incarnation of the narcissistic self that Lasch discovered in *The Culture of Narcissism*, of which this book is a sequel and a defense. By the fifth page Lasch is speaking, interchangeably, of "the minimal or narcissistic self." This binary being is guilty not of " 'hedonism,' self-seeking, egoism, indifference to the general good—the traits commonly associated with 'narcissism,' " but with an understandable preoccupation with "psychic survival."

The merger is strategically important for two reasons. First, by portraying narcissism as, in effect, a survival strategy against the assaults of the modern world, he is able to express sympathy, and to prepare to ally himself more firmly, with the narcissistic—countercultural—"party." It is Lasch's natural political ally, although his previous book has been used by many as a means to attack it. This time he wants to preempt misinterpretation. He makes clear his solidarity with that party and its resistance to destructive and disorienting capitalism:

> The growing opposition to the nuclear arms race, the growing awareness of ecology, the growing criticism of consumerism and high technology, criticism of the "masculine" psychology of conquest and competitive enterprise hold out the best hope for the future.

More importantly, however, merging the minimalist with the narcissist allows him to transcend mere sociology. In the little-big book genre it is important to dig deep. The minimalist self is a sociological creature responding to external danger and disorder. The narcissist, on the other hand, is a psychological casualty. He suffers from a loss of identity, a "confusion of self and not-self." Explaining the mysteries of these hidden inner wounds allows the social critic to soar, in this case to commit psychoanalysis.

The key event, Lasch explains, is the loss of "the 'oceanic' contentment of the womb, which we spend the rest of our lives trying to recapture." We are now on the ground floor of Lasch's social theory. There are two modern responses to this trauma: (1.) Narcissus, the



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"radical denial of selfhood that tries to restore the illusion of absolute unity with nature"—the counterculture; and (2.) Prometheus, "technology that tries to restore the illusion of self-sufficiency"—rapacious, arrogant industrialism. Both Prometheus and Narcissus, one trying to conquer the world and the other trying to merge with it, are responding (albeit, incorrectly) to the same universal psychic trauma, the source and explanation of, well, everything: separation anxiety.

Now, it is true that industrialism and its countercultural opposition present radically different views of nature. To say so, however, is hardly to discover the wheel. What is worse is to insist on locating the center of this ideological dispute—indeed, of an entire cultural analysis—in the womb.

AS PART of this project, Lasch gives a boiled-down account of infant development according to Freud, updated with a bit of Melanie Klein and Otto Kernberg. He is confident that he has discovered "the inner history of selfhood." His account is characterized by a credulity which is both charming and bizarre, like someone recounting the Gilgamesh epic as if it were history; and by a reductionism that is not only absurd, but humorless. When E. O. Wilson declares that the chicken is egg's way of making another egg, he is summarizing, with a twinkle in the eye, sociobiology's reductionist view of the world. When Lasch declares that "this original experience of overwhelming loss becomes the basis of all subsequent experiences of alienation, of historical myths of a lost golden age, and of the myth of the primary fall from grace, which finds its way into so many religions"—Does this apply, by the way, to the Ayatollah?—he speaks with a grim fundamentalism rarely seen this side of Lynchburg, Virginia.

"The womb gave us an unforgettable experience of absolute oneness with the world—the basis of all our intimations of immortality and of the infinite, subsequently reformulated as religion." Funny, but I don't remember a thing about the womb. Do you? Perhaps I am repressing. Or are the analysts dreaming? In any case, what we know of the neurology of the newborn and its underdeveloped nervous system makes it very problematical to speak in adult terms of fetal memory or other mental functions.

Lasch's fascination with speculative, reconstructive psychoanalytic history is more than credulous and reductionist. It is anachronistic. Even as psychoanalysis wins new converts in the humanities, its reputation among scientists declines precipitously. As a clinical practice, psychoanalysis is dying; as a science, which it has always aspired to be, it is already dead. It is not just among biologists or brain scientists that psychoanalysis is regarded with extreme skepticism. That view has come to dominate psychiatry itself. The beauty and dazzling complexity of psychoanalysis held psychiatry in thrall for decades. But as an analytic tool, as a means for raising new and interesting questions (quite apart from its dubious record as a therapy), it is a dead end. Psychiatry, to save itself from irrelevance, has returned to its pre-Freudian, Kraeplinian roots. In the early 1980s, for example, it instituted a new diagnostic scheme (DSM III), in which the word neurosis did not even appear, until an eleventh-hour protest by the psychoanalytic community led to its restoration—as a parenthetical alternative in certain conditions. Last month when I took my oral examinations for Board Certification in Psychiatry and Neurology, I encountered not a single psychoanalytic question.

MOREOVER, all this psychoanalytic meandering is quite unnecessary. Lasch's project is to establish the two poles of the Promethean-Narcissistic dichotomy, between which to drive his own happy compromise. He could simply have told us straight, and early, as he does at the end, that

> dependent on nature yet capable of transcending it, humanity . . . seeks to dissolve this tension either by making itself altogether self-sufficient or by dreaming of a symbiotic reunion with a primordial source of life. The first path leads to the attempt to impose human will on nature through technology and to achieve an absolute independence from nature; the second, to a complete surrender of the will.

Prometheus and Narcissus. Do we really need Melanie Klein to explain James Watt and Barry Commoner?

Having arrived at the poles, by however tortuous a route, with what solution is the exhausted traveler presented? A middle way. A new self, a Laschian self, characterized by

> acknowledgement of our separation from the original source of life, combined with a continuing struggle to recapture a sense of primal union by means of activity that gives us a provisional understanding and mastery of the world without denying our limitations and dependency.

This, but without denying that; and that, but without denying this. And:

> The only way out of the impasse of narcissism is the creation of cultural objects, "transitional objects," that simultaneous-

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New in 1984 are Morton Borden's *Jews, Turks, and Infidels*, a timely and thoughtful analysis of the Jewish struggle for religious equality in America; Annette Kolodny's *The Land Before Her: Fantasy and Experience of the American Frontiers, 1630–1860*; Michael Perman's *The Road to Redemption: Southern Politics, 1869–1879*; and Jay David Bolter's *Turing's Man: Western Culture in the Computer Age*, described by A. J. Ayer as "the most illuminating book that has come my way on the topic of artificial intelligence."

Highlights of our Spring 1985 season include *The Black Abolitionist Papers*, edited by Peter Ripley; *Lewis B. Hershey, Mr. Selective Service*, by George Flynn; and *Auschwitz: True Tales from a Grotesque Land*, by Sara Nomberg-Przytyk, a book that opens new perspectives on Holocaust literature. We also return home, to Election Day, with *Helms and Hunt: The North Carolina Senate Race*, by William D. Snider.

1914 and 1922 were very good years. May we both continue to thrive.

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ly restore a sense of connection with mothers and with Mother Nature and to assert our mastery over nature, without denying our dependence on mothers or nature.

No comment.

Which turns out to mean returning to Aristotle and his notion of "practical reason," and Reinhold Niebuhr and the need to accept man's divided nature (rational and natural); restoring "the definition of selfhood as tension, division, conflict"; rejecting "instrumentalism" which "regards the relation of ends and means as purely external"; returning to an older tradition which "holds that the choice of the means appropriate to a given end has to be considered as it contributes to internal goods as well"; choosing means that "conform to standards of excellence designed to extend human capacities for self-understanding and self-mastery." It is all quite reasonable, even unobjectionable. A human potential impact statement for new technologies is perhaps a good idea. But what a long road to travel to get there.

The pity with this book is that had it not been informed by such grandiosity, its occasional insights would have been easier to appreciate. One of Lasch's more interesting undertakings is a comparative analysis of three political tendencies: neoconservative, liberal, and countercultural. He captures well their mode of argument and contrasts in an illuminating way their views of the state as a source of values. Unfortunately, he cannot resist a reductionist political typology: neoconservatives as the party of the superego; liberals, the party of the ego; and counterculturists, the party of the id (or perhaps the ego ideal). Worse, Lasch declares that his scheme supersedes the "obsolete labels derived from nineteenth-century political alignments," like "left and right, liberalism and conservatism, revolutionary politics and reformist politics, progressives and reactionaries." Even this little discussion drowns in little-big book pretention.

CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER

COMEDY OF EROS

Mr Noon
by D. H. Lawrence
edited by Lindeth Vasey

(Cambridge University Press, 370 pp., $24.95)

The latest title in Cambridge University Press's ambitious scholarly edition of D. H. Lawrence's works is of exceptional interest, for what it gives us is not merely a more comprehensive view, through the recording of textual variants, of a familiar book, but virtually a new book, by one of the greatest writers of the twentieth century.

Mr Noon runs to nearly three hundred pages. The first third, Part I of the present volume, has been published before, as an "unfinished novel," in the posthumous collections *A Modern Lover* (1934) and *Phoenix II* (1968), but the longer (and more interesting) Part II was effectively lost for fifty years after Lawrence's death, and is published here for the first time. It is still an incomplete work (Lawrence envisaged a third part), and it is undoubtedly a flawed and broken-backed one—which was no doubt why he abandoned it. But it is nevertheless full of splendid scenes and passages which only Lawrence could have written. It is also of considerable biographical interest, since the second part is transparently based on Lawrence's elopement with Frieda Weekley in 1912, and its immediate sequel.

Lawrence began writing *Mr Noon* in November 1920, partly out of frustration with the slow progress of *Aaron's Rod*. "I can't end it . . .so I began a comedy, which I hope will end," he wrote to a correspondent at the time. Now, although there are certainly flashes of humor, especially of a sarcastic kind, in Lawrence's writing, comedy is not on the whole his forte, and it is hard to think of any major work by him that could be described generically as "comic." The first part of *Mr Noon* is not entirely successful in this respect, and the second part works better by trying less desperately to be funny. This entailed a considerable adjustment not only of tone, but of the character of the eponymous hero and the direction of his fortunes.

THE Gilbert Noon of Part I, evidently based on a Nottinghamshire friend of Lawrence's, George Henry Neville, is a schoolteacher who gets into a compromising entanglement with another young schoolteacher, Emmie, through going too far in the ritual of "spooning." Spooning is to the youthful inhabitants of Woodhouse (a thinly disguised version of Lawrence's native Eastwood) what petting was (and perhaps still is) to the teenagers of small-town America: an almost institutionalized form of sexual play, ostensibly frowned upon but in practice tolerated, through which some relief is offered to adolescent eroticism without fundamentally threatening the mores of a puritanical and conservative society.

In Woodhouse the ritual has a special piquancy in being performed on Sunday evenings, when the young men loiter outside church and chapel to pick up their girlfriends as they emerge from evening service. Gilbert makes such a rendezvous with Emmie in the second chapter of the novel, entitled "Spoon," and before long is kissing and cuddling her in a corner of a passageway in the local Co-op Stores, conscious of several other couples sighing and rustling in the dark around him. Lawrence's evocation of these fragile moments of bliss, snatched from the cold rainy night and the encroaching threat of the working week, is vivid, but curiously equivocal in tone, at times mocking the lovers, at other times the reader: "Ah, dear reader, I hope you are not feeling horribly superior . . . you have never so much as seen a Co-op entry. But don't on that account sniff at Emmie."

Emmie is certainly well satisfied with Gilbert's spooning technique ("With his mouth he softly moved back the hair from her brow, in slow, dreamy movements, most faintly touching her forehead with the red of his lips . . ."), but Gilbert wants to go further. After es-

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corting her home, he makes a clumsy attempt to possess her in a greenhouse. Interrupted *in flagrante delicto* by Emmie's suspicious father, Gilbert runs off into the night, furious and humiliated. Emmie also flees from her outraged parent, going to stay with her married brother, and taking to her bed with "neuralgia of the stomach"—or is it pregnancy? That possibility haunts Gilbert, for he would then be under pressure to do the decent thing by Emmie, and far from wanting to marry and settle down in the English Midlands he is now consumed by the desire to escape from this constricting milieu. When the local Education Committee starts an investigation into a complaint brought by Emmie's father, Gilbert impetuously resigns his post and visits Emmie to ascertain whether he can honorably leave her and go abroad to study. He is disconcerted to find a young man called Walter George paying court to Emmie.

> Emmie, we had forgotten to say, was engaged to Walter George all the time she was carrying on with Mr Noon. The fact so easily slipped her memory that it slipped ours.

Lawrence employs in *Mr Noon* an intrusive authorial voice reminiscent of nineteenth-century novelists like Thackeray, Dickens, and Trollope, frequently apostrophizing the "gentle reader," and sometimes breaking the frame of realistic illusion by drawing attention to the fictionality of his own text. I cannot recall his doing this anywhere else, and no doubt it developed from his professed aim of writing a comedy. The result, however, is often a tone of rather strained jocularity. After bringing Gilbert, Emmie, and Walter George together in a mutually embarrassed silence, he prays aloud for inspiration to continue the story:

> Oh Deus ex machina, get up steam and come to our assistance, for this obtuse-angled triangle looks as if it would sit there stupidly forever in the spare bedroom at Eakrast. Which would be a serious misfortune for us, who have to make our bread and butter chronicling the happy marriage and prize-taking cauliflowers of Emmie and Walter George, and the further lapses of Mr Noon.

But the deus ex machina does not materialize, and Lawrence winds up Part I abruptly. Emmie is married off to Walter George and drops out of the story. Another casualty is a character called Patty Goddard, a married but unfulfilled woman friend of Gilbert's, a "soft, full, strange, unmated Aphrodite of 40," who was evidently destined in the original conception of the novel to afford Gilbert a more satisfying sexual relationship than spooning with Emmie. Patty's role is taken over, in Part II, by Johanna Keighley, the German wife of an English doctor working in America, and a very recognizable portrait of Frieda Lawrence. She breezes into Gilbert's life one night when he is looking after the Munich flat of his German professor (her brother-in-law), dazzles him with her ripe beauty, excites him with bold conversation about sex and love, and concludes their encounter by inviting him to her bed. It is a brilliantly written and totally convincing scene.

As Martin Green showed in his study of Frieda's intellectual milieu, *The Von Richthofen Sisters*, she and her friends were deeply influenced by the psychiatrist and one-time disciple of Freud, Otto Gross, who preached a gospel of sexual freedom. Frieda put it into practice by running away with Lawrence, and one of the most fascinating aspects of *Mr Noon* is the insight it gives us into the joys, discomforts, and stresses of that time for the two lovers: the hysterical telegrams from the outraged husband, the pressures brought to bear by the errant wife's highly respectable German relations, and the ups and downs of liberated sex—all described against the background of a Germany ominously full of marching soldiers, and a Tyrolean landscape dotted with accusing images of the crucified Christ.

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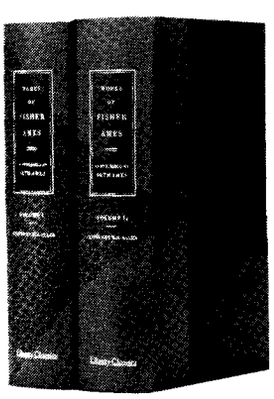

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It is curious how many important literary careers were founded on elopements—the Brownings, Marian Evans and George Lewes, James Joyce and Nora Barnacle come immediately to mind—but Lawrence and Frieda's was perhaps the most sensationally dramatic of all. The last section of *Mr Noon* describes a walk across the Alps from Bavaria into Italy that was actually undertaken by Lawrence and Frieda, and of which we have other accounts in his letters and essays. It has no practical point or cause. It is a symbolic journey, a rite of passage, confirming the lovers' break with their respective pasts, with the conventions and values of bourgeois society. The joys of love and companionship are expressed through their enthusiastic response to the beauty of the alpine landscape and its vegetation, but this is no sentimental idyll. Gilbert and Johanna fight and quarrel as well as make love; sleeping in a hay hut turns out to be an itchy and uncomfortable experience; and the horrors of privies in cheap lodging houses are not flinched from. Most startling of all these deviations from romantic cliché is Johanna's casual infidelity with a young American called Stanley, who, with his friend Terry, accompanies the lovers for part of their honeymoon hike.

As we know from other sources (notably David Garnett, the "Terry" of the story), this incident actually happened, the character of Stanley being based on Harold Hobson. Whether it was revealed and responded to as described in *Mr Noon*, we shall never know, but the account carries conviction. Gilbert, though deeply disturbed by Johanna's abrupt confession, rises to the challenge and magnanimously forgives her, but she resents his forgiveness.

> And half she felt enmeshed, even a little fascinated by his clear, strange, beautiful look of innocent exaltation. And half she hated him for it. It seemed so false and unmanly. Hateful unmanly unsubstantial look of beauty!
>
> "Well," she said. "It wasn't much, anyhow. It meant nothing to me. I believe he was impotent."
>
> Gilbert looked at her. This brought him to earth a little.

As Lindeth Vasey observes in her introduction, *Mr Noon* seems out of phase with the evolution of Lawrence's thought about relations between the sexes, which in the early '20s was turning away from the polarity-and-equilibrium concept of *Women in Love* toward the idea of charismatic leadership and the subordination of woman to man expounded in novels like *Kangaroo* and *The Plumed Serpent*. "Part II of *Mr Noon* thus appears as an elegiac backward glance to Lawrence's old belief in the primacy of the loving relationship between man and woman," she says, suggesting that this is why Lawrence abandoned the novel. But in another way *Mr Noon* looks forward to the more "tender" celebration of sexuality in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. There is the same emphasis on marriage rather than promiscuity being the royal road to a sexual fulfillment seen ultimately as a religious mystery:

> The deep accustomedness of marriage is the only way of preparation. Only those who know each other in the intricate dark ways of physical custom can pass through the seven dark hells and the seven bright heavens of sensual fulfillment.

The seventh sexual act between Connie Chatterley and Mellors is, notoriously, anal, a form of intercourse to which, for reasons too complex to rehearse here, Lawrence attached a special significance; and there is an interesting hint at the same idea in the closing pages of *Mr Noon*, when "in the night one night he touched Johanna as she lay asleep with her back to him, touching him, and something broke alive in his soul that had been dead before."

WHERE *Mr Noon* scores over *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is precisely in the element of comedy which is so conspicuously lacking from the later novel. In Part I of *Mr Noon*, Lawrence strains too obviously for humor, but in Part II he uses it more subtly to temper and vary the rhapsodic and prophetic treatment of sexuality. There is, for example, a scene early in the relationship between Johanna and Gilbert, when they are surprised in bed together in the middle of the morning by an importunate caller, that is both funny and erotic—a rare combination in Lawrence. Feminists, too, will find *Mr Noon* more to their taste than *Lady Chatterley*, since Johanna is very much the sexual tutor of Gilbert, a virile but clumsy lover. Indeed, nowhere else in Lawrence's fiction is the allure of an unashamedly sexual woman so powerfully communicated; for example,

> Johanna was hovering in the doorway of her room as he went down the passage. A bright, roused look was on her face. She

THE NEW REPUBLIC'S BEST BOOKS

Following is a list of books TNR *has recently reviewed and recommends.*

Zhou Enlai: A Biography by Dick Wilson (Viking). The mixed career of Mao's closest comrade. (Reviewed 12/3/84)

Bright Lights, Big City by Jay McInerney (Vintage Books). A funny first novel about getting wired and getting tired in Manhattan. (12/3/84)

Slavery and Human Progress by David Brion Davis (Oxford University Press). A meditation on the morals and methods of studying slavery. (11/26/84)

Secrets and Other Stories by Bernard MacLaverty (Viking). Scenes from Irish life. (11/26/84)

The Fateful Alliance: France, Russia, and the Coming of the First World War by George Kennan (Pantheon). A grim scholarly study of political and military shortsightedness. (11/5/84)

1982 Janine by Alasdair Gray (Viking). The desperate, diverting confessions of a sexually obsessed Scotchman. (11/12/84)

Deadly Gambits: The Reagan Administration and the Stalemate in Nuclear Arms Control by Strobe Talbott (Knopf). A masterful account of arms control policymaking since 1981. (10/15/84)

The New Politics of Inequality by Thomas Byrne Edsall (Norton). A brilliant analysis of class, ideology, and money in politics. (10/29/84)

Solzhenitsyn: A Biography by Michael Scammell (Norton). A bold, balanced portrait of the man some hail as prophet, others denounce as fanatic. (10/15/84)

The Nature of the Child by Jerome Kagan (Basic). A challenging look at the family and its influence. (11/5/84)

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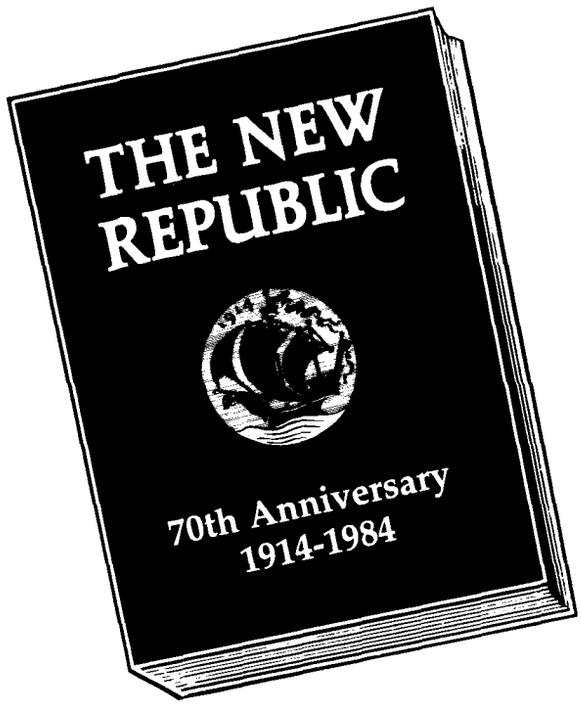

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lifted her eyelids with a strange flare of invitation, like a bird lifting its wings.

Taken as a whole, *Mr Noon* is certainly no masterpiece, but it crackles with energy. It is a reckless, risky book that makes much of our own contemporary fiction seem over-anxious to please and impress. Its belated appearance is cause for gratitude and celebration.

DAVID LODGE

David Lodge's latest novel, *Small World*, was recently published in England and will be published in the United States by Macmillan.

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 4*

vide an example of an alternative, relatively violence-free system from which much might be learned. Many are designed along the lines advocated by Lerner: they group inmates into small living units; they hold inmates in individual rooms that provide safety from others and allow for some expression of individuality in decor; and they foster easy interactions among prisoners.

NICOLE HAHN RAFTER
Boston, Massachusetts

Touche Ross

Congratulations

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Touche Ross

TRB, *from page 8*

tages associated with farming. Studies have shown that all these favors quickly get capitalized into higher land prices, making the farm life an unattainable dream for poor boys who, unlike Sam Shepard, can't catch the eye of the farmer's daughter.

During the recent election campaign, the Reagan people put out a position paper bragging: "In 1983, over $35 billion of federal resources . . . went to farmers. Net farm cash income is expected to reach a record level of over $42 billion in 1984." This ostensibly free-market, anti-government Administration was unabashed at the boast that a major industry is on welfare to the tune of five-sixths of its net profits. Not that the Democrats hastened to point this out, of course. The Mondale campaign promised to protect and even expand all those subsidies and price supports (to stop those nasty foreclosures, for example), but to save money by doing it more efficiently.

Thirty-five billion dollars is more than the government spent last year on Medicaid and Food Stamps put together, the two principal government programs for those we now call the "truly needy." Commodity price supports, the principal program for farmers, are like a special tax on the "truly needy," since, in addition to the direct government expense, they raise the cost of food. The government estimates that consumers pay four dollars in higher food prices for every one dollar of direct subsidy.

The point is not merely that the government wastes a lot of money on agriculture—billions to increase production, then billions more to reduce production and/or dispose of the excess—but that the whole extravaganza takes place in a political never-never land, unconsciously well captured in *Country*, where the beneficiaries think they are rugged individualists in the best American tradition. Farmers have achieved a level of dignity in dependence beyond the dreams of the most radical "welfare rights" activist.

Meanwhile, though, thanks to this collective national fantasy of rugged independence, the political system shows less and less patience for welfare recipients of the more familiar sort. While we're pulling out our hankies for Sam Shepard, their lives are tough and getting tougher. Someone ought to make a movie about it.

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ABOUT A YEAR AGO, ruminating on this page about the way there now seems be a specialized magazine for every interest, no matter how arcane, James Glassman came up with an exciting new publishing idea: *New Republic World*, the magazine for NEW REPUBLIC readers. For those of you who read back to front, be warned: on top of an entire regular issue of TNR, we're throwing in—this week and this week only, and *absolutely free*—a big, big special issue of NRW. If you're reading front to back, you already know what I'm talking about. This week, self-absorption is the name of the game. Well, why not? Seventieth anniversaries don't come along every day.

ESPECIALLY FOR MAGAZINES. The three score and ten that the Bible rather stingily allots us may not seem like much for a human lifetime, but seventy years is an eternity in the life of a magazine. Most don't last that long. Even the very good ones tend to flare out quickly, more Keats than Rebecca West. In our phylum of journalism, as in so many others, the extinct outnumber the surviving. *The Masses*, *Common Sense*, *Ramparts*, *The Reporter*, *Politics* (Dwight Macdonald's), *Politicks* (Tom Morgan's), *Inquiry*—all good, and all gone. THE NEW REPUBLIC, however, is still around—and through all five editorial dynasties (Croly, Bliven, Straight, Harrison, Peretz) it has remained in spirit and texture essentially the same magazine it was in 1914. There are a lot of reasons for this, and maybe one of these days we'll devote a whole issue of *New Republic World* to exploring them. But the main one, I think, is that THE NEW REPUBLIC has always tried to represent something larger than the editorial vision of any one editor or the political vision of any one orthodoxy. And as a journalistic enterprise, the magazine has developed a kind of epistolary, analytical essay-reporting that can get far closer to something akin to the truth than can even the best newspapers, limited as they are by ideology—by the overt ideology of "balance," and by the unacknowledged ideology of indiscriminate empiricism, devoted to the proposition that reality can be limned by the amassing of discrete facts.

OF COURSE, TNR is not exactly a virgin where ideology is concerned. From the beginning this was, and in important ways still is, a "liberal" magazine; and if, God forbid, the day should come when it can no longer in some sense be described as such, then it will have forfeited the largest part of its raison d'être. Liberalism has meant different things at different times at TNR; and there have been periods—the present is one—when it has meant different things at the same time. For most of the magazine's history—certainly for its first ten years and certainly for its last thirty-five—its liberalism has been of the skeptical, no-illusions variety. The magazine's view of the Soviet Union from the mid-'20s to the mid-'40s was the vast exception. Still, I don't think there was ever a time when criticism of Russia was entirely absent from these pages. And the only time the magazine ever went in for outright buffoonery was during the Henry Wallace interlude, in 1947. When Michael Straight installed Wallace as editor (basically as a publicity stunt to boost circulation), he took the precaution of also hiring a large and talented staff, which included Theodore H. White, Graham Hovey, Thomas Whiteside, and Irwin Shaw. They kept the overall quality of the magazine from suffering too badly. But oh, those Wallace editorials! The "wintry winds of reaction" were forever blowing, though never so hard as to discourage "we progressives" from bringing about "a unity of the good points in many cultures for the service of the common man." Talk about wintry winds! Dwight Macdonald, in a very funny, non-best-selling 1948 polemic entitled *Henry Wallace, the Man and the Myth*, gave a name to the vacuous, high-minded language in which these editorials were written: Wallese. I long ago lent someone my copy of the Macdonald book, but I still fondly remember the sentence he quoted as being the greatest ever written in Wallese. It was from the hand of the master himself. Here it is: "New horizons beckon with meaningful opportunity." Macdonald was right. This cannot be topped.

WALLACE AND STRAIGHT disagreed over the Communists' cynical manipulation of "progressives," something Straight had learned about the hard way. On that subject, as thirty years earlier in the case of the argument over American participation in World War I, the disagreement was so deep, so bitter, and so morally consequential that a split was inevitable. But in milder doses, differences among editors of THE NEW REPUBLIC can be quite useful to the magazine and its readers. That's how it is today. It happens that the various ideological vectors here often yield a resultant that I disagree with. Especially when the question is one of foreign policy, we have a deplorable tendency, in my view, to take positions that cross that murky border where tough-minded liberalism shades off into bloody-minded neoconservatism. But there's no doubt in my mind that what might be called creative ideological tension makes this a better magazine. It is rare for an article to get into TNR simply on the strength of pandering to the editors' prejudices—because when everybody has different prejudices, it's hard to pander to all of them at once. Instead, nearly every important piece, whatever its point of view, is put through a process of editorial and ideological bitching, moaning, and carping, from which it emerges (*if* it emerges) stronger, leaner, and better. The great thing about working here is that the kind of journalism practiced at TNR is 100 percent worthwhile. There's no compromise with "marketing" or "service features" or "reader profiles" or any of the other plagues of the magazine "industry." We can allow ourselves to look only for articles about things that are important and interesting, and we can allow our writers to bring the full force of their intelligence, their education, and their moral and political values to bear on their subjects. What a luxury.

BUT ENOUGH of this self-indulgence. Enough about THE NEW REPUBLIC. Let's talk about you. What do *you* think of THE NEW REPUBLIC?

H.H.

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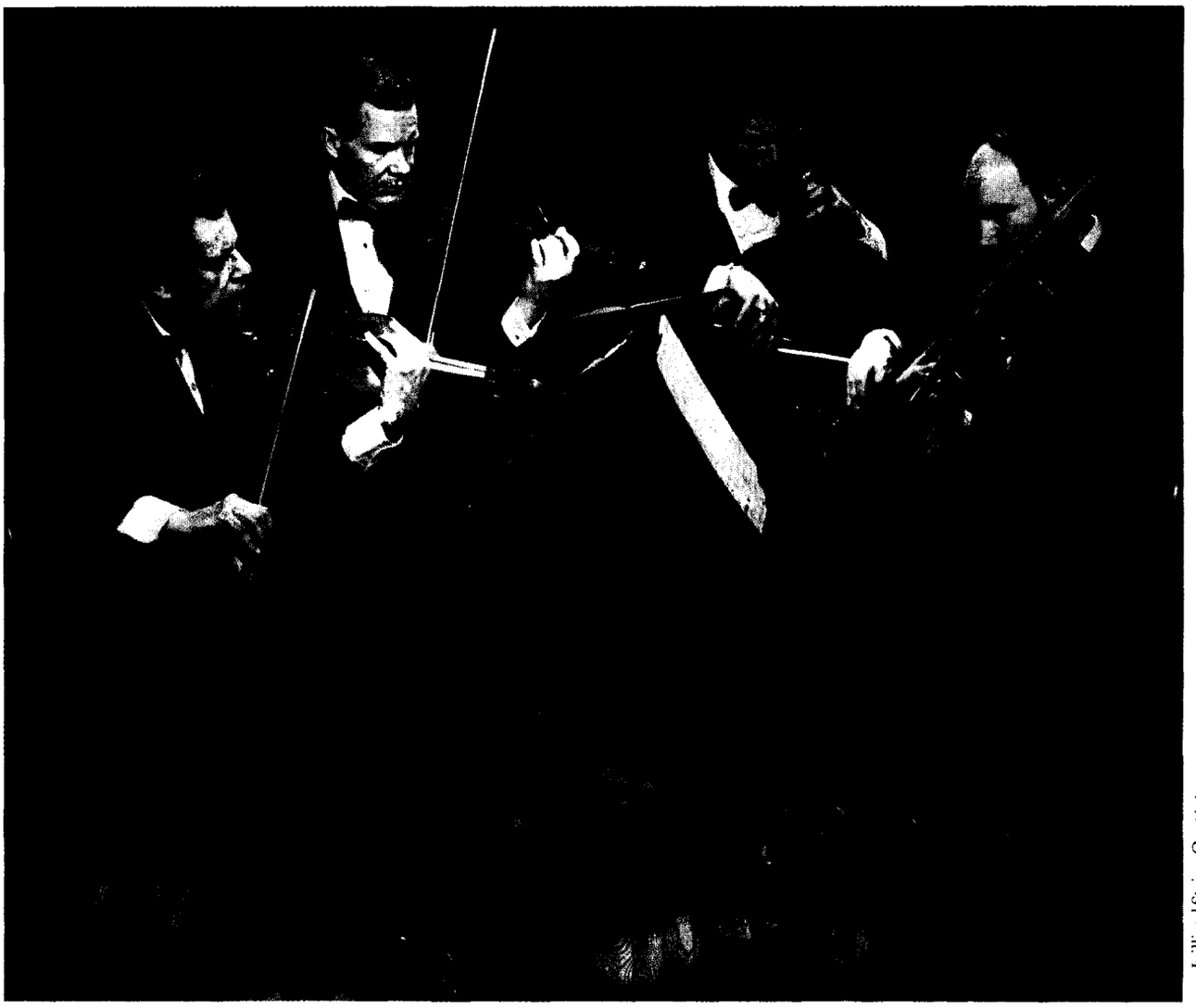

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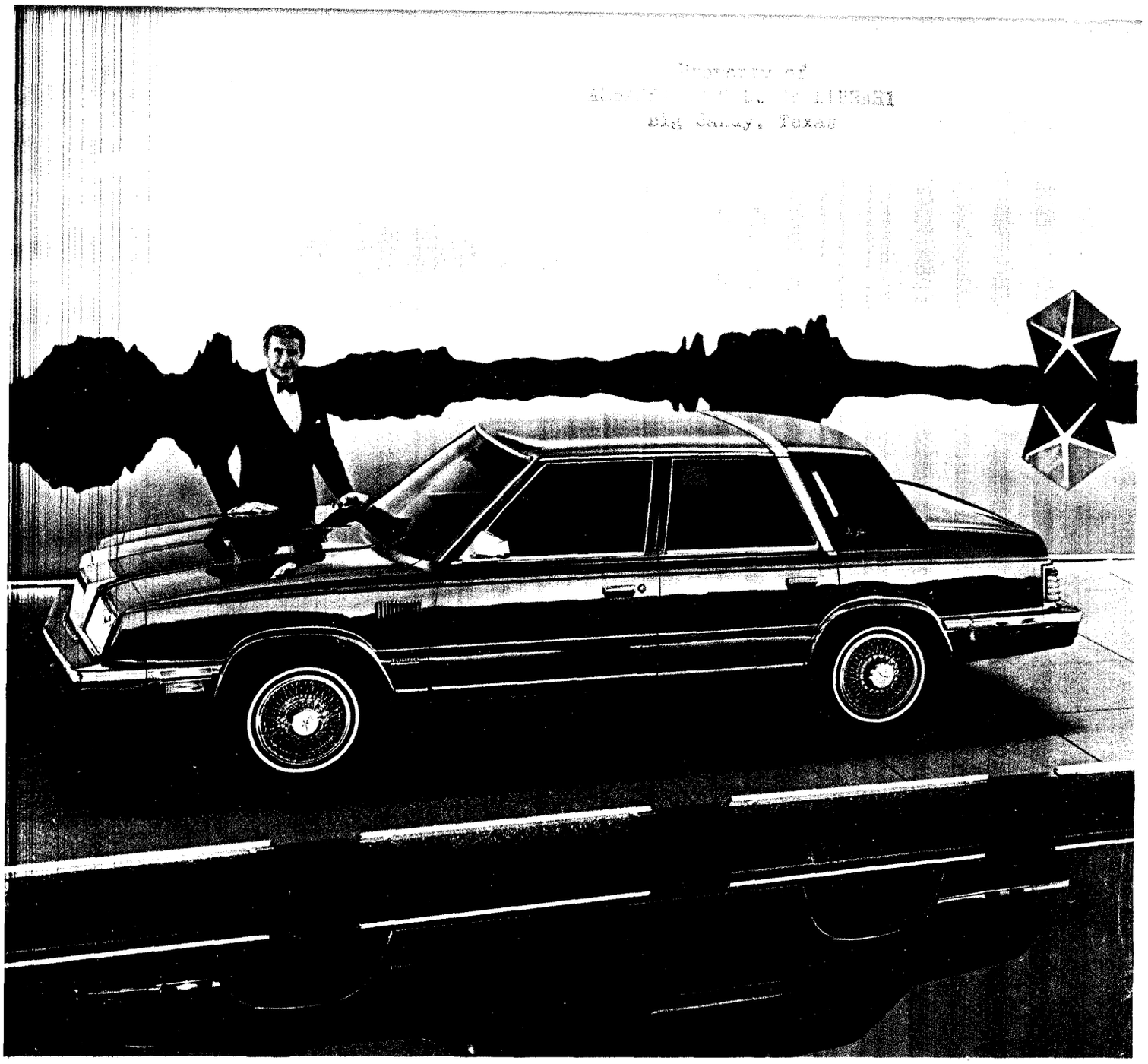

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